

Journal in France  
and Letters from Italy

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JOURNAL IN FRANCE AND  
LETTERS FROM ITALY

1845-1849



# JOURNAL IN FRANCE & LETTERS FROM ITALY

1845-1849

BY

THOMAS WILLIAM ALLIES, K.C.S.G.

*Rector of Launton, Oxon, 1842-1850*

WITH A LETTER FROM HIS EMINENCE

CARDINAL DE CABRIÈRES

*Bishop of Montpellier*

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# LETTER TO MARY H. ALLIES

BY HIS EMINENCE

## CARDINAL DE CABRIÈRES

BISHOP OF MONTPELLIER

MONTPELLIER, le 8 mars 1913.

MADemoiselle,—

Je suis très sensible à l'appel que vous voudrez bien me faire, en me demandant d'écrire une préface pour le livre de M. votre père, que vous désirez publier de nouveau. Mais j'aime mieux vous écrire tout de suite, en vous exprimant sans nul retard la pleine approbation que, sans autre titre que celui d'une bien ancienne connaissance—que j'ose presque appeler une sympathie—je donnerais à toutes les œuvres, écrites par Mr. Allies, et spécialement à sa *Life's Decision* et à son Journal. J'étais encore au collège, quand j'ai reçu du T. R. P. d'Alzon ce *Journal*, où je me suis amusé à lui montrer un jugement sur sa prédication. Quelle idée bien anglaise, mais heureuse et pieuse, que ce voyage d'*études*, sur le genre de vie des Catholiques, dans leurs écoles, leur séminaires, leurs paroisses, et leurs dévotions.

Et quand on songe que cette curiosité avait pour unique mobile le désir de savoir, jusque dans les plus intimes détails, ce qu'était la vie des

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Catholiques, surprise pour ainsi dire sur place, on est pénétré de respect pour cette bonne foi absolue, cette loyauté vis-à-vis de la vérité révélée et cette résolution de suivre, comme les Mages, l'étoile partout où elle conduirait, sans compter avec les déchirements de cœur et les sacrifices !

Au milieu de beaucoup d'autres "convertis," à qui nous devons tant de respect et d'affection, Mr. votre père se détache à mes yeux comme un des exemples les plus admirables de courage, d'abnégation et d'absolu dévouement à l'Eglise de Jésus Christ.

Vous-même, Mademoiselle, par vos livres et vos traductions du grec et du latin, vous continuez la vie de cet excellent *scholar*, si savant, si consciencieux, si obstiné au travail, et qui vraiment a donné *tout* à son Dieu. Publiez donc tout ce que vous avez encore de lui entre les mains, et soyez sûre que, en France, aussi bien qu'en Angleterre, ces nobles pages seront lues avec profit et même avec attendrissement. Je vous remercie pour le beau livre que vous m'avez envoyé, et que je lirai avec le plus vif intérêt, et je vous prie de croire à tout mon respect.

✠ A., CARDINAL DE CABRIÈRES, EVÊQUE  
DE MONTPELLIER.

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# JOURNAL IN FRANCE AND LETTERS FROM ITALY (1845-1849)

INTRODUCTION TO FIRST EDITION  
PUBLISHED IN 1849

OF the vast number of English men and English women who have travelled on the Continent in late years, comparatively few, I imagine, have deemed it worth their while to give much thought and attention to the action of the Church in the countries they have visited. Doubtless all have entered the material fabrics of Roman Catholic worship, but generally it has been to treat them as public monuments, rather than as "the house of prayer for all nations." But how many of those travellers who enjoy leisure and independence have made it their study to understand those manifold institutions for the education of the clergy or the laity, for the consolation of the suffering, for the instruction of the poor and outcast, or for the advancement of the interior life, by which the Church christianises the world, and lays hold of the heart of humanity? I am not now expressing an opinion whether the whole Roman system be true or false, pure or corrupt; I am looking at it simply as a *fact*. And in this

view, perhaps, there is no object on the face of the earth so worthy of contemplation by the thoughtful mind as the Roman Church. As an English Churchman, I do not think it truthful, honest, christian, or safe, to shut my eyes to such a *fact* existing in the world. It seems to me that one ought to endeavour to understand it. Those who strive to rekindle ancient animosities, those who take not the trouble to understand doctrines as taught by their professors, but wilfully misconceive and misstate them; those even who rest contented in a state of separation, do they not sin against Him, who in the days of His humiliation prayed to His Father, "that they all may be one, as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me." Do they in the least realise the fact that the Church of England considers the Church of Rome to be quite as truly a part of the Church Catholic as she is herself?

Thus it is that between the two communions there has grown up a prodigious ignorance of each other's true state. I have found well-informed Roman Catholic ecclesiastics ignorant that we possess a ritual, use fixed prayers, have a regular hierarchy; while scarcely anyone is aware that we have a form of absolution as categorical as their own, and one which presupposes special confession. They are in the habit of taking for granted that we have no succession, besides asserting that our Orders are invalid through defect of the formularies. Pope Pius IX, conversing lately with an English clergyman, seri-

ously inquired of him, whether we administered, what, in condescension to the supposed feelings of his auditor, he termed "*la cena*," once a year; and whether we passed the cup from hand to hand? Two notions, I imagine, which must have given him the poorest impression of the Anglican communion which a Roman Catholic could have. And in conversing with theologians, they ordinarily direct themselves against merely Protestant feelings and arguments, such as touch the Lutherans and Calvinists abroad, or dissenters here, but which have nothing to do with English Churchmen.

But Roman Catholic ignorance of us is, I think, almost exceeded by our ignorance of them.

Would that I could be in any degree instrumental to the removal of a prejudice, or the clearing up of a misconception. My means of observation have not been large, my time very limited; but I have seen enough to be convinced, that those who hate and denounce the Roman Church most violently, do not hate and denounce her more than she would that thing which they suppose to be the Roman Church.

If both sides knew each other well, if all had been done which could be done for a reconciliation, and the present state of enmity and opposition still subsisted, it would indeed be a grievous prospect for the future; but when ignorance and misapprehensions make up so much of the difference between the Churches, are we not to hope for better things? Is not Providence teaching us, by what is taking place on both sides, that the Church of God in all lands must unite against

the common foe? Is He not removing on both sides the impediments to that union?

Moreover, an English Churchman conversing with a Roman Catholic will find, in proportion as both are earnest-minded, that they have generally the same friends and the same enemies, the same likings and the same antipathies, which, if the great heathen philosopher be correct, is a strong proof of an inward identity.<sup>1</sup> Very rarely indeed will they differ in *principle*, though sometimes in *facts*; the inward character will be the same in both.

The only merit of the following journal, if it have any, is the attempt to see things as they are in the Roman Catholic system; to put off all preconceived prejudices, not condemning that which is contrary to what one is accustomed to meet, but endeavouring to understand the principle on which it rests. It is nearly restricted to France, but perhaps that country is for more than one reason the most interesting part of the Roman Catholic communion at present. There the divorce, which all the governments of Christendom are now enacting on the Church, has been accomplished with the most harshness, contumely, and tyranny. The ample estates surrendered by the French clergy, in noble reliance on the generosity of their country, have been taken possession of by the State, which, admitting that the vast majority of its people are Catholic at least in profession, has recompensed this surrender by a grant to the clergy, yearly repeated, not a dotation once for all, and that in amount so unspeakably

<sup>1</sup> Arist. Rhet., lib. 2, 4.

mean and inadequate, that every Frenchman of honour and feeling must blush for his country as he thinks upon it. The immense majority of curés throughout France receive from the State a stipend of £32 a year, in larger populations this is extended to £48, in the largest of all to £60. Moreover, in France the State has done or is doing, what in England it will also do if it can; it sets up in every parish a schoolmaster without a creed, to teach children all kinds of useful knowledge, from which only a definite creed is excluded, and to be an antagonist to the clergyman in his proper sphere. Then the existing generation of Frenchmen has been brought up since the tide of infidelity swept over their land; in too many cases they are not only infidels in present practice, but even their childish thoughts and associations were not christian. The full harvest of the terrible convulsion of 1789 is being reaped—alas, it is far from being yet gathered in! Infidelity not only stalks openly through the land, but bears open sway in it. There is nothing on which all those with whom I spoke were more agreed than that “*le respect humain*” was against the Church and against religion. What a fact is this alone, whereby to estimate the state of a country. If “hypocrisy be the homage which vice pays to virtue,” where stands that country whose public opinion requires no hypocrisy in the open profession of unbelief? For these and other reasons, then, I conceive that the Church of God is best seen in France working by her own intrinsic powers, not only unaided by the world, but most cruelly afflicted by it, and so externally

oppressed and degraded, that nothing but the irrepressible life of the Gospel could penetrate and leaven society under such conditions. God grant that such a state of things be not preparing in England—and if it be, God grant likewise that the Church, in the day of her need, may have servants and handmaidens, priests, teachers, and sisters of charity, as disinterested, laborious, patient, and zealous, as He has raised up for her in France. This further may be said, that, if France as a nation be ever brought afresh under the yoke of her Saviour, no condition of human society need be despaired of; nor the capacity of the Church of Christ to overcome any amount of obstacles doubted.

Of course the institutions mentioned in this journal are but samples of a multitude. None will feel more than the writer its great incompleteness. Still this is a field of observation which has been little worked; so that the mere partial breaking of its surface may produce fruit.

It may be as well to put together here the five congregations in France mentioned in different places of the journal, which are engaged in missionary work. They are “la Congrégation des Prêtres de la Mission,” or, “les Pères Lazaristes,” Rue de Sèvres, 95; the “Séminaire des Missions Étrangères,” Rue du Bac, 120; the “Congrégation des Sacrés Cœurs” (Séminaire de Picpus), Rue Picpus, 9; the Jesuits, and the Maristes. The “Congrégation du Saint Esprit,” for forming priests for the colonies, Rue des Postes, 26, I did not visit. These, with the “Congrégation de la Miséricorde,” form all the

French missionary establishments. I think no one can give even a transient look at the course of life pursued by the St. Sulpiciens for the education of the clergy, without admiration of the astonishing care of the interior life taken by them, and the pains they are at to ascertain the due vocation for so special a work.

The chief establishments of the Church for education are the *grands séminaires* in each diocese, for preparation for holy Orders; and the *petits séminaires*, both under the direction of the bishops, the latter receiving boys for all sorts of professions. In these two classes of establishments alone, as a general rule, is strict attention paid to the religious training of the pupils. The royal colleges, which extend all over France, have been by all described to me as in the most corrupt moral condition, and as suffering their professors to instil systematic infidelity into their pupils. Of course the vast majority of the youth of the country is educated in these colleges. The result is seen in their lives. For the female sex, the chief congregations devoted to education are "*Les Dames du Sacré Cœur*," in Paris, Rue de Varennes; "*Les Dames de Notre Dame*" (*Couvent des Oiseaux*, Rue de Sèvres); "*Les Dames de la Visitation*." Each has a great number of houses through France and elsewhere. For the poorer classes, "*Les Frères de la Doctrine Chrétienne*," and the various sisters of charity, are of incalculable benefit: they are very numerous, and widely spread. Their disinterested and loving labours would be the greatest of blessings to our parish priests, engaged in conflict with a hard practical heathenism on the



one side, and on the other, with various forms of dissent, the essence of which may be said to consist in a complete negation of the Church's office in the scheme of redemption, and, generally, of all objective belief beyond the sacrifice of our Lord for the sins of men, and the operation of the Holy Spirit.

It will be seen throughout, that I do not consider non-appreciation of the good in the Roman Catholic faith and practice a necessary ingredient of the English Churchman's character. I am quite convinced that the reunion of the English Church with the Church of Rome would be an incalculable blessing to the whole Church of God, and to the whole human race. Whoever made the separation, we need not despair of such a reunion; the right accomplishment of which good persons, on both sides, may earnestly hope and pray for.

## JOURNAL, 1845

*Tuesday, June 24.*—Reached Southampton from Oxford in good time, and left by the packet at 10 P.M. We passed the experimental fleet off Portsmouth, had a very fair passage, and were at the mouth of Havre about ten : but for two hours we could not enter ; the swell was considerable. At Havre, took our places to Ivetot, which we reached about half-past nine. The country rich but uninteresting.

*Ivetot, June 26, 1845. Thursday.*—We called on M. Labbé a little before ten, and were with him till half-past three. His brother is Supérieur of the Petit Séminaire, in which are 225 youths. The whole payment, on an average, is 360 francs per annum for board and instruction ; some paying as little as 200 francs, some as much as 500, but no difference whatever is made between them. The children are evidently on the most affectionate terms with the masters. “There are twelve priests, a deacon and sub-deacon, and three clerks in minor orders.”—*M.*<sup>1</sup> They attend confession once a month, and it is very rare that they fail in this : this is the rule of the house ; but should any avoid it much longer, his confessor would not

<sup>1</sup> The observations between inverted commas, and ended with the letter *M.*, are taken, by permission, from the journal of my fellow-traveller, the Rev. C. Marriott.

speak to him authoritatively at all, or send for him, but rather take an opportunity of referring incidentally to his absence. This hardly ever fails. "They generally thank him for doing so, the reason being something about which they were unable to get themselves to break the ice."—*M.* They live entirely with their pupils; sleeping, eating, playing, teaching: in the centre of a large dormitory, with beds on both sides, was a bed, nowise distinguished from the rest save that it had a chair beside it; here the Supérieur sleeps. His salary is 1000 francs a year; that of the others about 600. They said, laughing, that it was hardly what a servant in England would receive. The Supérieur has a very pleasing and paternal aspect. We heard him catechise the children in the chapel for some time; their answers were good. Several were on the sacraments, and the reply to them definite and precise: 'Which is the most indispensable sacrament?' 'Baptism.' 'How many sorts of baptism are there?' 'The baptism of water, of blood, and of desire.' 'Can any sacrament be administered by other than a priest?' 'Yes, baptism in case of necessity.' 'Can any other?' 'None, Monsieur.' 'What conditions are necessary to receive the sacrament of Penance?' 'Five.' 'Are there any of those more indispensable than others?' 'Yes, fervent sorrow for sin past, and a resolution not to offend God by sinning any more.' 'If a priest conferred absolution on a person who gave no outward sign of penitence, from his state of sickness, would it benefit him?' 'If he was able to make interior actions of the

soul, it would ; not otherwise.' ('The Church,' said M. Labbé in explanation, 'would prefer bestowing a sacrament *often* inutilement, to denying it once where it might benefit.') 'Which are the three chief christian graces?' 'Faith, Hope, and Charity.' 'Which is the most perfect?' 'Charity.' 'Why?' 'Because it presupposes the other two' (I think); and, again, 'because it will last for ever.' 'Will Faith last for ever?' 'Non, Monsieur.' 'Why?' 'Parceque, quand nous verrons Dieu, nous n'aurons pas besoin de le croire.' 'Will you see God?' 'Oui, avec nos propres yeux.' 'You have just received Confirmation; what does it make him who receives it?' 'Un parfait Chrétien.' 'Etes-vous donc un parfait Chrétien?' With hesitation, 'Oui, Monsieur.' 'Etes-vous un Chrétien parfait?' 'Non, Monsieur.' 'Quelle est la différence?' 'Un parfait Chrétien est celui qui a tous les moyens pour parvenir au salut—un Chrétien parfait est celui qui est sans péché.' 'En y-a-t'il?' 'Non, Monsieur' (with hesitation). 'Non, mon enfant, il n'y en a pas.'

"The chapel is a pretty and simple building of the early decorated character, designed by Père Robert, who was formerly an engineer. The windows and buttresses are in excellent taste; and the ceiling, though of sham stone, is so well done that I doubted whether it were not real, though a look at the buttresses, after seeing the interior, would convince one of the contrary. There is a subterraneous chapel, or rather a crypt which will be one, which I like particularly. Père

Robert showed us his design for ornamenting the east end of the chapel, which is in excellent taste."—*M.*

We dined with them at twelve "in the refectory. There was a crucifix at one side, in the middle of the long room; and before it stood the Supérieur while we said grace."—*M.*; and we supped with them at seven, in the midst of 180 boys. Absolute silence was kept, and a youth at a tribune in the middle read first a verse or two of the Gospels, and then some of Daniel's *History of France*. Nothing could be more simple than their dress; the masters were distributed at intervals down the tables. The school was to educate laymen and ecclesiastics together, and they showed with pride a young man who had become a priest out of their house, just twelve years after his first communion. This is generally in the twelfth year, but earlier or later according to the state of the individual. They take their first communion after special confession, and *before* confirmation; we narrowly escaped seeing this sacrament conferred by the archbishop, who had only left two days before. Confession begins at seven according to *rule*, but generally before that age *in fact*.

At 5 A.M.	They rise. Half an hour to get ready.
5½ to 6¼.	In chapel; prayers and Mass.
6¼ to 8.	Study in silence, in schoolroom.
8 to 8½.	Breakfast, with reading Lives of Saints.
8½ to 8¾.	Recreation.
8¾ to 10½.	Class. Vivâ voce lecture.
10½ to 12.	Study.
12 to 12½.	Dinner, with reading.
12½ to 1½.	Recreation.
1½ to 3.	Study.
3 to 4½.	Class.

- $4\frac{1}{2}$  to 5. Recreation.  
 5 to  $7\frac{1}{4}$ . Study.  
 $7\frac{1}{4}$  to  $7\frac{3}{4}$ . Lecture Spirituelle, and Evening Prayers; the time at which the Supérieur took notice of anything which had occurred, gave advice, &c.  
 $7\frac{3}{4}$  to  $8\frac{1}{4}$ . Supper.  
 $8\frac{1}{4}$  to  $8\frac{3}{4}$ . Recreation. Then a minute or two of prayers in chapel, and bed.

Study begins always with the hymn "Veni Sancte Spiritus," the collect for Pentecost, and "Ave Maria." One half holiday—Thursday. "Afterwards we walked in their little garden and playground. It being Thursday, the boys went out to walk with some of the clerks. Some, however, remained about the premises, doing some of the painting, &c., that was required. Much of the work has been done by them. They carried all the bricks and mortar while the chapel was building, &c., &c. They seem to be quite a family."—*M.*

We talked on many subjects respecting the Churches of Rome and England. In their opinion we are utterly heretical and dead. But M. Pierre Labbé, who was chief spokesman, and a very clever talker, admitted, that in case of invincible ignorance, that is, where the person was, with all his endeavours, unable to see that the Church of Rome was the only true Church (supposing we had the succession, which he more than doubted), such person might receive the grace of the sacraments. And this he also applied to the Eastern and Russian Churches. He said, if things should ever come to a large, or anything like a national, accession from England to the Roman Catholic faith, the question of

Anglican orders must be settled, and the Pope "se gratterait la tête" what to do.

The point we remarked in this school was the intimate terms on which the masters appeared to be with the boys; it was not only that their presence during lesson time served to keep order, but that their influence was everywhere at all times. Confession, doubtless, is the root of this. Thus the Supérieur at catechism gave, as rewards, small pictures, which each boy receiving kissed him on the cheek. There was the greatest hilarity and cheerfulness, mingled with respect, in presence of the master. We left these good people with great admiration of their zeal, and appreciation of their kindness to us.<sup>1</sup> M. Robert would take us on our way to Caudebec on Friday morning. He conducted us in a cab belonging to the house, for the homeliness of which he apologised. We passed a rich and occasionally diversified corn country to Caudebec, over one of Henri Quatre's battle-fields; there were no signs of it now. I asked him if Louis Philippe had brought about a revolution, or only slipped in to prevent a republic. He replied: "Quand on jette une pierre par la fenêtre, il faut bien qu'elle tombe."

*Rouen, June 28. Saturday.*—The church of Caudebec is of great beauty, of the fifteenth century, covered in every part with rich sculpture, especially the western façade, which the Calvinists greatly injured. I went over every

<sup>1</sup> It should be mentioned that the two brothers Labbé set up this school some twenty years ago, without any resources, and have maintained it ever since, living upon Providence, gradually building accommodations for their scholars, a chapel, &c.



part of it with the curé, and up the tower, which is terminated by a curious *flèche*, something like Strasburg, formed into crowns, marvellously rich. The height about 180 feet. The view from the top is very striking. The great defect of the interior is that the east end has two windows instead of three, or one, at the apse; the nave is very narrow. There was over the jubé, now removed, a rood with Adam at the bottom of it receiving the Blood in a cup, representing the fallen humanity restored by our Lord. A north and south aisle without transept. Caudebec is in a very pretty situation, within the cleft of the hills, with the river flowing at its feet; on each side rises the wooded amphitheatre formed by the banks of the Seine: there is a plain on the other side of the river; it might serve for the site of a great city. The church is equal to a small cathedral.

The curé has a pleasant presbytère to the north; he treated us with the greatest kindness. The government allows 1000 francs yearly to the restoration of the church; so it goes on bit by bit. There is a remarkable pendant in the Lady Chapel, said to be fourteen feet long: the curé assured me that he had ascertained it was not supported by anything. There is in the chapel to the south a sepulchre with exceedingly rich canopy, and a gigantic figure of Christ, "by which a woman seemed to be praying with great devotion. I can fancy it a great help to meditation."—*M.*

We set out in an indifferent cabriolet for Rouen by Jumièges, and St. Georges de Boscherville; a

fine road in parts. Jumiêges is a mournful ruin, the nave with its western towers and the arch to the east standing still; the latter of gigantic proportions, the arch being at least eighty feet high, is grievously cracked, and may fall any day. To the east of this little remains; it has been almost entirely carried away, being the most beautiful part of the church, of early or decorated character. To the south are the walls of an elegant decorated chapel of St. Peter; the ruins are covered with brushwood or trees, the arches daily threatening to fall. The garden has a very fine view of the high banks of the Seine; there is a pleasant wilderness. M. Caumont has made himself a very picturesque residence of the old gateway and adjoining buildings. The western façade, with its two towers of equal height and nearly similar form, is very simple but grand. I mounted rather more than 200 steps to the top of the northern: unluckily it had been raining, and there was no sun. It commands the high banks of the Seine for a considerable distance.

St. Georges de Boscherville is indeed a most stately and majestic Norman church, bearing its burden of nearly 800 years as if it had been built yesterday. Its west front, with two stories of three windows, each over a fine recessed door, and turrets of singular beauty and later style, is very imposing. There is a massive central tower with a high spire of Norman, slated, I suppose nearly 200 feet high. The interior offers all the simple and solemn grandeur of which that style is capable; the one idea is perfectly carried out from top to bottom, as in St. Ouen the Decorated,

so here the Norman. I should imagine it to be a perfect model of the style.

We got into Rouen not till after dark Friday night; went to the Hôtel de Normandie; not a nice house, dreadfully noisy, being in the street where the two diligences, by the most wondrous evolutions, contrive to worm themselves through the lanes of Rouen into their dens.

*Saturday, June 28.*—After breakfast M. set off with our letter to the curé of the cathedral, to whom M. Labbé had recommended us. He was going away in the afternoon, but asked us to dine at twelve; this is one of the few fast days in the year out of Lent, and we only agreed to go on condition that he should change nothing of his usual fare. He gave us potage maigre, fish, omelette. He was going to leave Rouen in the afternoon for a few days, so we left very early; and we much regretted this, for I have heard that he enjoys a very high reputation as confessor and spiritual guide.

“It being a fasting vigil with them, they dine without meat at twelve, and are allowed to take a snack in the evening, not a full meal. He asked questions about the course of studies at Oxford, and whether there was not in England an inclination ‘to imitate their ceremonies.’ I told him I hoped the tendency was something more than that, &c., &c. We asked him about philosophy in the French Church. He said they used chiefly that of Aristotle, and that one could only find particular branches well worked out. They were much occupied in fighting Cousin. He and his four vicaires have a parish of 15,000 souls to

look after. They have also many confessions to receive from other parishes ; but for the Easter communion everyone is expected to go to his own parish priest, or at least to communicate at his own church. He says Rouen is rather a religious place. I did not ask him the proportion of communicants, for fear I should seem to be inquiring for criticism. He was obliged to leave us soon after dinner, but sent us on to one of his vicaires, who took us to the house of the Frères des Ecoles Chrétiennes, and introduced us to one of them, who showed us the chapel, dormitory, &c. The founder of the order, the Père de la Salle, is buried behind the altar. There are seats for the brethren, and there is a room or gallery looking in at the west end for the boys, who only enter the chapel on Sundays and saints' days for the Salut du St. Sacrement. They use this gallery for their morning and evening prayers, which, I believe, are those at the end of the Catechism. The brethren are laymen, but they have two *aumôniers*, who say Mass in their chapel twice a day. They have not the breviary services to say, being occupied all day with their schools, but they hear Mass, use the rosary, attend the *salut*, &c. There are thirty-nine brethren, and they have a normal school, *i.e.* a training school, of forty young men. They do not admit them under seventeen. Their course is about three years. They prepare them for 'l'instruction primaire' of the superior kind, that is, extending to a little history, chemistry, and the like (and some of them learning also modern languages), but not comprising Latin or Greek. Twenty-

seven of the brethren, however, are occupied in schools about the town, in which, if I understood rightly, there are as many as 2500 children. We could not see the cabinets of mineralogy, &c., or the chemical laboratory. There were two or three little organs for music lessons. The dormitories had separate cells, with a passage along the line of them. One of the brethren sleeps in each dormitory, and stays up till all are gone to bed, to be sure that good order is kept. They are licensed by the university, and some of the scholars are supported or helped by the government.”—*M.*

*Yesterday, June 29. Sunday, St. Peter's day.*—We went to High Mass in the cathedral at ten, but though we had looked out the service as well as we could, and were just on the outside of the higher gate of the choir, we could not in general follow; only at the Gospel and the Creed we regained our footing. Certainly the words of the service, incomparably beautiful as they are, must be in the main lost. We could not, even by observing the gestures, with the book before us, follow them; the priest's voice is hardly ever heard. A poor woman beside me chanted through the Nicene Creed in Latin, and at Vespers at St. Ouen many female voices were doing the same with the Psalms. The really edifying thing is the devotion of the people, who look upon it as a sacrifice, and do not seem to require that perpetual stimulating of the *understanding* as among us. For there was no sermon either at the cathedral or St. Ouen, save after the Gospel a very short address, as it seemed, in the nave, but nobody moved from the choir. This service

lasted an hour and a half; then we had our own service in private. We next went to the Musée d'Antiquités, where there is a small series of stained glass windows, some very good. We had a fine view of Rouen, north of the Boulevard. At 3 o'clock Vespers at St. Ouen, chanting of Psalms, followed by the exposition of the H. Sacrament. A good many people, chiefly women. They took part generally. Here again some Psalms we could find in the Paroissien, and others not. This too lasted an hour and a half; the singing was very good, and the organ came in with great effect. The whole tone of this service, as simply devotional and thanksgiving, without instruction or exhortation, struck us much. After this, dinner at five at the table d'hôte. We have frequent occasion to think with approval of the Emperor of Russia's edict, "It is forbidden to wear a beard after the manner of ourang outangs, Jews, and Frenchmen." After dinner we walked to the top of St. Catherine's, and enjoyed the beautiful view over Rouen, and also went on to Notre Dame de bon Secours. This is a new church, of the style of the thirteenth century, of extraordinary purity and grace; the eastern end already finished, and full of stained glass windows. It has ten bays, and three windows in the apse. It quite surpasses any modern church I have seen in beauty. All the vaulting, both of nave and aisles, is in stone or brick. It has many ex-votos, — plain slabs let into the wall: I copied some.

J'ai prié  
la Sainte Vierge,  
et elle a guéri ma fille.  
1837.

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Gage de ma reconnaissance.  
 J'ai prié la Sainte Vierge,  
 et elle m'a exaucée,  
 en protégeant ma fille.  
 Elbœuf le 3 Oct., 1838.  
 A.G.

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A la T. S. Vierge,  
 le 7 Août, 1821,  
 Aux pieds de cet autel  
 J'ai obtenu la guérison  
 d'une maladie de 20 ans.  
 A. B.

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Ex. voto.  
 Une maladie cruelle  
 menaçant des jours précieux,  
 nous avons prié Marie  
 dans ce temple,  
 et Dieu  
 a rendu M. Motte, Curé  
 de la Cathédrale de Rouen,  
 à ses élèves  
 et à ses nombreux amis.  
 8bre, 1824.

There is a very beautiful tower surmounted by a pretty spire. The church stands on the edge of the hill, nearly 400 feet above the Seine.

*June 30. Monday.*—M. and I went over St. Ouen inside and outside to-day. The more I see of this church the more I am struck with its singular grace and beauty, and the mode in which prodigious strength is veiled. Within, it appears of unequalled lightness, while without, the eye may discern the enormous counterbalancing weight of buttress and flying arch, which enabled the architect to rear the centre, pierced as it is with windows, to such a height. The disposition of the whole choir and eastern end internally is especially graceful; for instance, the view sitting behind the high altar facing the Lady Chapel.



We attended a low Mass in the Lady Chapel. After dinner M. P. Labbé unexpectedly came in, and talked a couple of hours. He endeavoured to explain to us the idea with which the Roman Catholics regard the Blessed Virgin, the occasion of which was my reading to him the ex-votos cited above. The communion of saints, as a practical doctrine, has had so little power among us, and assumes so very important a place in Roman theology, that we seem to be unable to understand each other on this point. And thus what is the most natural feeling of his heart to a pious mind in the Roman Communion wears the appearance of idolatry to a pious mind in the Anglican. "We talked with him on the system of particular devotions. He said it was carried to excess by some trying to exalt one practice, another another; but that a good confessor would keep it very much in check, by recommending people not to charge themselves with fresh observances."—*M.*

*Tuesday, July 1.*—I assisted at M. Labbé's Mass in the Lady Chapel of the cathedral, and was able to follow him pretty well; but almost the whole Canon is pronounced secretly. At present, certainly, I cannot help regretting that one cannot *hear* and follow words so very grand and touching. He breakfasted with us, and then took us to boys' and girls' schools in the old *âtre* (*atrium*) of S. Maclou, "round which was a cloister ornamented with figures of the Dance of Death. The rooms round it are now used for schools for the poor of S. Maclou. One of the Frères des Écoles Chrétiennes showed us his class,

who answered M. Labbé pretty well on the catechism. One of them then wrote on a black board at his dictation : ' J'espère, mes chers enfants, que vous vous montrerez, toute la vie, dignes des soins que les bons frères ont pris de vous ; ' which sentence they were made to discuss grammatically. Some of them were puzzled by the place held in the sentence by ' toute la vie, ' and it was some time before they made out that it was governed by ' pendant ' understood, and held the place of an adverb. They showed us some maps they had drawn, which were neat enough. Their manner to their teacher was very pleasing. We then went on to the girls' school, which is very numerous, and kept in the same set of buildings, chiefly up-stairs, by some religieuses who are not of any regularly established congregation, but are under a vow, and are recognised and encouraged by the Church. Some of them were at work, others reading. We could not judge of them further than that they seemed to be in good order, and that it was pleasant to see them taken care of by persons devoted to the work simply for charity. We went on, through some narrow and dirty streets, to the Hôpital Général, where they take in all manner of sick people. It is a government institution, but is under the care of certain sisters, who are devoted to that work. I believe they have not any very strict rule besides. We saw the Supérieure, and a good many of the others ; and the sick people seemed to be kept very clean and comfortable. There is an altar in each infirmary ward, but they have not the little marks of religion at each bed's head, which one would

find if the thing were wholly in the hands of the Church.”—*M.* He then took us to a convent of Benedictine Nuns de l’Adoration du S. Sacrement. The peculiarity of their rule is, that day and night there is always some one in adoration of the Holy Sacrament. Their night office is from half-past one to three. They eat *maigre* all the year. “They have only two hours in the day when they are allowed to speak, except upon matters of strict necessity.”—*M.* The Supérieure spoke with us from behind a double grating, which was besides veiled; at *M. Labbé’s* request she withdrew the veil, that we might see her costume; but her face was entirely covered, though doubtless she could see us, herself unseen. The whole dress was black. “She spoke very quietly and simply. The congregation was instituted after a time when many altars had been profaned, to make a kind of reparation for the insults that had been committed against our Lord through His blessed sacrament.”—*M.* In the schools and the infirmary, I was struck by the prodigious advantage of their being entrusted to professed religious persons. In the evening we went round the cathedral: it is in every respect *inside* inferior to *S. Ouen*, and not particularly graceful; but outside its northern and southern fronts are not to be surpassed for beauty and elegance of design, while its western one will be of great grandeur and exceeding richness when completed; walked once more round *S. Ouen* with fresh admiration.

*Wednesday, July 2.*—At twelve we started by railway for Paris; stopped at *Mantes* four hours; went over *Notre Dame*; much delighted as in

1843. The west front up to the gallery one of the most elegant I know. They are building the last stage of the northern tower. Reached Paris at 8 o'clock: got a "modeste appartement" at the Hôtel d'Espagne.

*Thursday, July 3.*—We called on Miss Young at l'Abbaye aux Bois, and sat talking some time. She gave us an introduction to a *sœur de charité*, by whom we were partly taken and partly shown over their large establishment in the Rue du Bac. The chapel is neat, and has a series of nice pictures: this is pointed out as the place where the Blessed Virgin appeared to one of the sisters or a novice; her image at the appearance is represented on the miraculous medal: it was before the picture over the altar on the right hand. The name of the sister is kept secret, and will be so till she is dead; but the other circumstances have been disclosed by the priest who received her confession, M. Aladel, one of the Pères Lazaristes, who direct the Sisters of S. Vincent de Paul. They have 300 sisters, who are dispersed hence all over France, and continually replenished; they are erecting a very handsome building, which will accommodate 300 novices. The vows are not perpetual, but for terms of years; but it is rare that any who have once taken them fail to renew them. Went to Toulouse—curious bookshop; he has sometimes 100,000 volumes in his possession. M. found Justinianus there. Notre Dame outside struck me very much; its west front only wants lofty spires on its towers to be perfect. The interior, with all its spaciousness, is deficient in grace, and after S. Ouen we felt quite

discontented with it. S. Germain des Près is a fine church, especially the choir and apse—Norman work. In the evening we saw M. Bonnetty, and had some talk with him. We were running about nine hours to-day.

*Friday, July 4.*—Went to breakfast with Miss Young, and had a long talk with l'Abbé Carron, formerly secretary to the archbishop. He was very polite and cordial, and offered us everything in his power. From him we obtained an account of the day's occupations in the Séminaire de S. Sulpice, which I took down from his mouth as follows, incorporating with it some further information given me by M. Galais, Professor of Canon Law therein:—

- 5 A.M. They rise; recite the "Angelus" (angelic salutation).
- 5 to 5½. Dress, come down stairs; the most pious go for two or three minutes before the Holy Sacrament.
- 5½ to 6½. Vocal prayer for ten minutes, and then prayer for the rest of the hour, each by himself, kneeling, without support.
- The Professor says his prayer aloud, in order to teach the pupils, on his knees, in the hall.
- 6½ to 7. Mass; those who have communicated attend another Mass for returning thanks, which may last to 7¼. The rest go up to their rooms.
7. Reading of Holy Scripture in private.
- 8 to 8¼. Breakfast—dry bread, wine, and water: nothing else allowed, save that in case of necessity milk or soup is sometimes given. Each reads in private.
- 8¼ to 9½. Preparation of theological lesson in their rooms.
- 9½ to 10½. Lesson in theology. Morale.
- 10½ to 10¾. Visit to the Holy Sacrament.
- 10¾ to 11¼. Deacons have a lesson in theology: the rest a singing lesson for half an hour, and then go up to their rooms.
- 11¼ to 12. Private examination of conscience. During seven minutes, meditation, kneeling, on some fact of

the New Testament; and for the next seven, Tronson read.

12 to 12½. Dinner. For three minutes a chapter of the Old Testament read aloud, then the life of a saint, or ecclesiastical history. They end with the Roman Martyrology for the morrow. Then a visit to the Holy Sacrament for a minute: recitation of the Angelus.

Dinner consists of a little soup; one dish of meat, potatoes, or "légumes." For dessert, an apple, or such like. Drink, wine and water.

12½ to 1¾. Recreation. At 12¾ talking is allowed for the first time in the day. Letters are delivered. The Professors are bound by their rule to take their recreations with their pupils: they make, a great point of this.

1¾. Recitation of the "Chapelet"; sixty-three Paters and Aves.

2 to 3½. Private study in their rooms. From 2 to 3½, class of ecclesiastical singing four times a week. From 2 to 3¼ adoration of the Holy Sacrament by each person for half an hour.

3½ to 4½. Theological class. Dogma.

4½ to 4¾. Visit to the Holy Sacrament.

5¼ or 5½. According to the season, bell for all in holy Orders to say their breviary. Time for conferences.

6½ to 7. "Glose"—spiritual reading by the Superior.

7 to 7½. Supper. One dish of meat, "légumes," salad, wine and water. Reading at all meals. Talking never allowed but at the Archbishop's visit once a year. A chapter of the New Testament read; a verse of the *Imitation of Jesus Christ*.

7½. They go before the Holy Sacrament; recite the Angelus.

7½ to 8½. Recreation.

8½ to 8¾. Evening Prayers; litanies, vocal, with private examination of conscience. Go straight to their rooms, or first before the Holy Sacrament. The superior remains in his place: each, in passing beside him, accuses himself of any outward faults committed during the day against the rules.

9 to 9¼. Bed time; at 9¼ to be in bed. Each has a room to himself; a table, a bed, a candlestick, and fire-place. A priest sleeps in each corridor.

## SPECIAL LECTURES

Hebrew ; two courses.

Moral Theology ; a great course. Young men admitted who have already studied the elementary course—about forty or fifty.

Canon Law ; a special course.

From Easter to the vacation they are instructed in the duties of a pastor in great detail.

Private study of the Holy Scriptures by each half an hour a day.

At three o'clock on Sundays, at S. Sulpice, the young men exercise themselves in catechising, except from Easter to the vacation.

Before the first communion there is catechising at S. Sulpice for two months thrice a week (not by the pupils).

## OBSERVATIONS

There is much sickness : (the building has not gardens or sufficient space for recreation attached to it).

Not time enough for study.

The vacation is from Aug. 15 to Oct. 1.

The cassock is always worn.

They go to confession every week, ordinarily in the morning during the meditation. They choose their own confessor among the masters, who are at present twelve, but the number is not fixed. As to communicating, they are free ; but are exhorted to do it *often*. Often is all the Sundays and festivals. Some communicate besides two, three, four, five times a week, especially as the time of their ordination draws near. The priests every day. After the communion twenty minutes "action de grâces." On entering the seminary a general confession of the whole past life is made. At the beginning of each year, after the vacation, in October, a confession of the



year is made. At the beginning of each month there is a retreat for one day, ordinarily the first Sunday. *Direction* is twice a month. It is intercourse between each young man and his director for the purpose of making known his inward state. There is a general *retreat* after the vacation for eight days; in this no visits allowed; no letters received; no going out into the city. There are recreations, but the rest of the day is consecrated to prayer, to confession, and to sermons. Each has his own rule ("règlement particulier"), which he draws up in concert with his confessor.

The day, the hour, and the mode of using the following exercises, to be determined on with the director.

Private examination of oneself.

Confession.

Holy Communion.

Direction.

The monthly retreat.

La Monition.<sup>1</sup>

Any special reading.

Accessory studies.

What has been determined on by the director, relatively to the preceding exercises, is to be written in the "règlement particulier" of each.

The main resolution necessary to ensure the fruits of the seminary is fidelity to the "règlement," and especially in silence at the prescribed times, and to the holy employment of one's times.

The virtues to be studied are, collectedness, the thought of the presence of God, modesty and

<sup>1</sup> "La monition consiste à faire connaître à celui, qui nous a chargé de lui rendre cet office de charité, ses imperfections et ses défauts extérieurs contraires aux vertus chrétiennes et ecclésiastiques."

good example, charity and humility, religion and fervour in the exercises of piety.

The order of exercises for a day in the annual *retreat* is as follows :

- 5 A.M. Rise ; preparation for prayer ; short visit to the Most Holy Sacrament.
- 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Prayer.
- 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Messe de communauté.  
Preparation for general confession, or for that of the annual review, and especially for that of the time spent in the vacation.
- 8. Breakfast.
- 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ . Petites heures.
- 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ . Reading or "direction."
- 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ . Visit to the Holy Sacrament.
- 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ . "Entretien."
- 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ . "Délassement," during which there may be either reading or "direction."
- 11. Writing of one's resolutions, and then reading the prescribed chapters of Holy Scripture.
- 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ . Private examination.
- 12. Dinner, followed by the Angelus, and recreation.
- 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ . Vespers and Compline ; recollecting of oneself, to examine how one has done the morning's exercises.
- 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ . Reading, with meditation, of the chapters of the *Imitation*.
- 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ . Visit to the Holy Sacrament.
- 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ . "Entretien."
- 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Matins and Lauds ; writing of resolutions. Then "délassement," as in morning at 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ .
- 6. Recitation of "chapelet," meditated.
- 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ . A spiritual lecture.
- 7. Supper, followed by the Angelus, and recreation.
- 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Prayer ; examination of conscience.  
Bed ; making preparation for (the morning's) prayer.

The following means are recommended for profiting by the "retreat" :

1. From its beginning have your "règlement particulier" approved by your Director ; agree with him on the employment of your time, on the subject of your reading, on the manner of preparing your confession.

2. Read the chapter of the Holy Scripture and of the *Imitation* marked in the *Manual of Piety*, and never omit this reading.

3. Observe silence carefully, save at the time of recreation, and if you are obliged to speak, ask leave to do so.

4. Do not read or write any letter.

5. If you experience dryness, disgust, repugnance, discouraging thoughts, as generally happens in retreats, communicate them immediately to your Director, and follow his advice, as the most assured means of overcoming temptations.

6. If you have already made a general confession at the Seminary, employ the time after Mass till breakfast in examining yourself on the manner in which you have done your actions in the Seminary the past year, how you have combated your defects and your ruling passion, and how you have practised the virtues which you proposed to acquire.

7. Study especially inward recollectedness, confidence in our Lord, and in the Most Holy Virgin; serious and deep examination of your conscience, and a great desire "*de faire un bon Séminaire.*"

8. After the Retreat tell your Director your feelings and resolutions, and busy yourself immediately with drawing up your "*règlement particulier.*"

There are, moreover, retreats for eight days before each ordination. Exposition of the pontifical is given. Before the ordination of any individual is decided on, there are two "*appels*" to be gone through: 1st, that of outward conduct; 2nd, that of inward conduct, decided by all the masters in common. If these are passed there is a third examination of himself and his fitness for the ministry to be gone through by the pupil in private. Fourthly, if he is thoroughly persuaded of his vocation, his confessor finally decides whether he shall be accepted for the ministry or rejected. The ordinary payment made by each pupil is 700 francs a year, but this, in case of necessity, or of promising persons, especially when recommended by bishops, is reduced to 400.

In Lent one meal and one collation (a half meal) are allowed: the first at mid-day. Meat is allowed on Sundays, Mondays, Tuesdays, and

Thursdays, by the archbishop's "mandement." Fridays and Saturdays are maigre days through the year, but not fasts. The other fasts of the year are very few, the greater number having been abolished by the Concordat. They are Christmas Eve, Whitsun Eve, St. Peter's Eve, the Vigils of the Assumption, and All Saints.

M. Gaduel told me that the good professors of S. Sulpice receive no salary whatever. They live, he said, as children in a father's house, provided with everything they want, but they are not given money. If one has need of a coat, he asks for it, and has it. Should they be taken ill, and be unable to continue their functions, they will be supported and tenderly provided for all their days. They take no vows, and can leave when they please; and they retain whatever private property they may possess. Those who have none receive 100 francs a year for their charities; for you know, he said, they cannot go into the city without a sou. Thus their life is entirely detached from the cares of this world, from the desire of wealth, and all that attaches to it. Yet is it, from its sedentariness and severely abstract pursuits, as well as from the continued pressure on the heart and conscience, a trying life. Health, I imagine, is only maintained by the weekly relaxation of Wednesday, and the annual vacation of two months in August and September.

We talked on many other subjects with M. l'Abbé Carron. He was very desirous to explain the honour paid to the Blessed Virgin Mary. One and all reject with horror anything like adoration being offered to her, or that she is any-

thing more than the most favoured *channel* of grace.

At two we went to M. Bonnetty, who took us to the house of the Benedictines, then in Rue Notre Dame des Champs, where we saw the Abbé Guéranger, a very pleasing person. Talked of editions of the Fathers, the labours of the Benedictines, the movement in England. He struck me as very mild and charitable. In the library M. de Montalembert was sitting writing. We did not know who it was at the time.

On the opposite side of the street, through a private door, we entered into a most beautiful little chapel just erected in the style of the thirteenth century. It belongs to some religious "garde-malades," connected with the Sisters of Charity, who were saying their office as we came in. The architecture is exceedingly rich: all the windows of painted glass. I have never seen anything so exquisite as this chapel. The apse was richly painted and decorated. Afterwards we set off for S. Denis, but gave it up. Looked into S. Eustache, an imposing church of the Renaissance, very lofty and spacious. Also S. Germain l'Auxerrois, which is interesting. It has been restored since the riots, and is being filled with painted glass.

*Saturday, July 5.*—Set off for S. Denis: the abbey has been wonderfully restored since I was there, and is now exceedingly imposing and interesting. The aisles round the choir have been most richly painted and decorated, the central roof not yet. All the windows are of stained glass, forming a complete sketch of French history,

wherein Dagobert and S. Louis, Napoleon, Louis XVIII, and Louis Philippe, strangely figure. The tombs of François I and Louis XII are very beautiful. The western front resembles Mantes in character; very beautiful; pinnacles of the spire curious and most pleasing. We went to drink tea with Miss Young, her mother, a French lady, and an Irish priest, M. Macarthy, who assists at S. Sulpice. He said the seats there were let to a woman for 35,500 francs per annum. The chief duty of a Catholic is not to go to Mass, but to confess and receive absolution. Before marriage every one is compelled to confess, but they do not necessarily receive absolution. This priest's conversation gave one a notion that to common minds the confessional would often be as it were wiping off an old debt, and beginning a new score. "He said there were about 14,000 or 15,000 communicants at Easter in that parish out of a population of 50,000. He seemed to think many might be people who would fall back again into grievous faults, but nearly all at the time had good intentions. I rather thought he made too little a matter of the probability of many falling back: but I may have been mistaken. He said, however, that S. Sulpice was not a measure of Paris, being the most pious parish in the city. He said also, that there was very little temptation to hypocrisy, religion being rather at a discount in public opinion. I should hope from this and other accounts, that there was a very considerable leaven of true piety in this place, bad as it is."—*M.*

*Sunday, July 6.*—The heat excessive. We went to Bishop Luscombe's chapel: many stayed to the

Holy Communion. "There was a discontented French priest there, who, I fear, is going to set up for himself. I had a little talk with the Bishop between services. He has, if I am not mistaken, a totally false view of the position of the French Church. He thinks it is falling to pieces, as a man might think Oriel was coming down, if he did not know there was a live Provost and Fellows inside to repair it when necessary. The discontented go to him and tell him their tale, as the college weapons might fall on the head of any one in quad; and of course they do their best to make him think that all is as rotten as they are. The Roman Catholic clergy, I believe, do not know much of him, or he of them, and he is shut out from the sight of what is best among them."—*M.*

At five dined with *M. Bonnetty*. We found there two priests, one of whom, *M. d'Alzon*, was going to preach at *Notre Dame des Victoires* that evening for the *Archiconfrérie du saint Cœur de Marie*. He seemed an able man, was *Vicaire-general* of *Nismes*, a person of property, who was bent on taking Orders. He could not understand how we could preach with a book before us; said no one would listen in France. The other priest, *M. Jacquemet*, was a very pleasing, modest person. We adjourned to the garden of the *Missions Etrangères*; met there *M. Drach*, who had been chief rabbin. He has written a book on the harmony of the Synagogue and the Church; seemed to think he could settle the difficulty concerning the day of the Passover by Jewish traditions.



M. Bonnetty took us to Mrs. Ryon's in the Place belle Chasse. The heat excessive.

*Monday, July 7.*—We called on M. Defresne; much struck by his conversation. He said all that was best in religion was at Paris: out of a million of inhabitants there were 300,000 going to Mass, and 50,000 *practising* Christians; this was the kernel of religion in the country, the pure gold. He justified the shops being left open by the Government on Sunday, for the people generally being without belief it would be an act of sheer tyranny to shut them. Louis Philippe was now employing against the Jesuits the same arbitrary power he had used to expel l'Abbé Châtel. On religious matters he did not seem to understand how an instructed person could remain with good faith out of the Roman Church. The Puseyites, he seemed to think, did not belong to the Establishment. M. Defresne speaks with remarkable energy; we both wished to have another talk with him. Thence we went to the Pères Lazaristes; M. Aladel received us, gave us the rules of the Sisters of Charity. Their chief work being the relief of the sick, &c. they have no office, properly so called, and their hours are subject to variation. They rise, winter and summer, at 4 to 4½; 4½ to 5½ meditation, prayer, a subject for meditation given the evening before; 5½ hear Mass—this is the ordinary time, but it varies: for instance, they would attend the church in their immediate neighbourhood at whatever hour it might be. Every day spiritual reading—the chaplet: it lasts a long half hour; has many special prayers added by their founder, which

cannot be seen. In the evening a second meditation for half an hour, always before six o'clock. Vocal prayers before bed-time, at half-past eight. Subject of meditation given. These exercises of piety are never given up, as in cases of extreme sickness the sister attending waits till the others have done, and is then relieved by them. They do not go out after nightfall. Dinner at half-past eleven. Supper at six. Their duties are: 1, visiting the sick; 2, attending hospitals; 3, dressing the sick at their own house; 4, keeping schools at their own house. Each school belongs to a sister, who is generally the same; one takes care of the linen, another of the kitchen, and so on. M. Aladel then attacked us on matters of controversy; could not conceive persons of intelligence and good faith remaining out of the pale of the Roman Church. Indeed this is universally the *first* thing with them—to be in communion with Rome. Without unity they can conceive no holiness, nor self-devotion, nor even sincerity. We said we admitted the primacy of Rome, but not an absolute power; and referred back to the times of the early Patriarchs, as St. Athanasius. His reply was that the Pope allowed them to institute their own Bishops, and where this permission was not openly expressed it was implied; a mode of assumption which soon puts an end to all difficulties. The Greeks and Russians were schismatics, but far nearer than we. To him, as to every other Roman Catholic with whom we conversed, the English Church is simply a mass of heresy and schism. We regretted the controversial language of this conversation. Called on

M. Labbé, and had a friendly talk with him. He describes the actual state of the Colleges of the University as horrible in point of morality. He is now, at forty-five, sitting down to the study of Greek, to pass his degree of M.A. at the University, in order that he may be privileged to teach under it. At Lady Elgin's in the evening, whither M. Bonnetty conducted us, we found a lively party in the garden. The chief conversation was on magnetising, there being a young man of great powers that way present, but he declined giving us any specimen of his power: he said it took too much out of him, and sometimes bestowed on him the maladies he relieved others from. Thus, he succeeded in transferring a lady's headache to himself. The heat very great to-day.

*Tuesday, July 8.*—We called on M. Théodore Ratisbonne, a man of about forty-two, with striking Jewish physiognomy, gentle and pleasing in manner. I was very much struck with his conversation. We said we came to learn as much as we could of Catholic institutions. "As for Protestantism," said he, "I believe it has produced good fathers of families, good morals, kindly social feelings, and so on; but as for perfect devotion of the heart to God, it seems to me quite barren. But the soul should not walk, she should fly." On the worship of the Blessed Virgin, so called, he said, "Place yourself in the presence of Jesus Christ, for He is ever present, He is always the same. You would see beside Him the Blessed Virgin and the Apostles. You would throw yourself at His feet; but having done so, would you have no thought for His mother? Would you

turn your back upon her? Would that be a way of gaining His favour? Or, place yourself at the foot of the Cross, remember His last words, and how can any Christian have other than filial feelings towards her? But there is not a child of the poorest Catholic peasant who would for an instant confound the reverence paid to the mother of his Lord with the worship due only to God. C'est une horreur. Elle est une simple créature, une fille d'Adam, notre sœur; mais elle a reçu la grâce d'être mère de Dieu. Moi, je baise un tableau de ma mère, de mes sœurs, de mes amis; et je ne baiserais pas celui de la Sainte Vierge? Je fléchis le genou devant les rois de la terre; je ne le fléchirais pas devant elle?" He took up a book by a Protestant minister, I think of Geneva, and read to us with great indignation the account he had made up of a Roman priest's sermon on the Blessed Virgin—the *adoring* her, and so on. He said the Protestant remarks on that subject were full of bad faith, and were in the highest degree shocking to Catholics. I asked him about his brother's conversion: he said, over and above the printed account which I had seen, "My brother, two hours after his conversion, was seen by Cardinal Mezzofanti, who was ready to throw himself on his knees in adoration to God. Nothing was known of my brother at Rome, and at first great apprehensions were entertained as to what his character might turn out to be. He had never read two pages of the Bible, never received any religious instruction whatever, was altogether of a light and superficial character. The Blessed Virgin appeared to him as close as I am to you; she made a motion to

him that he should remain quiet under the divine influence. On rising out of his ecstasy he had received intuitively the knowledge of the Christian faith. He came and lived three months with me ; I never talked with him as to what he should do ; I carefully abstained from exercising any influence over him. I had, indeed, great apprehensions of him, as to what his future life would be. At the end of that time I said to him, ' I am going to offer Mass for you, to know what your future vocation will be.' He replied, without the slightest hesitation or emotion, ' I am in no doubt about that. Two courses are open to me : one is to become a priest and live here with you ; we should be two brothers together — that would be, indeed, a delightful life : the other is to enter the Company of Jesus. I do not know what that is, but I shall become a Jesuit.' I was very much astonished. ' As-tu bien réfléchi ? ' je lui dis. ' Je n'y ai pas réfléchi, mais la Ste. Vierge me l'a dit.' Alors je me tus, je ne dis plus une parole. He knew so little what the Jesuits were ; he had so great an apprehension what would happen to him, that when he left me he agreed that, if he was unhappy, he would put a certain mark in his letter for me to come and see him. I went after a time to see him : I found him engaged in cleaning the dirtiest parts of the house. They had put him on the severest trials to test his resolution ; he surmounted them all, and now, since he has been three years among them, he has never had even l'ombre de peine. *I believe that he has more than once received a repetition of the grace he had at Rome*, but I have never questioned him on the subject. His vocation

has been marked out by the Blessed Virgin for the conversion of the Jews. My uncle is worth from six to seven millions of francs : he has disinherited my brother, who has renounced everything. He built a small church near here : before going into the order of the Jesuits he distributed all his property to the poor, as is their custom ; previous to his conversion he had never had vision or anything of the kind."

M. Ratisbonne, seeing we were greatly interested in all he said, warmed in his manner, and before parting he gave each of us a small book ; mine is a catechism. I told him how much I had liked his life of S. Bernard. "Ah," he said, "you have had the patience to read that." I begged him to allow me to call on him again before leaving. We then went to Miss Young's, where I wrote down as much as I could remember of our conversation, which had greatly moved me. Thence M. Carron took us to several booksellers ; we also called on M. Galais at Séminaire S. Sulpice, and delivered our letter ; as he had a class shortly after, we proposed coming again on Thursday. We then adjourned to the church a short time, to various libraries, and did not get home till late.

*Wednesday, July 9.*—Called on M. Martin de Noirliu, Curé of St. Jacques ; we found him very affable, and desirous to oblige. Talked about the state of things in England, and said we were most desirous to see things as they were, and to get rid of all prejudice. I said the *culte* of the Blessed Virgin was that which stood most in our way ; and remarked, how in their litanies to her, after a



simple address to the different persons of the Holy Trinity, there followed a reiterated invocation of her under many various titles, throwing, as it were, into the shade the Godhead. He excused this, because in those litanies her intercession was especially requested, and spoke of other litanies to Jesus, &c. He also said the Church was in no way committed to those popular devotions of the Archiconfrèrie, &c. He, for instance, had had nothing to do with them at all; but lately he had had occasion to preach severely against the idea of any virtue being supposed to reside in images themselves. He strongly recommended Bossuet's *Exposition*, as being a faithful account of the Church's doctrines. There was strict unity as to dogma, but within that limit there were a vast number of things which might or might not be true. He has been curé since 1836; about 300 communicants every Sunday in his parish, which has 15,000 people. Among them are many Jansenists. At Easter rather less than half the people communicate; he excused there not being more by their having *severe* notions on the subject. Spoke favourably of his people. Walked with us to S. Etienne; a strange mixture of Gothic and Renaissance, with some fine features; the tomb of Ste. Geneviève, which he said was of the fourth century. Thence to S. Gervais, a fine church of the latest Gothic, the Lady Chapel of which has been most beautifully restored and decorated; there are five painted windows, and four very interesting frescoes by Delorme, of incidents in her life. The whole church is to be done after the same manner. The Government, too, are going to spend £80,000



in thoroughly restoring Notre Dame: all the windows are to be of painted glass. There is a curious pendent crown, wrought in stone, in the roof of this chapel. M. de Noirliu invited us to be at a "conférence," which he would hold with some of his parishioners on Saturday, who assisted him in the instruction of the poor. He left us, and we went to see La Sainte Chapelle, but were disappointed, as a ticket from the architect is necessary. Here, too, scaffolding is up, and restoration in full progress. We then mounted the towers of Notre Dame, and enjoyed for some time that noble view of the stateliest of modern cities. I never felt more admiration of this magnificent city than on this visit: one is ever painfully contrasting the meanness of our public buildings, and the wretched appearance of our brick houses in London, with the noble quais and palaces of Paris. These towers themselves are of wonderful solidity, and evidently built for spires; in truth, they ought to be double their present height. Here is, however, a great want of towers and spires in this view, such as there must once have been at Paris. We took a peep also at the great bell—an immense creature. At five o'clock we went to dine with Bishop Luscombe: found him in his picture gallery, which he took great delight in showing us. We met here a Mr. Parkes, an American clergyman, who was elected Bishop of Alabama two years ago, but declined on the score of health. He is an interesting person. I had a long conversation with him on the state of the Church in England, America, and France. He, too, has a strong notion of Roman corruption,

but is quite ignorant of their practice and services, having never read even the Mass. I endeavoured to persuade him, on the ground of the Church's decided voice, that the validity of baptism did not depend on the administrator; but he seemed to think there was equal authority for the doctrine of Transubstantiation. I said, as to that there were really only two ideas on the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist: the one was a real true objective presence of our Lord's Body and Blood; and the other no presence at all, but an impression produced by faith on the individual—a commemoration, or what not. If we agreed, as we did, with the Church of Rome in the former view, it was better not to fight about the mode in which she has stated it, her real intent being to force a shuffling and evasive party to accept or reject the truth distinctly. The Church of England, rejecting the Roman definition, has not herself fenced the truth on the Protestant side, which may make us more forbearing as to condemning the Roman mode of statement, being, as we are, entirely of accord with her as to the real truth, which lies at the bottom of the controversy—the Christian's highest and inconceivable blessing. He thought that high and low in the Church of England could not long go on together, and heartily wished we might get rid of state interference and control at any cost. "Meet in convocation," said he, "and if you are turned out of doors, adjourn to the street; suffer anything and everything, but do not let the state control you." We walked home with Mr. Parkes: he seems a most sincere and candid person.

*Thursday, July 10.*—M. Galais took us over the Séminaire de S. Sulpice. There is nothing remarkable in the building. The pupils are rather more than 200: their appearance is very devout; they seem of low rank in life generally, and this is no doubt the case, but with exceptions; for instance, we heard to-day of the son of M. de Ségur, who is there. Each pupil has a small room to himself, which opens on the corridor; it has a bed, table, little stove, and hardly anything more, with a crucifix and little statue of the Blessed Virgin, belonging to the house. They make their own beds: they are not allowed to enter each other's rooms at all, but, if they wish to speak to one another, the stranger stands in the passage, and the occupant at his door. The whole is under the inspection of the Archbishop, who has a room here, but does not often come. There are twelve masters. The state of instruction as regards the Church is as follows in France generally. In each diocese there is one or more "petits séminaires," which are for children, not only such as are to be ecclesiastics, but laymen also. These are the only schools in which morals and religion are made a primary consideration; and, therefore, though they have nothing to do with the university, and are excluded from all privileges, they are sought after by the sounder part of the community. To these succeeds, for ecclesiastics alone, the "grand séminaire" for each diocese; this of S. Sulpice is the most eminent in France. The studies are for five years; two in philosophy, three in theology. They are thus arranged, as we took them down from the lips of M. Galais.

## PHILOSOPHY (FIRST YEAR).

Logic, Psychology—morning.

Arithmetic, Geometry, beginning of Algebra—evening.

## SECOND YEAR.

Théodicée	} morning.	Geology	} evening.
Morale		Physics	
		Astronomy	
		Chemistry	

Sometimes, perhaps in half the dioceses of France, these two years of philosophy are contracted to one. The three years of theology are thus arranged :

## FIRST YEAR.

Morale.	Le traité de actibus humanis.
	„ de legibus.
	„ de peccatis.
	„ de decalogo.
Dogme.	„ de vera religione.
	„ de vera ecclesia.
	„ de locis theologicis.

## SECOND YEAR.

Morale.	De jure et justitia.
	De contractibus.
Dogme.	De Trinitate.
	De Incarnatione.
	De gratia.

## THIRD YEAR.

Morale.	De sacramento pœnitentiæ. (Under this head would fall the whole direction for the guidance of souls.)
	De matrimonio.
	De censuris et irregularitatibus.

- Dogme. De sacramentis in genere.  
De baptismo.  
De confirmatione.  
De Eucharistia.  
De ordine. (There is also a special course  
on this.)  
De extrema unctione.

A course of Holy Scripture twice a week, exclusive of private study of it.

Authors used :—

Bailly, 8 vols.  
Bounier, *Institutiones Theologicæ*.  
Carrière, *de Jure, et Justitia*, &c.  
Tronson, *Forma Cleri*.

These three years of theology are sometimes expanded to four.

For the dogma of the Roman Church, M. Galais said, the canons of the Council of Trent, with the acts of the councils generally, were the only *authentic* or *symbolic* sources: next to this comes “catechismus ad parochos.” Bossuet’s *Exposition* is regarded as quite a standard book: likewise Moëhlers’s *Symbolism*. He recommended strongly, for the interior life, *Louis de Grenada*, *Rodriguez*, *S. François de Sales*; spoke highly of Olier’s life.

We were greatly pleased with M. Galais’ courtesy. He took us also over the library, which is very good indeed; beginning with a complete collection of the Fathers, through the schoolmen, down to modern times: it was arranged chronologically. “He pointed out to us Tronson’s *Forma Cleri*, as giving the best idea of their whole discipline.”—*M.* At M. Bonnetty’s we found M. l’Abbé d’Alzon, who kindly took us

to the convent of the Dames de l'Assomption, Rue des Postes. In passing, we looked into the chapel of the Jesuits, in their house at Paris, which has made such a noise. They are about twenty here, and in all France 210: and these few, but picked and valiant men, fill with dread the hosts of the freethinkers and infidels in France; they know not how to meet them but with persecution. We were much interested with the Dames de l'Assomption. We saw the Supérieure and an English sister. We had a long conversation, in which she explained the object of their society, lately founded—to communicate a christian education to the children of the higher ranks, especially of the “*aristocratie de l'argent*,” who of all ranks in France are most alienated from religion. The Supérieure spoke with much feeling and intelligence, and with that beauty and distinctness of expression which makes the French language so pleasing in a female mouth. She said they had been much struck, in their experience, with the mass of knowledge and accomplishments which existed out of the Church and the sphere of her influence, or rather in antagonism to her. Beside the usual vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience, they took a fourth—to extend the kingdom of Our Saviour to the utmost of their power; and the best means to do this, they thought, was to lay hold of the education of the higher ranks, and impress on it a religious character. “This could only be done,” she said, “by a religious congregation; for how can those who live in the world, and seek after its prizes, form their pupils to the contempt of the world?”

How can those who work for riches themselves teach others to live above them? How, especially, can the children of the rich be strongly impressed with Christian truth save by those who themselves bear the cross?" "Religious orders," she said, "are like branches which, one after the other, spring out of a tree; the trunk itself lasts on, but the branches, it may be, after a time drop off, and give place to others. We do not desire that our order should last when it ceases to be useful, and therefore we have strictly provided that it should possess no funds after the acquisition of the house and garden, which is necessary for our existence: all that we allow is, that any sister may have a pension for life—but this is not necessary; if we find anyone of suitable disposition and acquirements, we should be happy to admit her without any. Besides this we receive payments from our pupils: we think it more christian to work for our living; nor would our pupils be in a comfortable position if they did not pay us." These sisters recite *all* the Breviary in Latin, but not during the night. They rise at five, go to bed at ten; they attend Mass daily, and have an hour of meditation every morning, and half an hour in the evening. "But," said M. d'Alzon, "you know that, wherever there are religious orders, there must be one secret source of strength—intimate union with Our Saviour." "You mean," I said, "that which springs from the Real Presence." They all agreed; and the Supérieure continued: "We could never sustain this life, were it not for the thought that we were spouses of Christ—



that is the one thought which is the centre of our life." I said, "I am sure there are thousands of young persons in England who would enter into religious orders if we had them." She agreed, and said, "They must not be purely active but largely contemplative: there was something pensive and melancholy in the English female character, which shrunk back from a purely active life such as that of the Sisters of Charity." They were astonished and much gratified when I read to them the Absolution in the Service of the Sick, which pronounces absolution, by virtue of the priestly office, *categorically*, not declaratively: they agreed that it was perfectly Catholic. The demeanour of these ladies—the four that I saw—struck me exceedingly: it was gentle, perfectly that of ladies, yet intellectual: like that of those who felt they had a noble mission, and had courage to execute it. Their dress also is very becoming—a dark robe with a white hood, and white cross on the centre of the breast. All their servants take the same vows, eat at the same table; the only difference being, that they are less intelligent and accomplished.

In the evening we went for a short time into the gardens of the Tuileries; I had never before seen the orange trees out there, and the gay and cheerful spirit of the scene struck me, so much more brilliant than the aspect of our parks.

*Friday, July 11.*—M. was poorly with a headache, so I went alone to M. Galais at the Séminaire, who sent a young priest with me to M. Poileau's school, about a mile to the south-west of Paris. There are more than 300 pupils there;

it is the largest establishment of the kind not in connection with the university. I saw the chapel, which was very neatly arranged, and the infirmerie, in which was a priest; there were several beds ranged in alcoves on each side, and some sick boys in them; a relation had come to see one, and one who seemed by her dress to be a Sister of Charity, another. The boys sleep in dormitories, ranged much in the same manner; it so happened that the head of the establishment and the next person to him were both away, and the rooms being locked we did not go into them. We saw a class preparing for their first communion. The rule of the house is that they confess constantly, but communion is left open. The boys pay £40 a year each, and the masters receive the same sum, besides board and lodging. The house was encompassed with gardens, and an exercising ground, with poles, &c. for the boys; their ages run from 7 to 18 or 19: sometimes the conscription finds them there. My conductor had been drawn for the conscription, and had to pay 1800 francs for a "remplaçant." He said about forty were drawn yearly on a city of 7000 or 8000; he was the eighty-first or so, but there were so many of those who drew before him incapacitated from one cause or other, that he and several beyond him came into the forty eligible. On returning I went to M. Galais again, as he had invited me, and he talked to me nearly two hours and a half. I thought him very well instructed and clear-headed; he gave me a sketch of the disputes of the Thomists and Molinists on Grace; and the system of Suarez

on the subject, the science absolute, science moyenne, and science probable of God. The Church holds the two extreme points; on the one hand the absolute necessity of the grace of God anticipating, as well as capacitating, every human movement; on the other hand, the free concurrence of the human will; but she does not attempt to define, as a matter of faith, the mode of their co-existence. He seemed to think Suarez, next to St. Thomas, was the greatest of theological minds. Once, in a dispute with a Dominican, the latter produced a sentence of St. Augustine which told strongly against Suarez; he kept silence, but when his turn came to reply, he said, "That sentence is not in St. Augustine." The other repeated that it was. "It is not," returned Suarez; "I know St. Augustine by heart, and that sentence does not occur in his writings." They searched, but were unable to find it anywhere. That evening his conscience smote Suarez for having said publicly, though with truth, that he knew St. Augustine by heart, and he went to confession on account of it. On the subject of the Holy Eucharist, I inquired whether the Church would require more than that after the words of consecration the Body and Blood of our Lord were really and truly present, independent of the faith of the individual: he said, "Yes; she would require a belief that the bread was destroyed ('détruit'), that its substance was changed, and its appearance, or accidents, only remained, to meet our senses. There were many opinions *how* this took place, but none of them were *de fide*, provided the

thing was believed." M. Galais gave me much more information respecting the seminary, which I put opposite the former remarks thereon. It seems to me that no greater care can be taken to form the inward mind to the duties of the sacerdotal office and to exclude all who have not a genuine vocation. Nothing can exceed the kindness of M. Galais in giving information. In the evening we went to St. Severin, to hear M. d'Alzon preach: we lost our way, and were late, and so at too great a distance to hear him well. He spoke on the Real Presence, the junction of the Divinity with the Humanity, and the blessings thence flowing forth, rather with passion and feeling than with deep reflection. His incessant action contrasts strongly with our quiet manner. I can well imagine that reading his sermon would be quite insupportable to him, as well as to the people. At the same time, such sermons as Newman's would be lost on them. I cannot but think that speaking from the pulpit without book ought to form part of our education.

*Saturday, July 12.*—M. d'Alzon took us over M. l'Abbé Migne's great printing establishment. It contains 175 workmen, and everything is done therein; binding, stereotyping, as well as printing, and selling besides. He produces a very large octavo volume in double columns, Latin for five francs, and Greek and Latin for eight francs: the former he is about to raise to six francs. His patrology is to contain 200 such volumes of Latin authors, and 100 of Greek: 46 are come out. The cheapness is wonderful, and necessary for the small incomes of those who would chiefly want

such books, and the execution fair. M. Migne is a priest, and acts not from a desire to gain, but to assist the clergy. However, the Archbishop has forbidden him to say Mass at present.

We looked into the Louvre for an hour to-day, and enjoyed the glimpse of the pictures: the first time we have so indulged ourselves.

In the evening went to M. de Noirlieu, who introduced us into a Conférence de S. Vincent de Paul. About 40 young men present, of the rank and age of students, who meet weekly: they each take about a couple of families to visit and assist. This sort of thing exists in 33 parishes in Paris. Here there are about 50 members, in S. Sulpice 120. It is a visiting society, but under better rule than ours; and it was pleasing to see, as being formed out of exactly that part of society which is generally most alienated from such works. They gave us a copy of their rules. "The abbé himself had less to do with it than I had expected, but I believe he has an instruction in his church on Sunday evening, especially for the workmen whose families are thus visited. They conclude the meeting with short prayers, in which, by the by, there occurs an invocation of the Blessed Virgin, which all repeat aloud, and which I did not like to repeat with them, being the one I mentioned, some time ago, as not being fully approved at Rome. These things are a puzzle to me. I can blink them for a time, but when I come into close contact, I feel them again, and wonder much how they can agree, not with infallibility, but with the wisdom which I feel otherwise fully disposed to allow to the Church of Rome. This particular case is *in favour*

of Rome. But then Rome allows and sanctions what must almost necessarily involve things to which I cannot reconcile myself. The system of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, as it now stands, wants some foundation beyond all they tell me of when I ask them to give an account of it. Perhaps in their own mind, they consider that the mind of the Church expressed in her perpetual practice is the real ground; but for the Church being so minded I am sure they do not assign sufficient grounds. If such grounds there are, they must be found in mediæval revelation; at least, I can hardly conceive mere development going so far with any authority.”—*M.*

*Sunday, July 13.*—Went to Bishop Luscombe’s service. He preached. In our return, we looked into the Chapelle Expiatoire—one certainly of the most touching spots of Paris. Under the statues of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette respectively are inscribed their last words—golden words indeed—which can hardly be read, especially on the spot where their bodies rested for twenty-one years, without tears. In the evening we went to the École des Frères Chrétiens, 6 Rue du Fleurus, and were conducted by some of the brethren to the most extraordinary scene we have witnessed in France. It was a meeting held in the parish church of Ste. Marguerite, to give prizes to the assiduous members of the society of S. François Xavier, which is composed of artisans, who attend periodically to be instructed. After Vespers and Compline, Monseigneur the Archbishop of Chalcédoine was introduced, under whom the séance was held. The curé then briefly stated the course of pro-



ceedings, and presently began a dispute between M. l'Abbé Massard, prêtre directeur, and M. l'Abbé Croze, on the subject whether there were or were not miracles; the former maintaining the negative, the latter the affirmative. The usual philosophical objections were put by l'Abbe Massard, very fairly and with great vivacity, and were answered by l'Abbé Croze with vivacity still greater and superior ingenuity. Constant approval and laughter attended both question and answer, there being a large number of women outside the barrier in the aisles, the workmen members occupying the nave, and all seemed to relish to the utmost the nature of the colloquy. It was, indeed, extremely well imagined to convey to minds of that class a ready answer to specious philosophical objections against the truth of religion; and, though no doubt previously arranged by the two disputants, had all the air of being poured forth with extreme volubility on the spur of the moment. To give a notion of the thing:—"M. Massard proposed the subject of Miracles; and on being asked, What about miracles? said, he should dispute against them. L'Abbé Croze asked him what he meant by miracles. M. Massard began, personating an eager and hasty infidel, with a rough account of them. 'I don't mean to give a philosophical definition; I mean what everybody means—an extraordinary thing, such as one never saw—in fact, an impossible thing.' L'Abbé Croze complained that this was too vague, and gave his own definition—"An act surpassing human power, and out of the ordinary course of nature, and which



consequently must be referred to some supernatural power.' L'Abbé Massard then made a speech of some length about the impossibility of miracles, and the absurdity of some that were found in history, and concluded by denying all. M. Croze made him begin to repeat his arguments one by one, saying, he would then serve him as Horatius did the Curiatii. M. Massard said, in repetition, 'God cannot work a miracle, for it would be a disorder ; it would be against His own laws,' &c. L'Abbé Croze said, 'He could not see why He, who makes the sun rise every day, might not stop it one day, as the maker of a watch can stop the watch. A miracle is no exertion of force in the Almighty, no more than for one who walks to stop walking an instant,' &c. M. Massard changed his ground, and "—*M.*—urged Hume's argument, that even if a miracle were acted before our eyes, we could have no proofs that it was a miracle equal in force to the antecedent improbability that a miracle would be done. M. Croze pulled this to pieces, to the great amusement of the auditory. "What," said he, "can anything be more ridiculous than to tell me that proofs are wanted, when a miracle is done before my eyes? If I see a man whom I well know in the last stage of sickness, witness afterwards his death and burial, and, a year or two after that, that man reappears before my eyes, do I want any proof of the miracle? If I meet an ass in the street and say to him, 'Ass, speak, philosophise,' and he forthwith opens his mouth and argues, do I want any proof that it is a miracle? If I meet an ox going along, and I say, 'Ox, fly,' and he flies, do

I want proof of the miracle? If one evening all the women in Paris were to become dumb, and could not speak"—here a burst of laughter broke from all parts of the church, and it was some time before the orator triumphant could proceed. "M. Massard said, 'Well, but there have been sorcerers and magicians who performed miracles; Moses was met by sorcerers who did the same miracles that he did.' Croze—"Not the same: they imitated one or two, but then failed.' He went on with an eloquent apostrophe to Moses, ending with an allusion to the final plague; and then he went on further to illustrate the difference between divine and diabolical miracles, by the history of St. Peter and Simon Magus. M. Massard said, 'But if any one were to work as many miracles by the power of the devil as are recorded in Holy Scripture, must we then believe him?' M. Croze—"No; we have been told that Antichrist will work miracles at the end of the world; but we are assured that God has wrought them in proof of His religion, and He cannot have deceived us. Therefore we may safely reject any pretended revelation that is contrary to what we have received.'"—*M.*

The last question was, "You have well proved that there can be, and have been, miracles, but now I wish to put an objection to you, which I think you will find it very hard to answer. How is it that God works no miracles now?" M. Croze rejoins, "Is that your great difficulty? There are fifty answers I might give you. As, for instance, that God does not choose to work them now, and certainly we have no right to ask

His reasons ; or, that now His religion is established, it has no need of the confirmation of miracles. These and numberless other answers might be given, but I prefer showing you, that it is not at all desirable miracles should be worked. Two medical charlatans once went into a town, and, in order to get themselves practice, instead of putting out that they had specific remedies for the gout, or the liver, or the digestion, or what not, they declared, on that day three weeks, they would go in broad daylight into the cemetery and raise to life any whom they were asked to raise, however long he had been dead. The bait took ; their house in the meantime was besieged with patients, for it was naturally supposed that they, who could raise the dead, could cure the living. In the meantime as the day approached, the more timid said to the other, ‘What shall we do, for if we do not raise the dead man we shall certainly be stoned.’ ‘Don’t be afraid,’ said the other, ‘I know mankind better than that ;’ and, indeed the next day a middle-aged man came to them, and offered them a considerable sum if they would go away without raising the dead. ‘Ah ! Messieurs,’ said he, ‘j’avais une si méchante femme.’ Another burst of laughter throughout the church. ‘I had such a shrew of a wife. God in His goodness has been pleased to relieve me of her ; if she should be the one you pitch upon, I should be a lost man.’ Presently came two young men and said, ‘Ah ! Messieurs, an old man died the other day and left us a great fortune : if you raise him up, I am afraid we shall be lost men, for he will certainly take it

from us again.' Not long after came the magistrates, who had reason to fear lest a certain person, who was now quietly out of the way, should return to life and trouble them. And they besought and authorised our charlatans to leave the city before the appointed day. So you see it would be a very undesirable thing to have the power to work miracles. So I might answer you; but I, for my part, believe there have been miracles in modern times." Here he cited some, which I did not catch. Such was the nature of this conference between M. Massard and M. Croze, whose face expressed finesse and subtilty and comic humour. Profaneness to the church was supposed to be guarded against by stretching a curtain before the altar at some little distance.

This was followed by an energetic and rhetorical sermon from L'Abbé Frappaz, on the love of Christ, and on faith, hope, and charity, which was listened to with great attention, and applauded more than once. "After this they sang '*Monstra te esse matrem*' to a lively hopping air."—*M.*

Then came a long distribution of prizes, in books and pictures, to the most attentive members, which were delivered to each by the Archbishop of Chalcédoine, while at intervals the choir struck out verses of a hymn in honour of St. Francis Xavier, which was echoed through the church. In the meantime the curtain had been withdrawn, and the altar brilliantly lighted up for a "*salut pontificalement célébré*." This, however, we did not stay for, as it was already past ten.

*Monday, July 14.*—We went up to Montmartre,

having a letter for the curé; but we found that he had moved to Charenton, behind Père la Chaise. Round the church there is a small garden, with the Stations, which terminate on the north side in a Calvary; there are the three crosses, and figures as large as life, on a little rocky eminence; beneath is the sepulchre, with a recess for the body, a window and two doors: on the south side a small chapel of Notre Dame des Sept Douleurs, in which she is represented with Christ in her arms. Underneath is the following inscription, which we copied as a specimen of expressions, such as, though unauthorised by the Roman Church, are continually found in and about churches, and do much harm:

“Ne sortez pas du Calvaire sans invoquer Notre Dame des Sept Douleurs. Elle pleine de grace, le soutien des malheureux, la consolation des affligés, le refuge des pécheurs, et des opprimés.

“Elle vient du mont Valérien; elle opère de grands prodiges, adressons nous à elle avec confiance; elle nous sera propice, et nous consolera dans nos peines. Priez pour nous, Mère de Dieu, qui avons recours à vous.”

We showed this to M. Galais in the evening: he censured it, declared it was contrary to the rule, which required that no such thing should be set up without the authority of the Bishop, and said he would have it made known to the Archbishop of Paris.

The church is very old, plain, and ugly outside; its apse misappropriated into a telegraph station; inside it is a little better: Norman in style. The chief interest about it to us was that here St. Ignatius de Loyola made his first profession.

We enjoyed the prospect of Paris from the hill below; but that of London is, I think, finer; for

this *general* view wants grievously the towers and spires of the middle ages : in that vast expanse there are but few buildings which soar above the common range. Notre Dame, S. Jacques de la Boucherie, The Panthéon, Les Invalides, and one or two others, seem as nothing in that great city.

We visited M. Galais again this afternoon, as he was going out to their “*maison de campagne*,” for his retreat of eight days, to-morrow. He was reciting his Breviary when we entered his room ; he begged permission to continue, then knelt down for the Lord’s Prayer, and after that talked with us above an hour. He also took us to the Supérieur. I told him we were desirous to learn all we could of their discipline. He said the seminaries had been originally established with a view to cultivate the interior life, and as places of religious “*recueillement*”—the young men going to the Sorbonne for instruction. All this had been put a stop to at the Revolution ; and now, the university being under the direction of infidels, they were obliged to make their seminaries serve for instruction as well as for works of piety. They wished to have a chair of Ecclesiastical History. He inquired about the state of christian philosophy at Oxford, and said they looked for something to be done on that subject, where the stress of the battle with infidelity now lies. He also asked whether as careful a guard was kept over young men preparing for Orders as with them : on which point we were ashamed to answer. M. Galais invited us to their “*maison de campagne*,” and we agreed to go on Sunday.

*Tuesday, July 15.*—We ventured to call on the Père Lacordaire, and were richly rewarded for our



boldness, inasmuch as we had more than an hour's very animated talk with him. Behold a veritable friar, a St. Bernard as it were, returned again in the vigour of manhood; in his white Dominican dress he looked the very ideal of the Church's warrior, armed at all points for the encounter with heresy, and walking serene and fearless amid the troubles of life and the shock of falling systems. A fresh and rosy countenance, a keen dark eye, and most animated expression, contributed to form one of the most striking figures I have ever beheld. I thought it was worth coming to Paris to see him. Perhaps the knowledge that he was a most eloquent preacher had something to do with this feeling. "I asked him about the Tiers Ordre de S. Dominique. He said that it was under no vow, but they might add to their profession the vow of celibacy (chastity they call it always), or that of obedience, or both. The rule, as modified by authoritative dispensations, may be observed with tolerable ease by persons living in society. Father Lacordaire himself, as superior of the Dominicans in France, has received from Rome certain dispensations for those who may embrace the third order; and there are already some fifty of them, if I remember rightly, in Paris."—*M.*

We talked about the Anglican movement. He spoke also of the miserable state of the University in France; that, instead of being local, it was extended everywhere, and so had no body, no coherence. Its professors were bandied about, from one end of France to the other, at the pleasure of the Government. He said they were engaged in a great contest for the liberty of the



religious orders: that was nearly won: it would certainly happen. Protestantism showed its deadness by producing no monastic institutions: there was no sign more convincing to his mind than this. If we had a true spring of life among us, how could we have failed to put forth what is so undeniably accordant with the spirit of the cross? After we had talked some time, I said, "I should like to put a question to you. Suppose a person of intelligence, of perfect good faith, who is ready to make any sacrifice for religion, who uses all possible means to attain to the truth; suppose such a person, firmly convinced that the English Church is a branch of the Catholic Church, though unhappily separated from the Roman Church; would you condemn him—that is, put him out of the pale of salvation?" "Monsieur," said he, "there is only one thing which can excuse a person for not belonging to the Church, and that is invincible ignorance. You know in certain cases even the heathen may be saved. But such a person cannot be in invincible ignorance; for there are only three things by which a man can be prevented from seeing the truth: either the truth in itself must be of insufficient power to convince him; or there must be a defect of understanding; or a corruption of will. But the first is out of the question. The truth of itself must always be sufficient: to suppose otherwise would be to censure God. Either, then, there must be a defect of understanding, but in the cases of the leaders of the Anglican movement, that is out of the question, because they are men of great powers of mind, of great distinction; there remains only then the corruption of the will,

which, indeed, is often so subtle, that men are unconscious of its influence. Nevertheless, in the sight of God it is the will which in such cases leads astray, and then such men are condemned, and cannot plead invincible ignorance. When you come to the individual, I will not attempt to judge: it is written, 'nolite judicare,' for it is utterly impossible for any human being to know the inward state of another. But I only say of the class that such persons cannot plead invincible ignorance—for the truth itself, as I have said, cannot be insufficient; and their intellectual powers are such, that in these also there can be no impediment; consequently the obstacle must be in the will, however unconscious the individual may be of it. A thousand considerations of family, of fortune, of habit, and what not, surround a man, and insensibly warp him, but he is still under condemnation, for it is his own will that is corrupt. If I were to go into a public square in Paris and raise three men from the dead, would all that saw it believe?" "Certainly not," I said. "Why then is that? There is some secret obstacle in their will." We tried in vain to make him understand that a person might be conscientiously convinced, after the most patient study, that the Church of England was part of the true Church, but in vain. It was plainly an idea that he could not and would not receive.

I put the case of the Greek and Russian Churches. He exempted the poor and illiterate from censure, but in the case of the instructed he said it must be the spirit of schism which secretly turned them away from the truth. I said there were bishops

and monks and multitudes of persons of a devoted and severe life on their side, who failed to see the claims of the Roman See. "Ah," he said, "it has always been so; in our Saviour's time they ascribed His miracles to Beelzebub; how was it that they who saw Lazarus raised from the dead went and informed the chief priests of it?" In short, so complete a conviction of the truth of the whole Roman system possessed his mind, that he was utterly unable to conceive a person of ability and sincerity coming to any other conclusion. We only put the case hypothetically, but he would not admit it even so; he said, "It is morally and metaphysically impossible."

"I said, 'I wish I could show you the interior of a mind like that of ——. Born and educated in Anglicanism, he has given great attention to religious truth, and in particular to the points in question. His one desire is to be in the Catholic Church and to labour for it, but he believes that the Church of England is a branch of it, unhappily separated for a time by peculiar circumstances from the rest; and now in a state of appeal. In remaining where he is, he believes he is doing his duty. What do you think of such a case?' He said, 'I cannot judge of individuals,' but, &c. over again. He spoke as if he did not know much of England. I said to him, 'The question after all is one of fact: there are facts in England with which you are not acquainted.'"—*M.*

He did not seem acquainted with the peculiarities of our position. He spoke with great energy and ability. I can fancy what his force in the pulpit must be.

We went to M. d'Alzon, who conducted us to Dom Guéranger; he received us with great kindness. The Pope has just erected a bishopric at Perth, in New South Wales, and one of his "élèves" is going out there; he suddenly resolved upon it three weeks ago, and seems quite in high spirits at the thought of it. There are now one Roman Catholic archbishopric and three bishoprics there—Sydney, Hobartown, Adelaide, and Perth. They said Dr. Flaget, Bishop of Bardstown, had been sent out with his pontifical and a paper mitre; "as for his cross," said Dom Guéranger, "he could cut that out of a tree." We put nearly the same question to him as to the Père Lacordaire, but he was more indulgent in his answer. He said, provided such a person was strictly sincere, and used every means to discover the truth, he must be judged to belong to the soul of the Church, though he was separated from its body, and would be saved. He said our formularies for the consecration of bishops and priests were deficient, so that, granting the succession even, it would be more than doubtful whether they were true bishops and priests; but being pressed he admitted that the Roman Church had never yet been called upon to decide the point, and that in fact it was not decided, though there was a general opinion among them about it. When I told him that Coleridge had collected £50,000 for St. Augustine's, and what was the object of it, he was much astonished. "If you English were restored to the Church," he said, "you would evangelise the world; Spaniards and Portuguese, Italians and French, must yield to you, with the resources you

command." Talking of liturgies, he remarked spontaneously, how those of the East were full of addresses to the Blessed Virgin : half or a third of every page was devoted to her. They went before the Roman Church in that respect. When the Council of Ephesus gave her the title of "Mother of God," there were public rejoicings throughout the city in consequence. He did not seem to like admitting that the prayers of St. Ephrem to the Blessed Virgin were not authentic ; said it was his style. (Morris tells me the style of his Syriac works is very different from that of his Greek, and the matter much deeper.) At parting he expressed a wish, that if he came to Paris again, we would come and see him. We took a look at the beautiful chapel of the Sœurs Garde-Malades, with fresh admiration of it. We had expressed a wish to M. d'Alzon to see some sackcloth and instruments of penitence ; so he took us to a house of Carmelite nuns of Ste. Thérèse, near the Luxembourg : one of them conversed behind the grille and curtain, which was quite impervious to the sight on both sides. It is part of their special duty to pray for the conversion of Protestants. These Carmelites discipline themselves every Friday. The sister showed us some of their instruments of discipline ; corporal austerities, however, by all that we could learn, are not common, nor are they generally allowed by confessors, partly that the health of few will allow of them ; partly, there is a danger of pride thence arising.

*Wednesday, July 16.*—M. d'Alzon came and breakfasted with us, and afterwards took us to

the establishment of the Frères Chrétiens, Rue du Faubourg St. Martin, 165, where the Supérieur Général, Frère Philippe, received us. There was little to see in the house, as they expected the Strasburg railway would come through them and drive them away. He said the number of brethren altogether was 4000; of pupils under them, adult and children, 198,000: they increase yearly. They were almost dispersed at the first revolution, but returned again through Cardinal Fesch, who found four of the brethren, who had taken refuge at Lyons, and brought them to Paris. Frère Philippe is very plain and homely: his picture, by Horace Vernet, has made a great sensation here.

M. d'Alzon then took me to a house of priests in the Rue de la Planche. I had a long talk with two of them. The first was a confessor to a penitentiary, in which eighty women are received at the cost of the city of Paris. His account of their penitence was touching. It is rare that any leave them without being thoroughly changed, provided they stay long enough. But the picture which he gave of the depravity general in Paris on this head was frightful. It is a wonderful spectacle, the close contact into which the most sublime self-devotion and the most abandoned sensuality are brought in this great city; on the one hand, consider the daily prayers and mortifications, and works of charity of those Carmelites, who are ever engaged in interceding for the conversion of sinners; of those nuns of the Adoration, who are ever contemplating the most wonderful of mysteries; of those ladies of the Assumption, who dedicate the talents and



accomplishments God has given them, under the vows of poverty, obedience, and chastity, to the direct furtherance of His kingdom; of those solitary and homeless priests—without father and without mother, without ties of family or worldly possessions, truly after the order of Melchisedec—who are ever offering the most holy Sacrifice, and building up the mystical body; on the other hand, think of that gulf of libertinage and selfishness, which is ever swallowing fresh victims—hearts young and unsuspecting, warm and confiding—polluting body and soul with the dregs of uncleanness, and hurrying them away too often into the presence of the Judge. No tale of misery ever told in fiction surpasses that which is daily enacting in Paris again and again. Amid such things we live, and truly we have need both to pray ourselves, and to call upon all spirits of the just made perfect to intercede for us and for our brethren. And yet it is the same flesh and blood—the same body, soul, and spirit—the same *man*, which is thus fearfully working for the devil, or thus heroically fighting for God. O mystery of the grace of God and of the human will, which is past finding out!

In the evening we visited, for a short time, the church of Notre Dame de Lorette, which is sumptuously decorated inside with paintings all over; it has a double row of pillars each side. The subjects seem chosen with great judgment, and the legends are more truly Catholic than one often sees. The expense of this church must have been enormous. We also looked into La Madeleine—very beautiful indeed it is, and as grand



as the Grecian style can be, but it furnishes one with the best proof that such is not the proper style for a church.

*Thursday, July 17.*—We looked into La Madeleine again, at the Messe de midi. Its sumptuousness is astonishing. If, however, it were not safer to admire than to criticise in such cases, one might observe how vast a space is lost in the walls and arrangements of the interior, the breadth which strikes the eye being only fifty feet, while the real breadth of the side walls is at least eighty. Its architecture seems the inversion of that of St. Ouen or Amiens, inasmuch as it makes the least effect out of the greatest means, while the other makes the greatest effect out of the least means; all seem aerial and heaven-pointing in the one style; while the other seems unable, with its vast bulk, to rise from the earth, and perpetually crosses the eye with its horizontal lines—faithful images both of what they represent.

We found l'Abbé Ratisbonne at home, and had a long talk with him. I mentioned to him the objectionable words addressed to the Blessed Virgin, which I had seen at Montmartre and in the little book; he made the usual excuse that such things are not done by authority, and also that the French language was weak, and so, in expressing heavenly affections, it might so happen that they used words which, in strictness of speech, were too strong, but the conventional use of which formed their exculpation. Thus it was common to say of a very fine picture, "*quel adorable tableau*," and so the word "*infiniment*"; but these

applied to the Blessed Virgin in strictness of speech become objectionable. Much therefore must be allowed to the weakness and indistinctness of human language, on the one hand, and to the fervour of filial love longing to pour itself forth, on the other. "We are children of God," he said; "we speak to Him as children, not as wise men; we ask the indulgence given to infants." And so again, as regards the Blessed Virgin. He said he had been converted from Judaism at twenty-three, had seen much of Protestants before that time, but their prayers and their whole style of thinking had disgusted him; he had never been at all drawn to them. He had been a priest ten years, and was now forty-two. We had much talk on the Anglo-Roman controversy. I said, we thought ourselves Catholics already, that we had been born and bred in the English Church, which was to us the portal of that great building of the Catholic Church. He approved of that metaphor, which served to give him a better notion of our position than anything else we said, though, like every other Roman Catholic, he could not admit for a moment that we were in the Church. He said, a Protestant minister, an optician, had expressed to him his belief in the efficacy of prayers for the dead, which appeared to him under this image: it was as if a number of figures were thrown into the shade, out of the sun's rays; while between them and the sun are other figures who enjoy his full light: these, like certain glasses, reflect that light upon the figures in the shade. Thus it is that the prayers of the blessed especially succour the faithful dead. He

had often used this image in sermons. I pressed him with the existence of the Greek Church, on the one hand, and the acknowledged development of Papal power on the other; but no Roman Catholic ever hesitates to excommunicate individual or church which is not *de facto* united to the Roman See; unity with them is indeed a first principle—a sublime and true belief in itself, though perhaps certain facts may modify the application of it. He said he had thought continually of us since our visit, and had the greatest esteem for us; that he had prayed for us daily, as he did for England; that fair England, if she could be again, as she once was, the Island of Saints—what a means for the conversion of others! At our parting, he begged our prayers for himself. I said, if I came again to Paris, I should hope to be allowed to see him again. Our conversation was so disjointed that I can remember but little of it, but it turned on the *offences* which alienated us from them. He denied repeatedly the thought of adoring the Blessed Virgin. He had moved his lodgings to the Rue du Regard, 14, in order to overlook a house and garden opposite, in which were lodged a female community of converts from Judaism, over whom he watched. The Supérieure was with him when we came. He spoke of our silence as to the Blessed Virgin and all saints; that we made a wall of separation between them and us, whereas the whole Church was one, vividly affected with the joys and sorrows of its several members. M. tried to show that, in the present state of things, silence might conceal very deep

and reverential feelings. He seemed not to think this satisfactory, and in truth it applies only partially.

We went to the Pantheon; its interior has the coldness and deadness which naturally belongs to the tombs of those who die without the Christian's hope. It looks exactly what it is—the shrine of human ambition—a vast coffin holding a skeleton. If it were made a church hereafter, as surely it must be, it might be made to equal the Madeleine in magnificence. We mounted and enjoyed the fine view: there is a triple dome—sufficiently bungling, I think.

We called in at Toulouse's, and while there he discovered that I was not a Roman Catholic; whereupon he began to persuade me, with the most affectionate solicitude, that I was in a self-evidently wrong position. He asked how I justified the schism. "I don't understand," he said, "how you could be Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman one day, and wake the next and find yourselves Catholic, Apostolic, and not Roman." I answered that we had indubitably the ancient succession; that the evil passions of men on the one hand, and the extravagant claims of the Papacy on the other, had caused the separation, which I deplored. But still I hoped, that, though in an anomalous state, we had what was strictly necessary to the essence of a Church. I mentioned, too, the position of the whole Eastern Church. I showed him the dangerous and extravagant language used towards the Blessed Virgin in the Psalter of St. Bonaventure: he could not answer that, and reserved it to show to a priest; but he maintained that the

work was St. Bonaventure's. I said, "All that St. Gregory the Great, who sent St. Augustine into England, claimed for himself; all that St. Leo demanded, or that St. Athanasius and St. Basil granted to the Holy See, I am ready to give." He finished with expressions of kind concern for us.

*Friday, July 18.*—Went to M. Bonnetty, who, with M. d'Alzon, took us to the Hôtel de Cluny: it is full of curious objects of the Middle Ages. I remarked one exquisite bit of glass—a pretty chapel—the remains of the Roman baths. There was something in the air of to-day which inspired me with such lassitude that I could hardly drag myself about, so we did very little. After dinner we looked into La Madeleine and went on to Bishop Luscombe's, where we took tea.

*Saturday, July 19.*—A little better to-day. At La Madeleine during part of a Low Mass; my admiration for this building increases greatly; it produces much the same effect as St. Peter's, deceiving the eye by its great proportions. We spent a couple of hours in the boundless galleries of the Louvre. The long gallery contains few pictures that I should much desire to possess: save in the last compartment, and the first room, and none certainly interest me more than that great picture of the battle of Eylau. Thence we went to M. L'Abbé Gaduel, 1, Rue Madame, who took us to the "maison de campagne" of S. Sulpice, at Issy. It is an old royal château, much dilapidated, for the good seminarists do not pretend to much comfort in their house; it would seem as if they intended their discipline to serve as a winnowing fan for all light and worldly spirits.

They have, however, spacious gardens behind. We were shown a summer house in which Bossuet and Fénelon held a long conference on the subject in dispute between them, and agreed on statements together, which are put up in the room, though the interest of the latter is much gone by in the totally different state of things at present. Eighty young men study philosophy here. We saw and talked some little time with M. Faillon, the Supérieur, a man of learning. M. Galais was out, and we only met him returning on his way from Paris on foot. Coming home we went into the Maison des Carmes, now in repair. M. Gaduel took us into the passage out of which the priests, after stating to the authority the act of their death, were led forward down three steps into the garden, at the bottom of which the assassins fell upon them and murdered them. No spot in Paris touched me more than this. There is what appears to be the marks of a bloody hand in the passage still; but there is no other record of that ruthless deed. The church has nothing remarkable about it: but what devoted heroism on the one side, and what infernal madness on the other, have this house and garden witnessed! How many martyrs here won their crown. Truly it is holy ground, and the blood there shed is yielding a rich harvest of christian grace in the Church which has sprung up out of its ashes with the strength of a young eagle. In the evening we went to the "assemblée générale" of S. Vincent de Paul, 2, Rue neuve Notre Dame, under the patronage of the Archbishop of Chalcédoine. The president gave in a long speech an account of their doings; but he



was old, and dropped his voice, so that we lost very much of it.

“The beginning of his speech was about S. Vincent de Paul himself. The society had just come into possession of some relics of him, and especially a letter in his own handwriting, containing some counsels of charity. For some reason or other he was not able to produce the letter this evening: I should have liked to hear it, for his words are worth gathering up. He also said that he had been to see his birth-place; and that the house he was born in had been removed stone by stone, and a chapel put in its place. The village had lost its old name, and taken his; an old oak, known in his history, where he kept pigs for his father, was still alive, and came out in leaf before the other trees. The president cautioned them against any departure from their rules; against admitting members who were only ‘braves hommes’ without being religious; against attempting to bring in secondary motives to induce the members of any ‘conférence’ to work; against reserving their money for their own districts, instead of putting it into the common fund of the ‘conférence’; against a slight and lazy way of visiting the poor, a ‘visite de corridor,’ as he called it, instead of a ‘visite assise.’ He said they ought to sit down and talk familiarly, and take the little dirty children by the hand, &c. &c. Finally, a good many of them being students, he gave them some advice about young students recommended to them from the country, especially to take care that they were sent straight to them, and not left first to get into bad company. He described how some friend in



one of the provinces sends you a note by some youth whom he describes as a 'petit ange,' and who, after six weeks' residence in Paris, comes and brings you his note, his eye already tarnished, his manner bold and loose, 'un ange déchu.'"—*M.*

There were present full two hundred, chiefly young men, in a little amphitheatre. It was begun and ended with prayer, which claimed the intercession of S. Vincent. This is his fête day. They mentioned four branch societies established at Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, and Edinburgh.

*Sunday, July 20.*—I gave up the attempt to go to Bishop Luscombe's Chapel, as there was no communion. Heard High Mass at La Madeleine. The music very good, and the dresses splendid; not more than an hour. At two o'clock went to Vespers there: there was chanting of Psalms, an hour, and then a long sermon, more than an hour, on the virtues of S. Vincent de Paul. The preacher used a great deal of action, and gave me the idea of having very much got up his discourse, which was confirmed by seeing him in the evening at Notre Dame des Victoires, where we heard the beginning of the same sermon, but did not stop. The subject of it seems to have been a very great and good man; the sermon was a sort of abstract, I believe, of the Saint's life by the Bishop of Rodez. There was a passionate address to the Saint in the middle, with eyes uplifted to heaven. A great many people, chiefly women; many ladies—but I do not think it was a favourite preacher. We gave up the conférence of S. Francis Xavier at S. Sulpice, having so much to do to-morrow, though much to our regret; but late hours and

great exertions here have tried us both, and we shall be very glad of a change.

We walked through the Tuileries just before dark ; a great multitude of citizens.

*Monday, July 21.*—We were occupied all the morning in packing up and calling on MM. d'Alzon, Bonnetty, and de Noirliu—the latter out. We left Paris a quarter past six, on a very fine, pleasant evening. Having the two first places in the "malle poste," we enjoyed the drive very much as long as it was light—we reached Reims in eleven hours, a quarter after five, without much fatigue. I slept at intervals, and when I awoke admired the brilliant moonlight, Venus and Jupiter, through one or two forests, or at least woods, which we passed. The road generally very flat, with these exceptions. Our companion was a gentlemanly Frenchman, with whom I had much conversation. He seemed to be much attached to the present Royal Family, whom he spoke of as acquainted with them, and maintained that the King was a religious man—that he heard Mass daily ; the Queen was a model of piety. He thought their dynasty would stand ; and not the least, because they would never submit to be exiles ; they would either keep the throne, or die for it. The great mistake of Charles X. was quitting France ; if you go away every one is against you ; if you stay, a party is sure to rally round you. He seemed to think the issue might have been different had Charles X. remained. But there was no chance of a restoration now ; the great mass of the country was satisfied. He spoke well of the Duc de Nemours, still more highly of the Duc d'Orléans,

and said the Comte de Paris was a very promising boy. He regretted the want of an *hereditary* peerage in France, and the little independence that body possessed in consequence. I remarked the smallness of fortunes: that 60,000 francs a year were thought a good fortune for a peer. He said not fifty peers of France possessed that; many could not keep their carriage. Spoke of the clergy as not high enough in point of acquirements—he did not say their discipline or piety was defective, but that they were not a match in information, ability, and powers of mind, for those opposed to them. Wished the higher classes would send their sons into the Church—a Royal Prince, for instance, would be a good example. The tax on land in France is nearly one-fifth of the *produce*; very heavy; £200 a year in land a deputy's qualification. Soon after getting to our inn, which was opposite the west front of the Cathedral, we attended a Low Mass, and at eight o'clock a chanted Mass: it was a Mass for the dead. The outside of Reims is all that can be conceived of beauty, grandeur, unity of conception, delicacy and boldness of execution; and this, though the one great design of the architect has not been completed, for the four towers of the transepts have had no spires since the great fire of 1491; and the western towers are also without theirs, and so end incompletely, the eye positively requiring them. The design of these towers is very singular; and the skill with which a strength sufficient to support spires 400 feet high is veiled, so as to make the towers appear quite pierced and open, seems to me one of the greatest marvels of

architecture. The prototype exists in the four towers of Laon, which have the same design in embryo; but this is so enriched, expanded, and beautified by the architect of Reims, as to become his own work in point of originality, and certainly in grace and boldness not to be surpassed. The superiority of the western front, even over that of Amiens, is very marked—indeed, I think it perfect; and the whole of the rest of the outside of the church reaches nearly the same degree. No words can convey any notion of it. The north-west tower was half covered with scaffolding; for here, as everywhere, great repairs are going on. To the interior I do not give *quite* so much praise, though it is still of exceeding grandeur, simplicity, and beauty: perhaps, were *all* its windows like those of the clerestory, the effect might equal or surpass that of Chartres. The west end is, I think, the finest which I know, bearing in mind Amiens and St. Ouen; in addition to a rose window of exceeding brilliancy, and colouring inexpressible, which, forty feet in diameter, crowns the top, there is a smaller one over the doorway, answering to the deep recess of that matchless portal outside. This is a feature of great beauty, though the glass is far from equalling that of the upper rose. There is happily no organ here, but at the end of the north transept, where it has not quite so much to spoil. The transept is inferior to the rest of the church in style. It was restored after the great fire in 1491; and this part of the church, with the whole of the choir and arrangements of the eastern chapels, struck me as decidedly inferior

to Amiens. There is not, indeed, generally the same impression of vastness and wondrous height produced on the mind. The pillars are cylinders with four columns at the corners, like Amiens, very simple and severe; but the strength is not quite enough veiled. We went all round the galleries inside and outside, up the centre belfry, which rises ninety-two steps over the top of the vaulting, with an interval of about ten feet besides. It is a forest of wood, and had once a spire of wood, which since the fire has not been restored; this and the six towers have been covered "*provisoirement en ardoises*," as the guide told us, "*mais ce provisoirement a duré longtemps*"; indeed, from 1491 to our time, without much chance of being improved. We went up the great towers, and could hardly admire enough the delicacy and boldness of the four corner turrets in open work. The present towers are 240 or 250 feet high; they would, I think, equal or surpass Strasburg and Antwerp, had they spires. The immense quantity of sculpture all over this exterior cannot be conceived, nor the ingenuity with which it is made to serve for decoration. A day is far too short a time to carry off the impression of it. The mind is fatigued and exhausted during many a visit, and is not at ease till it has sufficiently mastered the whole, in order to fix itself for admiration and contemplation on some particular part. It would be a week's good work to see it, and it should be visited once a year by all those who talk of the darkness of the Middle Ages, and the greatness of the nineteenth century, which is sorely taxed to keep

in repair what they constructed, and has not sufficient piety to restore a part where the architect's design has been left incomplete. Such parts remain, like the window of Aladdin's palace, to show that a materialising philosophy, with all its improved physical powers, remains at immeasurable distance behind the efforts of faith and piety. M. Cousin should be sent to study truth on his knees in Notre Dame of Amiens, or of Reims.

In the midst of seeing the cathedral we walked to St. Rémi, a mile, taking the ramparts. They offer a good view of the cathedral, and one of the country round, like Wiltshire, only backed by fine hills to the south; but in this open country, and along all that line of hills, the famous vine of champagne flourishes. St. Rémi is an immense church, 350 feet long, besides the Lady Chapel: Norman, with pointed arches; the choir with its stained windows very good; seven in the apse. The tomb of St. Rémi was under repair; it is between the high altar and the east end; so the statues of the twelve peers were ranged six on one side and six on the other side of the great altar *pro tempore*. This church is a very grand and fine one, and, except in the presence of the cathedral, would take a day to see. Its west front has been strangely tampered with, but reminds one still, especially the turrets, of St. Georges de Boscherville; but this is greatly the more spacious church of the two.

We spent all the day in going about, passing through the internal galleries of the cathedral; the curve in the nave is very perceptible. The



roof was poorly painted for the sacre of Charles X. with white fleurs de lis on a blue ground ; it is very massive in its vaulting, the pitch, perhaps, not perfectly agreeable to the eye.

We had a letter from M. d'Alzon to the Archbishop, but he had left Reims a day or two before ; we had another from M. Gaduel to the Supérieur of the Séminaire, which M. took in the afternoon. About 8 o'clock we both went there, and had some talk with him and the professors, one of whom, M. Lassaigne, gave us a translation of Gioberti against Cousin, and recommended me *Le Prêtre Juge et Médecin dans le Tribunal de la Pénitence*, which I got. I gathered from their discourse that confession is the great chain which holds together the whole christian life ; it is practised weekly by the pupils : communion is entirely free. A great many priests of the neighbourhood confess still to the supérieur (M. Aubry), their old teacher : forty he said. I asked them if they could conceive a christian life maintained without confession : they said, hardly ; that it was involved in our Lord's words, "whose sins ye do retain," &c., which power could only be exercised upon each individual case, after knowledge of the facts, such as of course can only be obtained by auricular confession. I alleged to the Supérieur the strong expressions often used to the Virgin Mary, instancing "les satisfactions infinies du Fils de Dieu et de sa Mère : " he condemned them and *this*. I spoke of St. Bonaventure's Psalter ; he did not seem acquainted with it, and regretted that I did not stay till the morrow, when he would have



gone over it with me, and weighed the words. But at last he said, St. Bonaventure is not the Church, though he is a saint and doctor of it. They were very kind and cordial, and I should have liked to see more of them.

*Wednesday, July 23.*—At 5 o'clock the bell of the cathedral sounded long and loud over our heads, leaving no excuse for those who chose to slumber on. I got up, and found two places by the diligence for Laon. M. was in a great hurry, so I exercised a piece of self-denial and woke him, and we hurried off. It was, indeed, with great regret I departed from under the shadow of that noble church, feeling that I left so much of its beauty undiscerned, or rather so few of its forms impressed on the mind. We were four hours and a half reaching Laon, from 6 to 10½, in the intérieur; two fat women and a child made it latterly very uncomfortable. The country flat for some way, then hills and fine prospects. But the position of Laon is very remarkable indeed, a triangular hill rising out of a great plain: in short, another Enna, though not so lofty. The resemblance is very marked indeed, and presented itself to me again and again. Near to one corner of the triangle rises the cathedral, with its four lofty towers, two at the west end, and one at each end of the transept; there are the beginnings of two others, and all six were intended to have had spires as lofty as themselves; the south-west had one, which was taken down. Their present height is, the S.W. 220 feet each (French), the N. and S. 235. They are very striking, but want their crown of spires,

and are in the most splendid situation for such a building which I ever saw. The view is accordingly very extensive, to the north flat, but to the south terminated by fine hills. We viewed these towers in a great number of positions, on the promenades, and from another corner of the triangle, to the south. The church within is very stately; early English, 400 feet long, and quite uniform in style, or at least with only here and there a decorated window, as in the S. transept. The curve of the roof is very beautiful; after Reims it struck us as low, though at least 80 feet high. The west front is fine, though the portals require more work to conceal their vast depth. I could not but greatly admire the skill of the architect of Reims, who had evidently studied and adopted the towers and western front of this church, which is said in its time (1130) to have been the finest in France, and yet has produced a work incomparably more beautiful, and quite original. Laon has a double triforium, making four stages in its interior.

We walked about here a great deal. The situation is one of the finest I have ever seen; it inspires a sort of elevation in the mind. Beyond the church a caserne is building, and a fort already made—a bad exchange for the tower of Louis d'Outremer. The church of St. Martin is very disappointing inside, being very low. As the diligence was full for the night, we hired a cab, to take us to St. Quentin. It took us from 5½ to 11½, stopping half an hour at La Fère. Road generally flat, and very bad indeed, having no *pavé* to La Fère. We saw a village church or

two, Norman in style. Our conveyance was one of the most uncomfortable I ever experienced; besides that we were overwhelmed with bags and coats. Our driver served at eighteen in one of Napoleon's battles, and had carried off a token in a sabre cut on the cheek; it was the battle of Fleury, where, he said, "*l'Empereur était trahi.*" So the French guide-book says of the battle of Crecy: "*Les Français perdirent 30,000 par la faute du Comte d'Alençon.*"

*Thursday, July 24.*—We are at l'Hôtel du Cygne: comfortable enough. The church is of first-rate beauty; the nave, from its great height and purity of style, even more striking than that of Reims *inside*; and so the transept: but the choir and many parts of the church have swerved from the perpendicular, and are braced with iron, —a sad drawback. The architect has raised his central building, with extreme boldness, to an enormous height; but he has not thrown strength and breadth enough into his aisles to resist the pressure. The windows throughout of geometric tracery, remarkably beautiful; and the pillars of the nave spring from the ground to the roof without capital at the lower arches, and are of great beauty, an advance certainly on Reims, and in one respect on Amiens, in that they are not merely cylinders, with columns at the four corners, but have two colonnettes introduced again between these, which produces an effect of great lightness. Beautiful end of north transept, a decorated window below, an open triforium of eight lights, and a vast decorated window terminating in a great rosace above—stained glass. The apse of

seven windows, with most brilliant stained glass, beginning from a second transept of great beauty, making a double cross, the southern part flamboyant. I think the nave of this church, and the apse and arrangements of its chapels might be profitably studied as an almost perfect specimen; it may compete with Amiens and St. Ouen, and undoubtedly surpasses Reims. Height, 128 English feet; vaulting of roof very beautiful. We went in at 11 o'clock, and found preparations for a funeral of some importance: presently all the choir was filled with well-dressed persons; and the body being deposited under a catafalque, surrounded with burning tapers, in the centre of the nave and transept, Mass was chanted. The black velvet chasuble, and the copes and other robes to match, like all the dresses of the Roman clergy, are very handsome. We went into the upper part of the choir, but I could not avoid noticing with what indifference most of the attendants on the funeral treated the holiest rite of the Church; they were, no doubt, unbelievers; and some ragged boys close beside me were a serious annoyance, incessantly spitting, laughing, and talking. The west end of this church has been barbarised in the style of 1681, most ugly to behold; it seems to have been intended to have two towers, but no part of them at present exists. We went through the roof of the church, and caught a view from the strange-looking steeple which rises over the croisée. The country round is not remarkable—flat, and in parts wooded. Rest of the day spent in writing. Found some common prints

of details in the life of the Holy Family which pleased us.

*Friday, July 25.*—At 6 o'clock we started by the diligence to Amiens by Peronne—had the coupé with an Englishwoman, who got in a few miles on the road. The country not remarkable—some hills and a fertile succession of corn-fields. Reached Peronne a little before nine, and breakfasted there. Several fortifications and drawbridges both entering and going, but they did not seem kept up with much care. The Church, *de la Renaissance*, not remarkable. The rest of the road to Amiens a fine broad country, with occasional hills, of average beauty. No view of Amiens cathedral but from the last hill, a few miles off, and then it looked small, I suppose from the vastness of the plain in which it stands. We did not reach Amiens, a distance of only 82 kilometres from St. Quentin, till after three o'clock. At the last stage some young seminarists got out of the *rotonde*, and were met by their mother and sisters, as it seemed: they were apparently peasants, very humbly clad, and of the most ordinary demeanour. I saw what education had done for the young men (who had not received the tonsure): even the retired life and poor salary of a country curé would be a great elevation in the scale of society to them. I would not mention this invidiously, but the lot of the French curé *de campagne* has sometimes appeared to me so painful, that it was a relief to see its bright side even in a material point of view.

I went to my old quarters at the *Hôtel de France*, and we were shown into the same room

I had occupied two years before. We got a light dinner and set off to the cathedral. The first sight of its west front was almost painful after that of Reims, there being certainly a confusion and want of harmony in its parts; while the southern tower being left twenty feet lower than the northern combines to spoil the effect. But I was no sooner in the interior than a full sense of its prodigious superiority to every other building we had seen established itself on my mind; and the impression my first visit two years ago made was more than repeated. Only St. Ouen may enter at all into competition; but the vast proportions of Amiens, combined with the great purity of its style, more than counterbalance the, if any, superior grace and lightness of the other. In the evening we walked out to the west, in the hope of catching a good view of the cathedral, but we could not find the right place. Amiens has nothing else remarkable which fell under our observation.

*Saturday, July 26.*—After breakfast we went to the cathedral, and passed over all the galleries inside and outside, and the roofs. The best external view from the building itself is on the north tower; the arcs boutants of the choir and the whole arrangement are much more striking than those of the nave. The guide, a very intelligent man, assured us there was no danger apprehended within or without to any part of the building. As far as M. and I could judge, we thought it would last as easily for the next 500 years as it had gone through the last. The view through the eight compartments of the upper chamber of the central clocher is pretty; it seems



to fit into so many frames the city and the vast plain in which it stands. We saw the towers of Corbie. In the inside I noticed four particulars of its great superiority, over and above the unequalled proportions of the whole.

1st. The triforium and its windows, especially of the choir; these windows begin on the east side of the transept. In the rest there are arches, which have been filled up with masonry from the beginning. I think this triforium superior to that of St. Ouen, chiefly from the geometric character of its forms; whereas those of St. Ouen approach to the perpendicular. Each bay has six divisions, save the five of the apse, which have four.

2nd. The windows of the clerestory, all of pure geometric tracery. I measured one on the south side of the nave, nineteen feet three inches wide, clear light.

3rd. The north transept end. A rosace above, of most brilliant glass, thirty-six feet in diameter; open gallery of fifteen divisions.

4th. The whole arrangement of the aisles round the choir. There are open chapels north and south, extending the whole four bays of the choir, which give great lightness to it; while the seven arches of the apse correspond to as many chapels. The Lady Chapel is beautiful, though not so much developed as that of St. Ouen.

By the advice of the guide we went down to the river, immediately to the north of the cathedral; from the other side of which, by a little tree in front of a house painted green, is, perhaps, the best external view of the whole mass from east to west. Even here, however, almost all the windows



of the aisles are covered by houses; on another branch of the river, a little further north, rather more of these is discovered. The near view from the extreme corner of the bishop's garden is good; and the corresponding one to the south-east, as far back as the street will allow, rather better. This gives the beauty of the east end. But no complete view of this wonderful building outside can be obtained, from the closeness of the houses; and that which would be the grandest ornament of the finest city in the world cannot even be seen in its full proportions.

The vaulting of Amiens is 140 feet (English) high; the ridge of the roof outside reaches to nigh 200. Its internal and external galleries must be traversed before the spectator can estimate the enormous pile of masonry which that fabric contains. It can only be matched, I think, by Milan. Amiens is only 442 feet in length, including the Lady Chapel. In this also the French architects have shown great skill, for an excess in this respect would have diminished the great effect produced by their stupendous height. York or Canterbury would be dwarfed beside Amiens, though the former exceeds it by 82 feet, and the latter by 88 feet in length. But the height of the vaulting of Canterbury nave is 80 feet, of York 99, of Amiens 140. It is a sad result of a visit to the French cathedrals that the Englishman must be content to recognise ever after the immense inferiority of his own in the one characteristic feature of Christian architecture, elevation. A noble race of men they must have been, and not of the tiger-monkey kind, who had hearts to conceive and hands to

execute such works as these. Overflowing with inward life must the Church have been, who could impress such a character on her sons. Here, indeed, may the Churchman feel, "He built His sanctuary like high palaces; like the earth which He hath established for ever." Those were the ages of faith, hope, and love; it would be well if the life which glowed in those mediæval bosoms manifested itself by works in ours.

"*Amiens. Feast of St. James, 1845.*—I do not intend to say much about things in general, but as you have touched on them, I do say a few words. I am, I may say, fully convinced that neither the worship of saints, nor the use of images, nor the withholding of the cup, at all affect the life of the Roman Church. What I have seen has led me to reflect bitterly on Mr. Bowdler's '*Quid Romæ faciam?*' The answer is, all that you try in vain to do in England. For, in sober truth, he has only told us that what exists there in *practice* exists with us in *theory*. However, I agree with him that it is our duty to put it in practice at home. But, how to get ecclesiastics to live in primitive brotherhood and in primitive poverty? How to bring people to confession? How to induce candidates for Holy Orders to submit to education? How to get the opportunity of restoring the daily sacrifice? How to warm our churches with devotion, so that people may come in, and be cheered and helped in their prayers, &c.? These are questions to which he has supplied no answer, and the answer is not easy. It requires every allowance for the reserved and retiring character of the English to

hope that we are not, even in comparison with the French, a fallen people. Still, were it not for *one* person who thinks otherwise, I should view our failings calmly, as a mere hindrance to be surmounted, and even take easily the painful separation there is between us and so much that I must admire, considering it as the result of an over-technical system on the one side, and an unformed one on the other—a result that would vanish as the one grew in life and the other in consistency.”—*M.*

We determined to leave this evening, that we might secure an early passage from Boulogne on Monday morning. So at half-past five we took the diligence to Abbeville. It is an unusually pleasant drive thither, partly by the river side, well wooded, a good road, and occasionally diversified. We even went by one country house which had a fine flower garden and lawn, and might have passed for English. It was so unusually neat and nicely kept, that I inquired if it was a private house. We had the coupé with a French gentleman, with whom I had considerable talk. He was a fair representant of the tone of mind produced by the first revolution; spoke with enthusiasm of the military and naval establishments of France, the accomplishments required of all officers, the preference given to pure merit, the equality which subsisted in all the relations of Frenchmen; contrasted his own country in these respects with ours. He claimed the full possession of liberty, which I denied to them; but I fully admitted the passion for equality and the existence of it. I observed that, by their law of

inheritance, they had destroyed all equilibrium in the State, all power but the central power of the government, which was continually increasing. He spoke with passionate fondness of the late Duke of Orleans, that he had a marvellous gift of speaking, attached everybody to him, was exceedingly brave and able every way. I asked if he thought Louis Philippe had contrived the revolution. He said he could not acquit him as to that. The whole of his family were patterns to France, whereas, he said, the Duke de Berri was a beast, an animal. He seemed to think there would be attempts on Louis Philippe's death, but they would not succeed; the country generally was well satisfied with his rule. He defended the system of passports as admirable, but when at Abbeville his own was kept some time being deciphered he waxed impatient. He defended the conscription too, and abused the construction of our army; nothing but the firmness of the English character produced good soldiers out of such materials. He seemed to think all property in England descended to the eldest son, and abused our horrible aristocracy. I said the old Saxon blood loved an aristocracy and would always have it.

We reached Abbeville just after dark, got some coffee, and rested a few hours at the Hôtel d'Angleterre. At half-past two the diligence from Paris took us up, and landed us at Boulogne between nine and ten. A fine rich country all along, but with nothing remarkable, except perhaps the site of Montreuil, a brow something like Windsor.

*Sunday, July 27.*—Went to the British Chapel, in the Rue du Temple—a miserable meeting-house begalleried all round, with one pulpit for the prayers and another for the sermon, flanking a table in the midst. The reading and the preaching quite in correspondence. Indeed the sermon, which was without book, was one of the most extraordinary productions I ever heard: its tone may be imagined, from the speaker calling our Lord “King of Kings, and Lord of Lords—and Emperor of Emperors.” “What was half an hour to speak of immortal things to an immortal soul!” The chapel was very full of well-dressed people, whose demeanour was as little religious as can be conceived; but they were bidden to beware of the superstition of the Roman Church, and of the seductions to the animal nature which it afforded. Later we walked into the upper town, and, after dinner, along the sands, and over the cliffs home. But the view of Boulogne on every side is dreary and wretched; and I should never stay there an hour longer than was necessary. We were at l’Hôtel de l’Europe—civil people, and excellent table d’hôte.

*Monday, July 28.*—At six this morning we left Boulogne, and crossed to Folkestone in two hours and five minutes; a very fast vessel. We breakfasted at the hotel near the beach, got through the custom house rather quickly, were ready for the half-past nine train, and in London shortly after one o’clock. M. and I called on E. Hawkins and Acland, and then went down to Eton, and I home to Launton,

## LETTERS FROM FRANCE AND ITALY—1847

HOTEL WINDSOR, RUE DE RIVOLI,  
7th July, 1847.

MY DEAR —.

. . . The weather for the last three or four days has been melting. We have had plenty to do, and have been well occupied, instructed, and pleased. Last evening we dined with M. Defresne, a very clever, able, and energetic talker. He is a great friend of the old Royal Family, and calls Louis Philippe the greatest scoundrel under the sun. We met l'Abbé Pététot, curé of St. Louis d'Antin, one of the parishes of Paris, with 18,000 inhabitants; he has eight curates, besides occasional assistance. They give the most astonishing account of the change which has taken place in France in the last fifteen years in religious matters. Formerly a young man dared not confess that he was a Christian, or show himself in a church; now the bitter sarcasm and ridicule with which all religious subjects were treated have passed away; earnestness has laid hold of the mind of the nation, and even those who are not Christians appear to be searching for the truth, and treat Christianity as a reality, and conviction with respect. Even now, *not one young man in a hundred is a Christian*. I asked l'Abbé Pététot particularly, if he felt sure of

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this proportion, and he confirmed it. Out of the thirty-two millions of French, they reckon two millions who are really Christians, practising confession; many of the others send for a priest in their last illness, confess, and receive the sacraments; but M. Defresne thought this very unsatisfactory, as we should. They are making great exertions to christianise the class of workmen, the great majority of whom are not even nominally believers. You may judge of their life by the fact that they live with many different women in common, sometimes after a time selecting one of these, and confining themselves to her, but without legitimate marriage. The Church has gained about 15,000 of this class out of a hundred thousand in Paris, and worked a great reformation. At St. Sulpice they have every other Sunday a meeting of these, called conférences, at which they are addressed by different persons, clergy or lay, on religious, moral, or instructive subjects. We went to the meeting on Sunday night, and were much pleased with what we saw and heard. Their minds are laid hold of and interested; by drawing together they get a sense of union and the force of numbers, and are encouraged by each other's progress; they see their superiors in knowledge and station exerting themselves for their improvement. L'Abbé Pététot told us he had preached *eighty* times last Lent, seven times in one day. This is entirely without note. Their labour must be very great. His manner of speaking is very pleasing, and I think the priests generally speak with great propriety, and with an abundance and arrangement of matter which is not common



with us. We have just returned from a visit to M. Martin de Noirliu, once sub-preceptor of the Duke de Bordeaux, and now a curé in Paris. He has been in England, and speaks favourably of us. He thinks there is much good and real religion in the people of England, though very defective, and though the Church is suffering under many abuses. He said they computed that the Bishop of London received as much as all the French Bishops put together. The state of things here is totally different from what it is with us. There is no state religion, no temptation whatever to pretend to be a Christian if you are not. The consequence is, that there is little hypocrisy; infidelity is openly professed by a great number. On the other hand, the believers are so from real conviction, and generally after a personal conversion; there are comparatively few hereditary Christians.

The Church is gradually gaining, but much more in the higher than in the lower ranks. There are 800 priests in Paris; they want 400 more: before the great Revolution there were 5000.

On Monday we were taken to see the house of the priests for Foreign Missions. They count many martyrs in late times in China, &c. There are the bones of several in their museum; Chinese pictures of the mode in which they were tortured, expressed to the life with a frightful reality. The mother of one of these martyrs is living now, and had sent to her the original picture of her son's martyrdom, drawn by Christians in China. There is a long frame of wood, which they were forced to carry round the neck, and which prevented

them from taking any rest. Young men are regularly trained here for missionary work; their disposition and talents attentively considered; above all their vocation, and without this is very decided, they are not allowed to attempt so perilous a task. Indeed, where the reverse of honour, or ease, or wealth, or leisure, or anything that delights the natural man, is all that they can expect in this life, they are not likely to have any hypocritical aspirants for the work of a missionary. As for sending out a man with a wife and children to convert the heathen, the idea would appear to them too ridiculous. Near adjoining to these we saw the central establishment of the Sœurs de Charité; they have six hundred sisters here, many novices. They count about 6000 all over the world, and are increasing rapidly. They were entirely put down at the great Revolution, so that this is all since 1801. They renew their vows annually; there are instances, though very rare, of sisters retiring. Every sister passes one week of the year in what is called a *retreat*; that is, a complete self-examination and inquiry into the past year, progress made in things spiritual, &c. This is likewise the case with every monk, nun, or priest. These *retreats* are productive of great effects.

July 8.—We dine to-day with M. Defresne again, to meet M. Martin de Noirliu.

We have had l'Abbé Labbé here three hours this morning. We are going a round with l'Abbé Carron at two. We have the dinner in the evening, so do pretty well.

Yours sincerely,

T. W. ALLIES.

GENOA, *July 20, 1847.*

MY DEAR ———.

. . . The last six days we have spent, as well as the heat would allow us, in enjoying the different views which this most superb city presents. My companions, who have both seen Constantinople, seem to reckon it only inferior to that. To begin with the beginning: we presented on Wednesday our letter to the Père Jourdain, a Jesuit; and no sooner was it delivered, than, without reading it, or any sort of preface, except W.'s reply in the affirmative to the question whether he was a Catholic, he began a most furious attack on us as rebels outside of the Church, Protestants, and what not. It so happened, however, that the points he took were just those which I had most at command; so he did not get much by his assault, was obliged to beat a retreat several times, and finally left us all three convinced that reasoning was not his forte, and that at least in his case the Jesuits were not employing gentle insinuation as a means of converting. He has, however, never renewed the battle since, but been very obliging, and given us every assistance in his power. Among the sights he directed us to was St. Anne's, a house of barefooted Carmelites, on the back of the hills some few hundred feet aloft, commanding the most delicious views of the city, the bay, the sea, and the mountains round. A straggling and precipitous garden was covered with vines festooned on trellis work, through which one caught the blue sky, and water, and towers and domes brought out against them with full effect. Then, after seeing the long, cool

corridors inside, each of which had a window opening on this gorgeous scene, and the little chamber of each brother, furnished with a poor bed, some little pictures, a crucifix, and the most necessary furniture; and on hearing the quiet tenor of every day's life, the only fear was, whether there was enough of the cross in it. But doubtless the being under obedience, the having every day's work portioned out for one, supplies all that is wanted; and however calm it seemed, every chamber, as it had the figure of the Crucified, so it was conscious of the secret cross borne by its occupant. They are occupied in instruction, and have a school of novices. Genoa is particularly rich in charitable foundations; her merchant princes cannot be accused of neglecting the poor and suffering, nor of so assisting them as to show that they thought poverty a crime and an offence. We have seen three great buildings which have moved our admiration in this way. The Ospitalletto contains 444 sick men and women: it is served by six Capuchins and fifteen sisters of charity. Mass is said every day at half-past five and six o'clock, at altars so placed in the different wards that every person can see. They confess to the Capuchins, and communicate every fortnight. All Genoese are received freely here, others pay a small sum. Again, the hospital called Pammatone, endowed by various noble Genoese, can receive 1000 sick; it had more this last winter. It is served by eighteen Capuchins and thirty-four sisters. We saw here, in a shrine over the altar, the body of St. Catherine of Genoa, who died in 1510, after serving thirty-two years

as a sister here. It is apparently solid and quite uncorrupt. The other great building, which we saw yesterday, is the *Albergo dei Poveri*—a poor-house in fact, but as unlike an English poor-house, as poverty in the person of the Blessed Virgin and our Lord is unlike poverty as treated by a board of guardians, and kept alive on the smallest pittance they can devise. It is a most magnificent building, with four huge courts, the chapel in the centre, of which the altar is commanded on one side by a great chamber for the men, and on the other side by one for the women; while in front it is open to the public, and behind to an infirmary for the sick.

In all these buildings what most pleases one is the bringing home the entire offices, hopes, and consolations of religion to every individual soul. I do not see how this can be done without sisters of charity, and the system of confession. Everything I see impresses on me more and more our own need of a complete renovation and restoration, if we would rise as a communion to be a reality and not a sham. Yesterday we visited the *Fieschine*, an institution for educating orphan girls, of which it now holds 187. They are taught reading and writing and work of all kinds, the most beautiful embroidery, artificial flowers, &c. It was founded by the Count Fieschi, and is in the patronage of his family, directed by a chaplain, and a superior, with the rules of a convent, but without any vows, as a great many marry out of it. The full recognition of the ascetic and monastic life, as a christian state, and the highest in its kind, is of incalculable importance. For

want of this, all our great institutions, whether for the maintenance of learning, or the direction of youth, or the care of the sick, fail just where they ought to be strong; they have no *authority*; the world, its views, and axioms, and measures, rule in them as in ordinary life; and the reason why is, that the very life which alone is above the world, its wants, and its measures, is excluded and condemned. We have men, we have minds, we have money; but how are we to get back principles which we have in practice given up? The under-valuing celibacy, the not possessing religious orders, seems a system of Christianity without the cross.

July 21.—We go on to Milan by the courier to-day, and I shall post this letter on our arrival there to-morrow, after that to Venice, which is my farthest point. I shall return through Basle, to which place write me a line as soon as you receive this. The heat here is overwhelming,—there is no getting cool, even at night. Instead of a bonnet, all women here, ladies and commonalty, wear a muslin shawl, which is pinned on the top of the head, and descends down behind to the waist: it is most pleasing and graceful. They are, besides, often good-looking, and have a natural breeding and look of blood about them which seems quite extinct in France. The majority of the women over the men in the churches here is as great as in France. The buildings themselves are full of various marbles, painting and gilding, sometimes to excess, but often the effect is very beautiful. The music is much too theatrical for my taste. Several Masses going on at once in a

church strike one as strange, and for devotion, at least habitually, I prefer the Low Mass which one can follow without difficulty, and which is of a moderate length, to the accompaniment with music, which distracts. Their evening service, when they have any, is the Benediction, or exposition of the Holy Sacrament. The Jesuits here seem to have plenty to do; the professed house is supported by charity alone. When we go to visit Père Jourdain, he seats us on his bed, for chairs he has not for company; I believe they may not possess anything as private property, not even a souvenir of friends. There is a reality about that order at least which ensures respect.

Yours very sincerely,  
T. W. ALLIES.

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MILAN, *July* 23, 1847.

MY DEAR ———.

We took our letter to Manzoni last night, and found him sitting, after dinner, with his wife. Considering that he lives very retired, we may think ourselves three fortunate birds of passage to have had an hour's conversation with the author of the *Promessi Sposi*. He is from 60 to 65 years of age, with greyish hair and a pleasing, kind look. He spoke of James Hope and Gladstone; with great warmth of the latter, saying it was a satisfaction to speak with such a man. Newman he regretted not having seen as he passed through,



being then in the country. I mentioned his great reputation with us. "He has the same here," he said. I inquired if he could tell us anything about the Estatica and Addolorata, who are not far from Trent, and whom we wish to see. He replied that one person of his acquaintance who had seen the Addolorata was profoundly struck, and quite convinced of the reality of her state. On further conversation, it turned out that this person was no other than his wife's son by a former marriage, who was at this moment gone on a second visit to the Addolorata with a physician, for the purpose of taking an accurate account of her state. He is to return on Monday, and then we hope to hear his report. I asked if the clergy here were learned; he said there were learned men among them, but the Church was held in a state of most oppressive thralldom by the Government; the bishops cannot hold a visitation, nor communicate with Rome, without permission, nor punish a parish priest without the sentence of a tribunal directed by laymen. This thralldom dates from the emperor Joseph II. What seemed most to interest Manzoni, and on which he spoke at length, was the philosophical system of his friend Rosmini; a complete system, according to his account, of great originality, thoroughly opposed to the *sensuous* philosophy of modern times, and preparing the mind for the faith. He made all error to consist in the *will*, not in the *mind*; and was a most inexorable logician, carrying out every principle, and never leaving a fact in abeyance. Manzoni seemed thoroughly interested in Rosmini, and expects great results from his works, of which there are

already fifteen volumes published, which have begun to make an impression. He got more and more animated as our visit went on. I found his Italian clear and easy to understand; nor did he address us at all in French, which Signora Manzoni (a second wife) seemed to prefer. He spoke with compassion of the miserably infidel state of France, and quite admitted my remark that a great change seemed to be passing over the mind of men everywhere, and that they were in the process of being won back to the faith, as in the last century they were falling from it. The Church was the best friend of all governments, for they must be bad indeed for the clergy not to support them; and yet their position was one of jealousy towards the Church. As we bowed ourselves out of the room, he came forward cordially and said "Shake hands," the only words not Italian which he had spoken; and so we left him much gratified, and with the prospect of another visit on Monday. We were several hours in the cathedral yesterday; and at five this morning mounted to see the early morning view outside. The view, when clear, is most wondrous, embracing the range of Alps for a couple of hundred miles. This morning it was only partially open, just to the north, but still very fine. Shelley's lines on the Euganean Hills are most thoroughly Italian, and render the scene, so far as words can :—

"Beneath is spread, like a green sea,  
The waveless plain of Lombardy,  
Bounded by the vaporious air,  
Islanded by cities fair;  
Underneath day's azure eyes,  
Ocean's nursling, Venice, lies," &c.

As for describing the building inside or out, it is utterly vain to attempt it. Suffice it to say, that the greatest of all Gothic cathedrals must be allowed to be a beautiful bastard, full of inconsistencies and irregularities, and even serious faults, yet so grand and profoundly religious, that one gives up all criticism in disgust. As we walked on the marble roof this morning, and watched that multitude of aerial pinnacles so clearly defined against the cool blue sky, I thought it would be as utterly beyond Walter Scott or Victor Hugo, or any other master of human language, as it was beyond me, to convey to one who never saw it any idea of this building. Human language, then, being an instrument confessedly so poor and weak, what extreme folly it is to rest upon it in religious mysteries; to think that we can penetrate into realities by its aid, when we cannot even describe the objects of sense. If Milan cathedral be indescribable, it would be strange indeed if words could exhibit the mystery of the Trinity. We must wait for intuition before we approach eternal things; that is, we must be beyond the bounds of time ere we can comprehend what does not exist in time. Prayers may be said to be always going on, at least during the day, here; as we entered, a Mass was already proceeding: there is a succession of them from dawn till noon. I confess I prefer one daily celebration, at which all who are disposed, especially clergy, should assist, not merely as reverencing the mystery, (which, however, is far and far beyond our manner of neglecting it,) but as partaking of it. On the other hand, this mode sets forth a continual worship; the building itself

seems a perpetual offering made to God ; by day and night it pleads the Passion of His Son and the graces of His saints. I do not know whether this mute intercession is most striking when it is crowded with worshippers, or when, as we saw it at eight last night, two single lamps twinkled in its immense obscurity, and the last light of day was feebly visible through the coloured windows. As we were standing thus under the lantern, we heard a voice at the other end of the church, "*si chiude, si chiude.*" One could hardly help wishing to stay there the night. It would certainly require a bold heart, but I think I could do it, if I thought I could get an answer to one or two questions. The shrine of St. Charles Borromeo, a Pope's nephew—nobleman, archbishop, and cardinal—who was worn out with austerities at forty-six, seems a fit approach to the invisible world : where Ambrose taught, and Augustine was converted, and over all the Blessed Virgin's hands are stretched—a fit place for reaching the truth. We intend to go on towards Venice on Tuesday ; we think of stopping at Verona, and going north into the Tyrol, to see the Addolorata. I do not know if you have heard of her. She has now been many years subsisting almost without nourishment, having on her hands, feet, and side the marks of our Saviour's wounds, and on her head a series of punctures representing the Crown of Thorns. Blood drops from all of these on Friday. I spoke with an eye-witness of this at Paris. The thing seems marvellous enough to go a hundred miles out of one's way to see it.—Yours very sincerely,

T. W. ALLIES.

ACCOUNT OF A VISIT TO THE ADDOLORATA  
AND ESTATICA, IN THE TYROL.TRENT, *August 1, 1847.*

MY DEAR ———.

Since I last wrote to you, I have seen two sights more remarkable than any that ever fell under my own observation before, and than any that are likely to fall again. I mean to give you as short an account of them as will convey a real notion of them.

Maria Domenica Lazzari, daughter of a poor miller now dead, lives in the wild Alpine village of Capriana, in the Italian Tyrol, which we had a walk of four hours through the mountains to reach. She was born March 16, 1815, and up to the year 1833 lived the ordinary life of a peasant, blameless and religious, but in no respect otherwise remarkable. In August, 1833, she had an illness, not in the first instance of an extraordinary nature; but it took the form of an intermittent fever, confining her completely to her bed, and finally contracting the nerves of her hands and feet, so as to cripple them. On the 10th of January, 1834, she received on her hands, feet, and left side, the marks of our Lord's five wounds; the first appearance of these was a gradual reddening of the various points beneath the skin; this was strongly marked on a Thursday, and on the following day the wounds were open, blood flowed, and since that time they have never undergone any material change. Three weeks afterwards her family found her in the morning with a handkerchief covering her face, in a state

of great delight, a sort of trance; on removing the handkerchief, letters were found on it marked in blood, and Domenica's brow had a complete impression of the Crown of Thorns, in a line of small punctures, about a quarter of an inch apart, from which the blood was flowing freshly. They asked her who had torn her so ("chi l'aveva così pettinata?") she replied, "A very fair lady had come in the night and adorned her." On the 10th of April, 1834, she took a little water with a morsel of bread steeped in it; from that day to this she has taken no nourishment whatever, save the Holy Sacrament, which she receives weekly once or twice, in the smallest possible quantity. Some years ago, when the priest had given her the Host, sudden convulsions came on, and she was unable to swallow It; the priest tried repeatedly to withdraw It, but in vain, the convulsions returning as often as he attempted it, and so It remained forty days, when It was at last removed untouched. We were assured of this by the Prince-Bishop of Trent. From the time that she first received the stigmata in January, 1834, to the present time, the wounds have bled every Friday with a loss of from one to two ounces of blood, beginning early in the morning, and on Friday only; the quantity of blood which now flows is less than it used to be. The above information we received chiefly from Signor Yoris, a surgeon of Cavalese, the chief village of the district in which Capriana lies. We carried him a letter from Signor S. Stampa, son-in-law of Manzoni, whom we met at Milan last Sunday, and who had just returned from a visit to Domenica, exactly

a week before our own. He appeared quite overwhelmed at what he had seen, and gave us an exact account, which our own eyes subsequently verified. We reached Cavalese from Neumarkt on Thursday, having taken especial care so to time our visit that we might see Domenica first on Thursday evening and then on Friday morning, so as to be able to observe that marvellous flow of blood which is said to take place on Friday. Signor Yoris most obligingly offered to accompany us; accordingly we left Cavalese shortly after one o'clock on Thursday, and reached Capriana by a wild road through a mountainous valley, in four hours. As we got near the place Signor Yoris said, "I will tell you a curious instance of Domenica's acuteness of hearing. My wife and I were going once to visit her; when we were eighty or a hundred yards from her house, I whispered to my wife to go quietly, that we might take her by surprise. We did so accordingly, but much to our astonishment she received us with a smile, saying that she had not been taken by surprise, and alluding to the very words I had used." He showed us the spot where this had occurred, and it was certainly an acuteness of sense far beyond anything I can conceive possible. We went straight to Domenica's cottage, and knocked at the door. Her sister was out, but in a few minutes she came from a cottage a little below, and let us in. At the inner end of a low room near the wall, in a bed hardly larger than a crib, Domenica lay crouched up, the hands closely clasped over the breast, the head a little raised, the legs gathered up nearly



under her, in a way the bed-clothes did not allow us to see. About three-quarters of an inch under the roots of the hair a straight line is drawn all round the forehead, dotted with small punctures a quarter of an inch apart; above this the flesh is of the natural colour, perfectly clear and free from blood; below the face is covered down to the bottom of the nose, and the cheeks to the same extent, with a dry crust or mask of blood. Her breast heaved with a sort of convulsion, and her teeth chattered. On the outside of both hands, as they lie clasped together, in a line with the second finger, about an inch from the knuckle, is a hard scar, of dark colour, rising above the flesh, half an inch in length, by about three-eighths of an inch in width; round these the skin slightly reddened, but quite free from blood. From the position of the hands it is not possible to see well inside, but stooping down on the right of her bed I could almost see an incision answering to the outward one, and apparently deeper. I leant over her head, within a foot of the Corona on the forehead, and closely observed the wounds. She looked at us very fixedly, but hardly spoke. We heard her only cry "*Dio mio*" several times when her pains were bad. She seemed to enter into Signor Yoris's conversation, smiled repeatedly, and bent her head. But it was an effort to her to attend, and at times the eyes closed and she became insensible. By far the most striking point in her appearance this evening was that dry mask of blood descending so regularly from the punctured line round the forehead; for it must be remarked that the blood has flowed in a straight

line all down the face, as if she were erect, not as it would naturally flow from the position in which she was lying, that is, off the middle to the sides of the face. And what is strangest of all, there is a space all round the face, from the forehead down to the jaw, by the ears, quite free from blood, and of the natural colour: which is just that part to which the blood, as she lies, ought most to run. After about three-quarters of an hour we took leave, intending to return the first thing in the morning. Don Michele Santuari, the parish priest, on whom we called, was out; he returned our visit for a minute or two, very early the next morning, but was going to his brother's again.

FRIDAY EVENING, *July 30th.*

When we visited Domenica at half-past five this morning, the change was very remarkable. The hard scars on the outside of her hands had sunk to the level of the flesh, and become raw and fresh running wounds, but without indentation, from which there was a streak of blood running a finger's length, *not* perpendicularly, but down the middle of the wrist. The wound inside the left hand seemed on the contrary deep and furrowed, much blood had flowed, and the hand seemed mangled; the wound of the right hand inside could not be seen. The punctures round the forehead had been bleeding, and were open, so that the mask of blood was thicker, and very terrible to look at. The darkest place of all was the tip of the nose, a spot, which, as she was lying, the blood in its

natural course could not reach at all. It must be observed again, that the blood flows as it would flow if she were suspended, and not recumbent. The sight is so fearful that a person of weak nerves would very probably be overcome by it; indeed, Signor Stampa and his servant were both obliged to leave the room. While we were there Domenica's sister, who lives alone with her, stood at the head of her crib with her hands under her head, occasionally raising her. We fanned her alternately with a large feathered fan, which alone seemed to relieve her; for she is in a continual fever, and her window remains open day and night, summer and winter, in the severest cold. She seemed better this morning, and more able to speak, and at intervals did speak several times. I asked her to pray for us; she replied, "*Questo farò ben volentieri.*" "*Pregghi che l'Inghilterra sia tutta Cattolica, che non ci sia che una religione, perchè adesso ci sono molte.*" She replied, I believe in the very words of the Catechism, "*Si; non vi é che una sola religione Cattolica Romana; fuori di questa non si deve aver speranza.*" She observed, that other English had asked the same thing of her. She has light and sparkling grey eyes, which she fixed repeatedly on us, looking at us severally with great interest. We told her that the Bishop of Trent had requested us to call on him, and give him a report of her; and asked her if she had anything to say. She replied, "*Tell him that I desire his blessing, and that I resign myself in everything to the will of God and that of the bishop. Ask him to intercede for me with the*

Bishop of all." I said, "Piu si patisce qui, piu si gode dopo." She replied, "Si: si deve sperarlo." Before we left, W—— repeated, "You will pray for us," she bowed her head; "and for all England": she replied, "Quanto io posso." After nearly an hour's stay we took leave, hoping that we might all meet in Paradise. There is an altar in her room, at which Mass is celebrated once a week, and many small pictures of saints. Everything betokens the greatest poverty.

It is most hard to realise such a life as Domenica's continued during thirteen years. The impression left on my mind as to her state is that of one who suffers with the utmost resignation a wonderful and inexplicable disease, on which the tokens of our Saviour's Passion are miraculously and most awfully impressed.

The points in her case which are beyond and contrary to nature are these:

1st. For thirteen years she has neither eaten nor drunk, except that very small portion of the Host which she receives once or twice weekly.

2nd. On the hands and feet, inside and outside, she bears the wounds of our Lord; both sides run with blood; whether the wounds go through is not known; and on the left side is a wound which runs also.

3rd. She has on the brow, as I saw and have described, and I believe all round the head, the mark of the crown of thorns, a series of punctures, and a red line as if of something pressing on the head.

4th. All these wounds run with blood at present, and during thirteen years have done

the like, regularly, and at an early hour on Friday, and on that day alone.

Combining the first and fourth fact, we get a phenomenon which sets at utter defiance all physical science, and which seems to me a direct exertion of Almighty power, and of that alone. "Medical men," said Signor Yoris, "have been in abundance to see her, and have studied her case; but no one has furnished the least solution of it." He assured me he had seen the wounds on her feet a hundred times, and that the blood flowed upwards towards the toes, as we saw it did on the nose. Since for the last two years she has been contracted and drawn up by her disease the feet cannot be seen. She has refused to allow any man to see the wound on the side, as it did not require to be medically treated; but offered that any number of women, of her own village, or the wives of medical men, might see it. She is a good deal emaciated, but not so much as I have seen in other cases. Nothing can be more simple and natural than her manner and that of her sister. Their cottage is open at all times. Domenica may be closely seen, all but touched and handled. Indeed, around that couch one treads instinctively with reverence; the image of the Woe surpassing all woes is too plainly marked, for the truth of what one sees not to sink indelibly on the mind. No eye-witness, I will venture to say, will ever receive the notion of anything like deceit.

We returned to Neumarkt on Friday, and on Saturday morning, July 31st, walked nine miles to Caldaro, to see the other great wonder of the

Tyrol, Maria Mörl, called the Estatica. On arriving, we presented the Bishop of Trent's letter to the dean, and in about an hour were conducted to the Franciscan convent. Then one of the friars took us to the monastery, within the enclosure of which, but only as a lodger, Maria Mörl has withdrawn. The main points in her history are these. She was born in October, 1812; she lived from her earliest years a life of great piety; about the age of eighteen, in the year 1830, she suffered violent attacks of sickness, in which medical aid seemed to be of no service. At this time she began, after receiving the Holy Communion, to fall into trances, which were at first of short duration, and scarcely remarked by her family. On the Feast of the Purification, 1832, however, she fell after communicating into an ecstasy lasting twenty-six hours, and was only recalled by the order of her confessor. In June, 1832, the state of ecstasy returned every day: in August of the year 1833 it became habitual. Her ordinary and habitual position is kneeling on her bed, with her hands joined under the chin, her eyes wide open, and intently fixed on some object; in which state she takes no notice of anyone present, and can only be recalled by her confessor charging her on her vow of obedience.

But I may now as well describe what we saw. In a few minutes the friar had taken us to the garden door of the monastery; we entered a passage where he left us for a short time, and returning, told us to open a door which led into a bedroom; I opened another door, and found



myself, before I expected, in the presence of the most unearthly vision I ever beheld. In a corner of a sufficiently large room, in which the full light of day was tempered down by the blinds being closed, Maria Mörl was on her knees on her bed. Dressed entirely in white, her dark hair came down on both sides to her waist; her eyes were fixed intently upwards, her hands joined in adoration and pressing her chin. She took not the slightest notice of our entrance, nor seemed to be aware of our presence at all; her position was considerably thrown forward, and leaning on one side; one in which, on a soft bed especially, it must have been very difficult, if possible, to remain a minute. We gazed at her intently the whole time we were allowed to remain—about six minutes. I could see a slight trembling of the eye, and heaving of the frame, and heard one or two throbs, but otherwise it would have seemed a statue, rather than anything living. Her expression was extremely beautiful and full of devotion. Long before we were content to go, the friar intimated his impatience. I asked him to cause her to pass out of her ecstasy, and recline on the bed. He went near to her and spoke a few words in a very low tone; upon which, after a slight pause, she slid, in an indescribable manner, down from her kneeling position, her hands remaining closed together, and her eyes wide open, and her knees bent under her, how, I cannot imagine.

She is said to spring up again into her former position, as often as her state of ecstasy comes upon her, without disjoining her hands; and this we should have liked to see, but the friar was



urgent that we should leave, and we accordingly obeyed. The sleeves she wore round her wrists prevented our being able to see whether the stigmata were visible, which she bears on her hands and on her feet. The Bishop of Trent afterwards told me we should have asked the confessor to order her to show us the former. These were first observed in 1834. Now, though what we saw bears out the accounts given of the Estatica so far as it went, yet I must admit that we did not leave her with that full satisfaction we had felt in the case of the Addolorata. Maria Mörl's state in its very nature does not admit the bystander to such perfect proof as that of Domenica Lazzari. Had we remained half an hour or an hour instead of six minutes, it must still have been a matter of faith to us how long these ecstasies continue, and how often they recur. None but those who live daily with her can be aware of all her case. I can only say that what we saw was very strange and very striking, and when the Bishop of Trent informs us, as he did, a few hours ago, that these trances continue four or five hours together, I must entirely believe it. *He* had seen the stigmata on her hands, and she had rendered him, as her superior, the same obedience which she gives to her confessor. If I may venture to draw any conclusion from what I have seen, it is, that it appears to be a design of God, by means of these two young persons, to impress on an age of especial scepticism and unbelief in spiritual agency such tokens of our Lord's Passion, as no candid observer can fail to recognise. Neither of these cases can be brought under the ordinary

laws of nature; both seem to bear witness in a different, but perhaps equally wonderful manner, to the glory of God as reflected from the Passion of His Son on the members of His Body.—Ever yours,

T. W. ALLIES.

P.S.—Maria Domenica Lazzari died about Easter, 1848, aged thirty-three years.

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ALBERGO DELL' EUROPA, TRENT,  
Aug. 1, 1847.

MY DEAR ———.

I do not know whether I said anything about writing to you before I left England, but I feel persuaded that you must be sufficiently interested in our peregrinations to justify me in inflicting a letter upon you. P. tells me he wrote from Paris, up to which time he has doubtless given you full particulars, and from which point I shall take up the chronicle of our movements. We left Paris on the 9th of July, after having been much pleased and interested by what we had seen there, and came by a forced march (and in hot weather a severe one) in the *malle poste* to Lyons on S. Irenæus' Day, but, by an unfortunate delay, too late to see the archbishop officiate in the church, and according to the rite of his patron and predecessor. At Lyons we took the Rhone, and steamed to Avignon (the scenery quite equal in my opinion to that of the Rhine), where we stayed for four hours, endeavouring, in spite of heat and some fatigue, to call up visions of French Popes, disconsolate Petrarch, or

the devout Laura with her green gown and well-bound missal gliding towards the church of St. Clare. At last we were hurried off to Aix, and finally to Marseilles, where we just hit upon the moment of departure of the Neapolitan packet, which after coasting along the beauties of the Cornice road landed us at Genoa, where we pitched our tent to rest for a few days. We had a letter to Padre Giordano at the Jesuits' College. He began by a most polemical conversation with Allies on the "Tu es Petrus," &c., but afterwards dropped the subject altogether; he was exceedingly civil, offered us every information we needed, and gave us access to everything we wanted to see. In this manner I found Genoa far more interesting than I had expected. It is a most beautiful and most Italian city, and has, as to outward appearance, lost nothing of its character in the days of the republic; and its institutions for the support and relief of the poor, the sick, and the religious, gave an additional source of interest beyond that for which I was prepared. From Genoa we came by Pavia to Milan, where we stayed five days: for a city so celebrated and so important in ancient times it is remarkable and much to be regretted that its ancient character is so completely lost. Milan is now quite a modern city, with the exception of a very few solitary buildings; the cathedral itself, wonderful as a structure, and beautiful to the end of the chapter, is quite indefensible in the eyes of a throughgoing Goth, and is after all only a very successful vagary of a bastard style. The beauty of the material, the exquisite finish of the sculpture, and fine proportions of individual

parts, with the costly and vast effect of the whole, do however quite disarm one's critical inclinations, and the interior is (as we saw it on Sunday last with the choir filled by the scarlet robes of the chapter of the cardinal see, and the nave almost filled by people of every sex and station,) one of the grandest I know, and loses nothing by its intimate connection with S. Charles Borromeo, who, by the way, appears to me to have been among the best of the *reformers of the sixteenth century*. St. Ambrose's Church still remains, though I should think little, with the exception of a few minor ornaments, belonged to his time, beyond the atrium, the pulpit, and bishop's chair. The valves of the door from which he repelled the emperor are also here, though at the time they belonged to another church. They show a spring in which S. Augustine's baptism is said to have been performed, and also the garden mentioned in the *Confessions* as having been the scene of his conversion; but for these two I do not think they claim more than a great probability, and entire accordance with all that is known on the subject, the tradition of the actual spots having been lost, and only recovered two or three centuries ago. From Milan we made an expedition to this place in order to see the two wonderful phenomena of which Lord Shrewsbury wrote an account some years ago,—the *Estatica* and *Addolorata*. We left Milan on Monday, and had a fine sub-alpine drive to Desenzano on the Lake Garda, with which we were very much pleased, and up which we steamed to Riva; from thence to Trent, where we introduced ourselves to the bishop as three Oxonian priests and pro-

fessors, begging his highness (he is prince-bishop) to give us letters to Caldaro, as the Estatica is only visible on this being granted. He received us with all possible courtesy, and instantly gave us the necessary introduction, begging us to lay before him our impressions of the matter on our return here: he talked much of Wiseman, Newman, and Pusey, making the admission with regard to the latter that "scribe come Cattolico." He told us he was himself by birth a German, and that Englishmen were especially welcome to him as countrymen of St. Boniface, the apostle of his native country. We left Trent for Neumarkt, twenty miles distant, on Wednesday, and on Thursday passed over some very fine Tyrolese mountain scenery to Cavalese, where we had an introduction to the physician of the place, who has always attended the Addolorata since the beginning of her malady (and this we had through the kindness of Manzoni's step-son, whom we had met at his house in Milan,—it was no small satisfaction to me to meet the author of *Promessi Sposi*, &c.), and with whom we walked over to Capriana, about twelve miles distant, where Domenica Lazzari abides. I think her case such a supernatural portent, and, it may be, one of such deep interest to members of the Church, that I shall fill the other side of the sheet with such an account of her as I have room for. Maria Domenica Lazzari is thirty-two years of age, the daughter of a poor miller in Capriana, one of five children, a sister unmarried with whom she lives, both parents being dead, a sister married in the village, and two brothers, who do not bear a

very high character. She herself from childhood was very virtuous and pious, extremely attentive to all active duties, and worked like other girls, though always remarkable both for natural cleverness and her attention to religion. In 1833 she was attacked by an intermittent fever, which left her extremely weak, and after which pains were felt by her in her hands, feet, and head; in April, 1834, she for the last time drank some water and ate a piece of bread, since which time she has never eaten nor drunk except in partaking of the Blessed Sacrament. In the same year she received the stigmata, which are most evident and apparent, and from which a large quantity of blood flows *every* Friday without exception, and on no other day. It was in order to test this that we contrived that our arrival should take place on a Thursday, repeating our visit on the following day. We arrived at Capriana about five in the evening, and went at once to her house, which is a little peasant's cabin chiefly built of wood, in the outskirts of the village, her only attendant being her elder sister, a simple unsophisticated peasant girl. We found her lying in great suffering in a bed about the length of a child's crib, a contraction of the muscles having followed upon her illness, and reduced a formerly tall person to the length of about three feet. At first she was unable to speak to us, but our companion (her physician) fanned her for some time with a large fan, which seemed to relieve her, and in a little time she revived. While she lay in this state I examined her very closely. The stigmata are *most* evident on both sides of the hands, and in a very regular



circle round the forehead; these were perfectly dry, the hands being white and clean with the exception of the actual punctures of the stigmata, which are about the size of a silver fourpence, the wounds of the forehead being such as a penknife might have made: and the blood which had flowed on the previous Friday was dry, and covered her face as low as the upper part of the nostril, giving all the appearance of a blood-stained mask, the blood in this case not following the inclination of her present recumbent position, but, (as is the case also in the wounds on the feet,) following the lines it *would take* in a *pendent* posture. The costal wound is on her *left* side. We stayed in the room about three-quarters of an hour, and then retired; we returned at five o'clock the next morning, and found her much better, the wounds on the forehead and hands were *all* open, and blood exuding from all: she talked with greater ease than she had done before. She begged us to take her salutations to the Bishop of Trent, to beg for his blessing upon her, and his intercession for her with the "Bishop of all"; "and I," she said, "in my turn will pray for his highness as much as I am able." We commended ourselves and all England to her prayers, telling her that now there were many religions in England, but that we should pray that all might be one: her answer was, "E una religione sola, Cattolica, Romana, fuori di questa non si deve aver speranza" (this I should think came from her Catechism). She said all the English she had seen had given her the same account of their country, and promised to pray both for us and for England "quanto io posso." We saw



her confessor for a few minutes, and I wish we could have had some conversation with him, but he was just starting to pay his brother a visit at the bottom of the valley, and we would not detain him. In the course of conversation with Mr. Yoris, and the natives of Capriana and the neighbourhood, we gained many other facts connected with her which I have not room for here; this will convey to you some notion of this most extraordinary portent, of the supernatural character of which any eye-witness would, I am sure, do violence to his reason and judgment by doubting, and which physicians, philosophers, and bishops have all agreed in asserting as being without explanation according to physical laws, and which I can look at in no other light than as a representation, vouchsafed for the edification of the Church and warning of sinners, of the Passion of the Son of God. The supernatural points in her case I take to be: (1) Her existing for more than thirteen years without food, during which time the nails, hair, &c., have continued to grow; (2) the reception of the five wounds; (3) the periodical effusion of a quantity of blood on every return of the day of our Lord's Passion; (4) the course taken by the blood flowing from the wounds, quite at variance with the natural law of fluids. We have, I assure you, been very much impressed by this case, and what to me makes it the more peculiar is, that, in former cases in which the stigmata have been granted, they have appeared (as in the cases of S. Francis of Assisi, S. Theresa, or S. Catherine) as the seal of consummate sanctity, or the reward of intense meditation on the subject

of the Passion, whereas in the present instance there is nothing to lead one to suppose either one or the other, in any extraordinary degree. The impression conveyed to me by my visit was, I confess, very considerable, though it was more one of great suffering and resignation, than of any extraordinary tokens of grace, in the object of our visit. There is, I take it, no *necessary* connection between the extraordinary phenomena which her body bears and extreme sanctity, though one might expect it. Her life has always been extremely virtuous and pious, (the country people spoke of her as "*buonissima ragazza*"), and her long and intense suffering appears to have chastened and subdued her spirit to a state one would consider well disciplined to meet death, but nothing that I saw led me to suppose the lofty religious abstraction, the spiritual fervour, or superhuman yearning of the soul for God, which one looks for in the female saint. Far be it from me to pry into the divine intentions in this extraordinary appearance which we have witnessed, but if He who does all things to bring back our erring race to Himself destines her merely to be a living representation of the sufferings of the Son of God (and to serve no higher purpose than that for which we should erect a crucifix), men of faith will not fail to derive benefit to their souls, amidst their thanks for a token of the divine goodness, in contemplating this memento of our Lord's Passion, while it may serve in some cases, we may hope, to warn the scornful that a day will come when they will in like manner have to "look on Him whom they pierced."

I have not yet spoken to you of the Estatica, whom we saw yesterday; and though I cannot say that her case may not be equally interesting, yet as its details are taken more from credit, I have the less to say from personal investigation.

Maria Mörl is the daughter of a nobleman of Caldaro, whose fervour in devotion has gradually grown to ecstasis, and an entire abstraction from the world, and constant continuance in what the spiritual writers call the "unitive" life: the ecstasy continues from four to five hours at a time, and only ceases from bodily weakness, or at the command of her confessor. She converses with her spiritual directors and superiors alone, rarely eats, her only sustenance being occasionally a morsel of bread and a few grapes. She has been in this state for years, and lives in and upon incessant acts of devotion. She is kept very close and retired in a Franciscan convent, and none are allowed to see her without a letter from the bishop. We found her as she had been described to us, wrapt in the most complete ecstasy, and certainly, as a representation of a devotional figure, nothing could be more striking or more beautiful; but as, from the very nature of the case, her ecstasy must cease by communication with the visible world, it was to us nothing more than a spectacle. I have room, however, for no more, and must have already wearied you with this *epistola Tridentina*, at the length of which I am ashamed. We have just been to the bishop, who has been most courteous and obliging, and given us several facts connected with the above mentioned. This place is a most comely city; the hills of Tyrol stand about it,

ὥσει θέρπον, with snowy peaks beyond them, and the Adige comes rolling from the mountains an "exulting and abounding river." I cannot help thinking what delightful "constitutionals" the dons of 1545 must have had after their hot work in the council. Excuse prolixity, and

Believe me ever yours,

JOHN H. WYNNE.

HOTEL EUROPA, TRENT, *August 1, 1847.*

MY DEAR ———.

. . . From Milan we went to Desenzano, to begin an expedition to see a very great wonder in the Tyrol, of which I must give you an account. We went by the Poste to Desenzano, the southern point of the lake of Garda, and from thence steamed all up that most beautiful sheet of water to Riva. From Riva we took a rickety machine, called by courtesy the Post, to Roveredo, and on hither to Trent. First I must tell you, we had an introduction to Manzoni at Milan from a friend in Paris; and his son-in-law had just returned from seeing one of the two persons who were the object of our present pilgrimage—the Addolorata and the Estatica, whose case was set forth, some few years ago (about three or four), by Lord Shrewsbury. The first of these has received the stigmata of the Passion, from which blood issues every Friday—the crown of thorns, the nail-holes in the hands and feet, and the wound in the left side; and the second lives in a continual trance. We met a lady in Paris, a Roman Catholic, who

had seen them, and spoke much about both, but not very satisfactorily to our minds. We determined accordingly, if possible, to visit them ourselves, and received full instruction from Signor Stefano Stampa at Milan as to the route and all other needful circumstances. Well, at Trent we went to the bishop; for one of these persons, Maria Mörl, the Estatica, lives in a convent, and may not be seen without a letter from the bishop, which we hardly expected would be granted to any persons not Romans. However, we wrote *Artium Magister*, Oxford, upon our cards, and sent them in. He received us very politely, granted at once the petition for a letter, begged us, if possible, to call and give him our opinion on the cases in returning; "for," said he, "we cannot pronounce about either case, especially the Estatica, while they live, and the end is uncertain;" and he further thought every one who had the opportunity should make an unfettered judgment for themselves. At the conclusion of the interview he gave us his blessing, and by noon we were on our way in an omnibus to Neumarkt, up the valley of the Adige; grand castellated rocks overgrown with brushwood, some 12 or 1700 feet, on either side of this rapid river. Neumarkt is a stupid little place; and we were considerably imposed upon by the worthies there, who might have put us at once in the way to our point. Next morning, Thursday, 29, we took a carriage to Cavalese, a small town in the mountains, a post and a half distant; and after breakfast there, we found out Signor Yoris, a medico, to whom Signor S. Stampa had given us a letter of introduction. He was

very civil, and offered to accompany us to the village of the Addolorata, whose name is Domenica Lazzari. This place is called Capriana, and we walked thither in something less than four hours, a distance (I supposed) of about nine or ten miles. This was across a range of hills, and up the valley of a tributary to the Adige: the hills covered with forests of spruce and pine, and very beautiful. We got to Capriana about 5 P.M.; and I will give you an abridgement of notes I wrote that evening for the rest of the account. Reached Capriana at five, turned to the right to the house—almost the outside of all, the meanest we saw—and after some minutes the sister arrived and let us in. The room at first dark, too dark to see more than the figure contracted in the bed, and the face dark with blood as low as the bottom of the nose, and a little lower on each side. The medico drew aside the curtain, and we saw plainly the stigmata on the back of the hand, and the marks round the forehead in a straight line, about an inch below the hair in the middle. The marks are about a quarter of an inch apart in an even row as far as the hair, and for three or four marks under it. The medico told me they go all round. There were other marks below the first down to the eyebrows, but whether so regular as the first I could not tell for the quantity of blood clotted and dried on the face. The blood has flowed straight towards the bottom of the face, and not trickled sideways to the bed. There has been a good deal this week. The hands, which are much wasted, are clasped continually on the top of the bed-clothes, and are marked a little above the

centre with the stigmata (the nail-holes); the scar extends half or three-quarters of an inch all round, slightly red. The wound is cicatrised with a dark spot of dried blood in the centre. Inside (as well as I could see, the hands being clasped), the left palm seems to have a long white wound right into the flesh, which is covered all round with dried blood. That on the face is so dark and continual, that, from the holes of the *spicæ* (thorn marks) to the nose, it is just like a dark mask. Her breast is curved up to a close convex, and the legs drawn up till almost doubled from convulsions. The medico says she was once as tall as I am. Twelve or thirteen years since she has eaten anything but the Blessed Sacrament, and that in the most minute portions possible.

The following are the correct dates:—

10th April, 1834. Nothing eaten since.

10th January, 1834. Stigmata, hands, feet, and side.

31st January, 1834. Crown of thorns.

An altar is in the room, at which the bishop allows Mass to be celebrated once or twice every week, according to the convenience of the priest, and on saints' days.

We spoke of the bishop. She was much interested also in all that the doctor said. He kept fanning her with a large feather fan; her only relief. She suffers most on Thursdays. The issue of blood Fridays unaccompanied with pain: rather a relief. A woman and boy came to see her. Cheerful when *freer* from pain (she always suffers). Was told we were English. Looks very intently at one. Light blue or grey eyes; hair fine,—a cold



brown. Face awfully wasted. Her smile sweet. Says, when most in pain, "Dio mio, mio Dio!" Friday morning, at five, we were again with her. She was in an insensible state: waking up at intervals. The hands still clasped, but the head shaking, and her teeth chattering. The blood was bright red and fresh (flowing) from all the upper row of holes and the rest, though clotted below generally, for she suffers great heat of fever. The wounds of the hands were open and ran, but outside (on the surface) the blood had run down the back of the hand in a broad stream to a little below the wrist, and there stopped; one small current had trickled across to the bottom of the hand. It was clotted. I looked as close as I could by stooping to the inside of the left hand. My impression was of an open wound, much deeper; long, with lips standing out upon the upper side; much blood had run over the inside of her hand: it ran to the wrist and all over the palms. Her teeth whole, though the two centre much apart. Her face, above and below the blood, was not livid, but of a good complexion. Her voice when she spoke was much stronger than yesterday. She saw me trying to draw the outline of her face, and said, she supposed a portrait would appear of her. We commended ourselves and England to her prayers. All English (she said) who had seen her had done the same. She commended herself by us to the Bishop's blessing and intercession with "Il vescovo di tutti" (something she said quite indistinct). This is the substance of my notes written on the spot. I must add to it, that every Friday since the date above, and only

on Friday, the wounds have bled ; that the doctor told us he had seen her feet a hundred times, which are marked like the hands, but the blood runs *up* towards the toes ; as it does up the nose, which we saw. Her side wound has been seen by several women, her sister among others, whom we talked much to. She was perfectly simple, wanted no money, and treated her sister more as an invalid than anything else. The Dr. Yoris's presence was, I think, a very great advantage to us. It put all reserve out of the question, if any would otherwise have been observable, and enabled us to see her more as she always is, and no doubt to stay longer, to draw the curtain aside, &c. My impression was of great awe at the sight : the day Friday, and the supernatural facts of the flow of blood from a person taking no nourishment or food of any kind, the course taken by the blood,—but the sight of the dark mask of blood was what first and most painfully struck me. The simplicity, and apparent domesticity, of her way of speaking—her smiling and answering the doctor's questions—struck me next. As he said, a secular question is answered in the tone of this world, a religious one in that of the other. She seems conscious herself of nothing beyond God's chastisement for her sins ; therefore she is shy of showing or speaking of herself beyond what is necessary as information to serious inquirers. The wound in her side she refused to show any man, though she said any number of women, physician's wives, if they would, might see it, for it needed no medical treatment. She does not seem conscious of being in any extraordinary or miraculous way the vehicle,

as such, of Divine Grace ; but she is patient, exceedingly, and strives, as she says, to do all God's will. Nothing remarkable in a religious way is recorded of her early character. "Una buona ragazza," the doctor called her, but no more ; he said especially not "bigotta." Is it not a palpable evidence of our Lord's presence to us in His sufferers, to bring home the actuality of what is taught us of the spiritual things we have been born into, yet to confound spiritual pride ? "Thy ways are in the sea, and Thy paths are in the great waters, and Thy footsteps are not known."

Next morning we went to Caldaro, a beautiful village about nine miles or eight from Neumarkt, and, by aid of the Bishop of Trent's letter, saw Marie Mörl, the Estatica, but were only allowed to see her for five minutes. She knelt on her bed, with her hands together under the chin : her attitude was leaning forward, and inclined to the right in such a position as I cannot keep myself in without support ; nor do I think, from the overbalance of the body, it could be done naturally. Her face has much beauty, her eyes are dark and full, hair long and black, and her skin as pale as that of a dead body or a wax figure. Not a muscle moved, and except a very slight oscillating motion of the body occasionally, and the breathing, there were no signs of life in her, though I saw once the eyelid quiver slightly. The friar who took us in, a Franciscan, told her to lie down, which, after a moment or two she did—only falling back in the bed, with her legs from the knee unmoved. She gave two slight sort of groans or sighs ;

her hands remained just as they were, and the eyes were fixed on the same spot. After a short visit, the friar took us out, talking a German which we could none of us understand. When we got to the door of the house, we asked him in Latin, if we could see her again. He answered, "Eam vidistis, eam vidistis," and left us.

We walked back to Neumarkt, and yesterday evening started in the Bolzano omnibus back to this place. Fare you well. . . . I have given you as short as I could this marvellous account.

J. H. POLLEN.

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VENICE, August 5, 1847.

MY DEAR ———

. . . We stayed at Verona one clear day: it has very interesting churches, and a noble river, the Adige, "exulting and abounding," as Byron says; and many Shakspearean associations, besides very quaint and mediæval bits of architecture. But my time is waxing short, and a greater attraction was near. So yesterday we *squudged* ourselves into a merciless omnibus, which carried twelve insiders thirty miles in the space of six hours to the railway at Vicenza; and the said railway brought us on just in time to reach Venice by the last light of day. Very striking indeed is the approach to Venice, on a bridge two miles long over the Lagune, very striking because so appropriate to a city which is like no other. The

evening was unfavourable, for it rained, which has scarcely happened to us before; notwithstanding, our excitement was great; I do not think I have felt so much curiosity about a place since I entered Rome nearly thirteen years ago, and could scarcely believe I was there. Though a great part of to-day has been rainy Venice does not disappoint me. The Doge's palace, the piazza, and piazzetta of St. Mark, and his church, are quite unique; so is the great canal, with its host of Middle Age palaces. We have been to-day both in the pozzi and the piombi, the ancient prisons of the republic, the former terrible for their darkness, the latter for their heat; both seldom disgorging the prisoner save to death; and what a death, at least in its circumstances, and in the case of political offenders. The cells were all cased in wood, with hardly any light; but when the criminal in politics had confessed his fault, and was condemned, he was transferred to another cell in the middle of the night, a foreign priest was admitted, received his confession, and absolved him. The priest issued from his cell and turned to the left, the criminal to the right, and rounding the corner not a yard off, was placed on a seat, a cord passed round the neck, and strangled. Behind the seat a door opened, a gondola received his corpse (for it is just at the level of the water), carried it to the cemetery, and no one, wife or child, knew more of his destiny than this: that the invisible inquisition of state had laid its hand upon him and that he *was not*. I said to the old guide, who had a fine Venetian head, "I suppose you do not regret not living in those times?" "But

*I do regret it,"* he replied; "Venice was then a republic; there was more commerce, and life was easier; and it was just owing to her wise treatment of criminals that she maintained herself so long; and had she kept that treatment to the end she would not have fallen: mine was a very ancient Venetian family. It is to foreigners," he added, "that I say all this; writers have greatly exaggerated about these prisons." As I stood on a spot at which hundreds of human beings, during the long course of that terrible rule, had yielded up their lives in the darkness of a gloomy passage, more fearful at least to the thought than the gaze of a furious multitude, or the rack itself, I could not agree with the old man, though I was surprised at such a flash of old Venetian spirit. That same ducal palace, which is among palaces what the great mediæval cathedrals dedicated to Notre Dame are among churches, has these dungeons below; the state reception apartments of the Doge above; and over them again those other prisons of the *piombi*, or leads—a somewhat strange position for the drawing-rooms of the head of a state. Italian churches are as unlike ours as two things called by the same name can well be. They are full of marbles on floor and walls, paintings, gildings, shrines, images, tapers, perpetual services, and seldom wanting at least in some worshippers. St. Mark much exceeds my expectation. It has five domes covered with mosaic and figures in rich gilding, columns of finest marble, bronzes, multitudes of precious objects, but with a solemnity far beyond all these, which makes one feel

that one is in a temple, a place of worship, of bowing down to the Infinite, not of addressing man himself through a part of him which has shared in his general fall—the understanding. This, I think, is the main difference between Catholic and Uncatholic churches. Then, again, that vision of the Blessed Virgin and Child, so often repeated, and under so many different phases, is inexpressibly consoling. It really seems to me that the more men dwell upon the Incarnation, the more they will associate the Blessed Virgin with our Lord, and the saints with Him and with her; they will not analyse and divide, but rather always seem to be touching the skirts of His robe of glory, in every one of those who have suffered and conquered in His name; and most of all in the Mother, who was and is so unspeakably near to Him. Thus the Protestant sees in her “a dead woman worshipped”; the Catholic, the mother of all Christians; the Protestant sees in the saints “deified sinners”; the Catholic, living members of His body, in whom His virtue now dwells without let of human corruption. In short, I think Keble is no less true than beautiful when he says,

“What is this silent might, making our darkness light,  
New wine our waters, heavenly Blood our wine?  
Christ, with His Mother dear, and all His saints, is here,  
And where they dwell is heaven, and what they touch divine.”

Now this is just the idea which an Italian church conveys.

Our room looks out on the end of the Grand Canal, into whose waters a slight jump would



convey one some fifty feet down. It is one of the greatest thoroughfares and finest views in Venice. Gondolas are perpetually flitting by; I had my first glide in one to-day for several hours up and down the Grand Canal. I can't say I feel the smallest sympathy with the ruling spirit of ancient Venice, but it is something to be on a spot so long the seat of empire; I feel that I shall *feed* for the ensuing year on this excursion, and this adds much to its pleasure. We were all delighted with Trent; it is magnificently situated in the midst of mountains, with that wild rapid Adige sweeping through it. The church in which the Council sat is, of course, very interesting. We called twice on the bishop; first to ask his permission to see the Estatica; secondly, to give him our report. He received us with the greatest politeness, talked about Church matters in England, and perhaps was gratified, if not surprised, by three English priests falling on their knees to receive his blessing. I hope you got my long letter of the 1st of August, giving our visit to Capriana and Caldaro. We all look back on that with great satisfaction.

*August 6th.*—Venice this morning is in all its beauty; we have just taken a gondola for the day, to visit churches and paintings—Titian's finest are here. We take coffee morning and evening in the Piazzetta of St. Mark, the great resort. It is with great difficulty one can get along without an officious shoeblack insisting upon the satisfaction of cleaning that part of one's dress. If they happen to be dirty, the creature can no more be driven away than a hungry mosquito; he buzzes round

and round and round, till the only way is to stop and let him draw his sous.

Yours very sincerely,

T. W. ALLIES.

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MILAN, *August 14, 1847.*

MY DEAR ———.

I left Venice yesterday morning, on my way home, alone, I am sorry to say, for my two companions proceed to Bologna and Florence, and will not be back in England till the end of September. It seems to me quite a different thing now I have to go by myself; and the only comforting thought is that every step brings me nearer home. I am not likely to lose much time on the road, and I hope to be with you on the day I mentioned in my last, viz. Tuesday, the 26th. I meant to have written to you again from Venice, but our days went swiftly there, and when we returned in the evening I was too much tired for the exertion. Venice will remain as a strange and beautiful dream in my remembrance. After all that one had heard it required sight to realise a city rising out of the water on all sides, whose streets are canals, whose doors open by flights of stairs on the water, whose carriages are gondolas, and the most agreeable kind of carriage I ever was in; for one reclines in them most lazily, like lotos eaters, and sees palace and church, and all sorts of strange-looking heterogeneous buildings sweep gently by, in a sort of sleep; while every now and then comes a bit of semi-eastern architecture, rich ogee

windows, and arcades which perfectly delighted me, and quite as often we wound through narrow, dirty, motionless canals, that seemed just suited to a purpose they no doubt often served—the drowning troublesome bodies. But one sight we saw which you would have thoroughly entered into. On Sunday afternoon, as we got into a gondola, the gondolier informed us that he could not take us at the accustomed fare that evening, from six to eight, for it was his especial harvest time, that all the world went to the music on the Grand Canal. Accordingly, after looking for some time at the Euganean Hills and Friuli Mountains, which are a glorious sight to the north of Venice, we bade him take us to meet the music on the Grand Canal. This is about 200 feet wide, winds most beautifully through the city, having the Rialto bridge about the middle, and is bordered by the finest palaces. We soon met the Archduke's gondola, and behind it a great crowd of others, covering the whole breadth of the canal, shoulder-ing and elbowing each other, the gondoliers shouting, watching everyone else's gondola as well as their own, applauding or blaming, as might be. Each boat has one man on a little covered deck near the stern, where he balances himself admirably, and mainly directs the boat, serving both as oar and rudder, and another not quite so near to the prow. In the middle ladies recline on cushions, and no Hyde Park carriage serves to set off beauty and fashion so well as those wicked barks of Venice, which have screened so many tricks both of man and woman for so many hundred years. On this occasion, however, the part of the boat

which serves for shelter, coolness, or concealment, as it may be—that is, a sort of cabin covered with crape—is taken away, and the cushions afford a full view of whatever they carry. Into this press and throng of little galleys we passed with the rest; the scene every moment changing, the gondoliers vociferating, the boats seeming in perpetual collision, now jammed close together, and again emerging into a few feet of clear water, the band playing close behind us. Every now and then adventurous boats came from the other direction, and how they made themselves a way into a throng that seemed quite full before was the wonder. Some of the gondoliers were dressed in fanciful liveries, which added much to their appearance. This was all in the last light of day, and we agreed that we had never seen so interesting and original a piece of fun. A single gondolier thus standing on his little deck will guide his boat with admirable skill, and though it is near forty feet long, he will make it turn the corners of the narrowest canal, and wind through opposing boats without touching. For this purpose, when he approaches a corner which he has to turn, perhaps at right angles, of course not knowing what is coming the other side, he sings out in good time, “*Stali*” or “*Staprimí*,” answering to starboard and larboard; and thus collisions are generally avoided, though barges act in an unkind and domineering manner towards their slighter brethren, and move about with the consciousness that they are the “iron pots” against the “earthen.” These canals are not always free from another danger, as we were near learning to our cost. The last evening,

as we emerged from one of the thousand bridges, came a violent smash into the boat, which made me jump. It was a whole wine bottle which descended, and broke itself on W——'s back. Providentially he was not much hurt, but I thought it might just as easily have been my head, which was uncovered at the time, and which it would certainly have broken. I suppose it was done thoughtlessly, but we could not discover the person. Almost all our time was spent in the open air at Venice, with occasional visits to the picture galleries and churches. We were all much struck with the number of persons attending services on week-days. There are Masses perpetually going on, sometimes two or three at different altars, from early in the morning till past noon, and each would have its circle of worshippers, men as well as women. Besides, persons would be kneeling in all parts. The largest church in Venice, S. Giovanni e Paolo, a very fine one, full of grand tombs of the ancient Doges, had the exposition of the Holy Sacrament for five days over the Great Altar, which was fitted up with crimson hangings all round, and a great quantity of lights; in the centre, in a remonstrance, the Host was exposed, places for kneeling stretched a great way down the church. I was in it almost every day, and always saw a great many kneeling and saying their prayers. We heard a sermon in St. Mark's on Sunday, about the different modern systems of physical philosophy, and their manifold absurdities. Morning and evening we took our coffee, often relieved with ices, in the Piazza of St. Mark, which in the evening is a great rendezvous,

and serves the ladies in the summer instead of receiving company at home. Then we used to walk under the Doge's palace, and talk of things past, present, and to come, of which the two former were the pleasanter. We were generally very unanimous, liking the same buildings, the same pictures, and the same principles; disliking with one accord that huge variety of beard and whisker and moustache, in which "Young Italy," no less than "Young France," luxuriates. The journey here took twenty-three hours from Venice, the heat and dust dreadful. To-morrow I shall see the Feast of the Assumption, which you remember we passed together at Amiens four years ago. On Monday my place is taken to Lucerne, thirty-two hours' journey from here, so that night I shall begin to scale the Alps by the St. Gothard Pass, descending on that most lovely lake, and the worst part of my journey will be over.

*August 15th.*—I went just now to see the sunrise from the top of the cathedral. As I entered it just before five, I found a good many people, mostly of a poor class, already there. At five a priest entered, and began communicating people before the rails of an altar in the transept. This is done very rapidly; as with only a previous blessing he takes the pyx from the tabernacle over the altar, in which the Host is reserved, and holding a Host between the fingers and thumb, makes with It the sign of the cross, saying in Latin, "The Body of the Lord preserve thy soul to eternal life," and puts It on the tongue. When I came down an hour after, I saw a much larger number, and after celebrating Mass he began communicating a fresh

set. In this way a great number can receive in a morning at different altars, without much waiting. As for *effect*, they understand it well here; the lights burning on and before the altars, and the deep religious gloom of the duomo itself, especially in early morning, add all that can be added to the solemnity of such a scene. This is going on without intermission, till the High Mass at eleven. It certainly looks to me very like reality.

Yours very sincerely,

T. W. ALLIES.



## JOURNAL.—1848

*Paris. Windsor Hotel, Rue de Rivoli, July 18, 1848.*—I have been nine days in France, and the kindness of friends has not left me an hour to put down my thoughts. Yet assuredly, in so utter a change of one's usual habits and sights, the mind has been more affected than during many weeks of sedentary occupations. But when one has been profoundly moved either by a religious service, or a conversation, or place or building, it is a great effort to sit down, collect one's thoughts, and turn one's eyes inward on oneself. Generally, too, by the end of the day we were so fatigued that such an effort became physically impossible.

We left Southampton at five P.M., on Saturday, the 8th July. A good deal of wind, and sea rough. Passed off Portsmouth the fleet of ten men-of-war, one three-decker, St. Vincent, 104 guns; four two-deckers; and five frigates. Most majestic they looked unmoved amid the freshening waves. I can never see a ship of war without my heart bounding. Byron has exactly expressed one's feeling :

"She walks the waters like a thing of life,  
And seems to dare the elements to strife."

At five we found ourselves on the quay at Havre. The *douane* here is so polite as to keep one's luggage till eight o'clock—a kindness which is carried still further by the police, as the visa of passports

does not begin till eleven. So I proposed to walk to the beautiful Norman church of Gravelle, the pendant of our own St. Cross, half-way up that delightful *côte* which looks down on the embouchure of the Seine, and the high coast of Honfleur and Caen. The view from the terrace of the old Priory is most charming; and behind the church a most picturesque cemetery stretches up the steep hill. There is a perfect cross a little to the west of the church, which is very pleasing. We found the church empty, and said our English office before one of the altars. I do not like the effect of two windows in the apse, which symbolise, I suppose, the Two Natures, but otherwise this church is a beautiful specimen of a Norman parish church. However, its nave has been recently defiled by most Protestant-looking pews; and under the tower, just before the chancel, there actually is to be seen a squireen's pew, with a table and cloth in it. The chapel and image of the Blessed Virgin were the most pleasing. At three we went on to Ivetot, and found a most kind welcome from our friends. They lodged us in a house they have lately purchased, in their garden, where, for the first time in my life, I had the honour of a silver bason and ewer. We supped in the refectory, at a table in the middle, with M. le Supérieur. Silence is kept at the meals, and one of the pupils reads from a pulpit on one side. The pupils act as servants in turn during the meal.

*Monday, July 10.*—We heard two sermons, morning and afternoon, from M. P. L. Labbé to the *confirmants*, fifty-nine in number. Our friend's manner was mild and paternal, yet full of zeal and

unction. His morning subject was, "You have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear, but ye have received the spirit of adoption whereby we cry Abba Father." He distinguished between servile fear and filial fear—between Jewish bondage and christian adoption; beseeching his hearers ever to cherish in their hearts the sense of God's paternal love, and that "we can never know how much God loves us in this world"; and then he urged them, if ever they fell into sin, to fly to God at once for pardon, never distrusting Him, however great their own unworthiness; reminding them that the tribunal of penance was ever open to them. In the afternoon his subject was, "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto me." That at confirmation there was a *larger* infusion of the Holy Spirit than at baptism—what it was to be witnesses to God—witnesses by our whole life and conversation. These two addresses much pleased me, both as to manner and matter.

We had the privilege of saying our English office in their chapel, where the single lamp marks the presence of the Holy Sacrament. How great a blessing is this, that the Lord of the Temple dwells bodily in it—how great a realising of the Incarnation. The chapel is a very pleasing imitation of the middle Gothic style, built from the designs of M. Robert, who, being a pupil of the École Polytechnique, gave up all prospects in the world for the hard and painful life of a priest in a *petit séminaire*: and not only he, but all who are there, seem to have their daily life supported by a spring of charity in themselves; and the

great self-denial which accompanies it seems borne as if it were no weight at all, for they look for the recompense of the reward. During the five days we passed at Ivetot we remarked again and again to each other the atmosphere of fraternal charity which all seemed to breathe. There was no looking for success in the world—no thought of gaining wealth; but the one thing in view was to train the children committed to them as members of Christ and heirs of His kingdom. This one thought pervaded all their actions. In the evening the Archbishop of Rouen came, attended by his *grand vicaire*, M. Surgis. The masters and ourselves supped in private with him; and I was confounded at being put on his right, as P. was on his left. His own affability, however, and the unaffected kindness and ease of his demeanour with his clergy, soon made one feel comfortable.

*Tuesday, July 11.*—The confirmation was at nine. The pupils formed in procession along the corridor into the chapel, some sixty or eighty of the rear in albs, followed by the masters and some other clergy, the cross and crosier immediately preceding the Archbishop; we followed behind, and then mounted to the latticed tribune at the end of the chapel, whence the whole disposition of the congregation, the multitude of albs, the altar dressed for the Holy Sacrifice, and the splendid habit of the Archbishop, formed a most pleasing scene. He said Mass, and communicated, I should think, a hundred pupils; as they knelt two and two all up the chapel and received successively from his hands, nothing could be more solemn. There was a moment in this service

particularly touching—the Archbishop took his crosier in his hand and standing before the altar said, “Benedicat vos omnipotens Deus, Pater, et Filius +, et Spiritus Sanctus.” It seemed like the great High Priest Himself blessing His people. After Mass he stood before the middle of the altar, and, requesting them to be seated, addressed them for about twenty minutes. His manner was a mixture of grace and simplicity most pleasing to behold: indeed, his whole demeanour represented exactly the priest, the father, and the bishop, and left behind it a perfume as it were of the heavenly hierarchy, among whose earthly counterpart he ranked. He enlarged upon the triple blessing bestowed upon us by the Holy Trinity, in creation, in redemption, and in sanctification. Presently he spoke of the Holy Eucharist as an extension of the Incarnation, (*rapétissant*!) gathering it up into little; and of Christ therein really, substantially, and personally present in us. His *grand vicaire* said, that in daily confirmations during two months he never repeated himself, but varied each address. He had no note, and spoke without effort. Then followed an examination of the *confirmants* by himself during about thirty-five minutes. He took boys here and there and asked them questions on the elements of the faith, the sacraments, &c., in so low a voice that I could only catch the general import. Then came the confirmation itself, which, like our own, is very short. He stood at the middle of the altar, and stretching out his hands towards the people, called down on the *confirmants* kneeling before him the sevenfold gifts of the Holy Ghost:

“The spirit of wisdom and understanding.—  
Amen.

“The spirit of counsel and ghostly strength.—  
Amen.

“The spirit of knowledge and true godliness.  
—Amen.

“Fill them, O Lord, with the spirit of thy fear,  
and sign them with the sign of the cross of Christ  
unto eternal life.”

The repetition of the Amen at intervals by the *confirmants* gives a feature to this prayer which our own does not possess. Then the *confirmants*, two by two, came kneeling to his chair before the altar, and he signed them on the forehead with the holy chrism, naming each by his Christian name as he said, “I sign thee with the sign of the + cross and confirm thee with the chrism of salvation, in the name of the Father +, and of the Son +, and of the Holy Ghost +. Amen.” The service occupied three hours; but in country parishes it is not usually preceded by the Mass.

We had then a grand dinner at a table placed in the middle of the refectory, several clergy, friends of the house, being present. There was plenty of talking, the rule of silence being suspended by the presence of the archbishop.

In the evening there was a solemn Benediction, at which the archbishop did not officiate, but was in a chair near the altar.

After dinner, two of the pupils, one from the older and one from the younger division of the school, recited verses before the archbishop, and the whole school seemed delighted at the words of kindness he addressed to them. I heard our

friend, in one of his addresses, remind them that the archbishop was the head and master of the house, and so they all appeared to feel him to be.

In the evening we were all collected, in a somewhat suspicious manner, for some exhibition in a long hall, at the end of which a carpet was spread, and a chair placed for the archbishop. I asked M. Robert what was coming; but he replied, "Pour nous autres Français, vous savez, nous sommes des fous : il faut que nous riions de tout !" I will not say that the entertainment verified his former proposition, but certainly it did the latter. M. Picard, curé of the cathedral of Rouen, took out a paper, and began reading a copy of verses by himself, commemorating a recent fall from his horse of one of the tutors. At each verse the boys took up couplet and refrain, and sung it with hearty good will. This continued for some twenty or thirty stanzas. The boys needed but the hint. I thought to myself, I doubt whether it would improve the discipline of Eton to collect the boys in the long schoolroom together to commemorate an equestrian lapse of my friend C. or A., supposing them to have met with one. The refrain,

"Quel est ce cavalier là  
Qu'il mene bien son dada,  
Tra-la-la tra-la-la,"

sounded by 250 voices, still rings in my ears. This was succeeded by another song, recited in the same manner, on M. Robert's propensities to study the moon.

We supped, as before, upstairs, and had some pleasant conversation with the archbishop.



*Wednesday, July 12.*—The archbishop sent for us this morning, inquired into our views in visiting France, and gave us each an Imitation of Christ and a small cross which he had blessed. He expressed in the most cordial manner his pleasure at seeing us, and pressed us to visit him at Rouen. After an early dinner, M. P. L. Labbé insisted on taking us to see the old abbey church of Fécamp; we went partly by railway, and, as the diligence was waiting for the train from Havre, walked some three miles, and then took a char-à-banc from Goderville. We went to the curé's house at Fécamp; but he was building, and so we all lodged with M. l'Abbé Lefevre, formerly curate there, but now living with his sister without any direct charge. M. Labbé kept us, both at supper and dinner the next day, in continual merriment by his stories.

*Thursday, July 13.*—M. Beaucamp, the curé, took us all over the magnificent abbey church, dating from the tenth to the twelfth century, and nearly 400 feet long. He pointed out the variations in style and construction. It sadly wants the whitewash removed. This was last evening. This morning he took us *en pèlerinage* to Notre Dame de Salut, a chapel built by our Henry I, and one of four on this coast. The view was glorious over land and sea, the crag being 400 feet high. The poor fisherwomen at times mount the *côte* on their knees, to pray for their husbands' safe return. The *pays-de-caux* is a fine rolling country, with groves of beech at intervals, a broad expanse looking most rich and prosperous. Fécamp is stuck in a deep valley between lofty

downs. We enjoyed particularly M. Lefevre's hospitable reception, and went back for supper at Ivetot. The weather is delightful—a brilliant sun, with plenty of air.

*Friday, July 14.*—M. P. L. Labbé, in his extreme kindness, would take us to Rouen to lodge in the house of M. Picard, curé of Notre Dame. It is in places a very pretty road to Rouen by the railway. We were able to say our English office quite uninterrupted in the Lady Chapel of the cathedral about eleven. M. Labbé stayed with us all that day, taking us to different places. Amongst others, he went with us to the Carmelite convent, where we heard, but did not see, a sister who had been there fourteen years: she was formerly a penitent of his, but in all that time he had never seen her. The rule is that none but father, mother, sister, or brother, can have the curtain of the grille drawn back, behind which the sister speaks to her visitors. She was telling us how her little nephews saw her when they were very young and came with their mother, but when a little older were no longer allowed this privilege: so the mother sat on one side, with the curtain drawn back before her so that she could see her sister; but the children on the other, with the curtain drawn, could only hear her. This pained them so much that they did not like to visit her. The sister's conversation was anything but sad: she spoke with most lively interest of a Carmelite nun lately departed at Tours, who had foretold all the disasters under which France was now suffering, ascribing them to the general godlessness, specially on two points—the blaspheming of God's name and the profana-

tion of the Lord's Day. She gave us prayers composed with reference to this. When M. Labbé told her that we were not united to the Roman Church, she made a considerable pause, and seemed to draw her breath as if something unexpected had come upon her; then she said that she should pray earnestly for us, and that every Thursday with them Mass was said with special intention for England. She went for the prioress, who likewise spoke for some time; she had a most clear and pleasant voice, which it was delightful to hear.

In the afternoon M. le Curé and M. Labbé took us to call on the archbishop. He was very cordial—asked us to dine that day; and when we said we had already dined, repeated his invitation for Saturday, including M. Picard and his vicaire, M. de la Haye. Labbé was obliged to return. Before we left he insisted upon taking us over his palace. There is a splendid suite of rooms, terminating with a noble library: he has been collecting the portraits of his predecessors: he is himself the eighty-ninth archbishop. His palace is kept in repair at the public expense of the department, and three rooms are even furnished for him, an annual visitation of the furniture, as he himself told us, taking place. This *archevêché* is the ancient building, and of very great size—built as strong as a fortress: he showed us a window from which he had lately watched a barricade in the street below and saw a man killed. He took us last to the chapel—a plain Grecian building: hither the remains of the Empress Maud, lately discovered at the abbey of Bec, have

been placed provisionally. It was only at her own earnest prayer, that the emperor, her husband, allowed her to be buried in a monastery, saying that she was too great a lady to be buried save at Rouen. The archbishop said that he seldom celebrated publicly in the cathedral, only about four times a year, "mais par la miséricorde de Dieu je dis la Messe tous les jours dans ma chapelle."

M. le Curé's usual hours are to dine at twelve, before which he takes nothing, and to sup about eight. He asked two or three clergy continually to meet us, at one of these meals, during the three days we were with him. His reason for taking nothing before noon, is that, after saying Mass, he is continually so occupied by his parishioners, that many times he would be unable to breakfast, so he thought it better to make the rule absolute. The confessional is a very heavy burden—a couple of hours daily, on an average; and, before great fêtes, sometimes seven hours at a time. Labbé told us he had once heard confessions for twenty-three successive hours. This is a duty to which they may be called at any hour of the day or night. M. Picard and his curate, M. de la Haye, could hardly find time to dine with the archbishop on Saturday, at seven in the evening, and stole away as soon as they could.

*Saturday, July 15.*—Our good M. Labbé returned to Ivetot this morning; he had given me his room. In the afternoon M. Picard took us about to the Hôtel de Ville—the ancient Benedictine abbey of S. Ouen: in the public library

here we were shown the most magnificent gradual, full of very beautiful drawings. It had been used one hundred years before the Revolution, and, I should think, was unique, as we were told. The garden and corridors were occupied by National Guard; but M. le Curé's presence obtained us permission to survey the wonderful church, the masterwork of middle and late pointed Gothic, on that side, together with its *portail des marmouzets*, of matchless beauty. At S. Vincent's we saw eleven windows of very brilliant painted glass, which surround the choir, and are visible at once. We then walked up Mount St. Catherine, from whence the view of Rouen and the surrounding hills is charming. I have always thought the site of this city one of the finest I have ever seen, and it looked so to-day, under a July sun. We went on to Notre Dame de bon Secours, which is now nearly finished: the inside and western façade pleased us much. The latter has three portals, after the manner of the great mediæval churches dedicated in honour of Notre Dame, and is well combined and harmonised. The inside is of the architecture of our Edward II; very good upon the whole: all the windows of painted glass, not unmixedly good, but the whole effect very striking. It has cost £40,000, begged or given by the curé: a noble work indeed. The ex-votos are now inserted into the northern aisle. We should have liked to stay much longer here, but were hurried to return to the archbishop's dinner. We did not dine till half-past seven; nine in number, at a round table in a large hall. He apologised that it was *maigre*.

But, with the several kinds of fish, no one could have desired a better dinner. The archbishop, myself on his right, P. on his left, MM. Les Abbés Picard, de la Haye, Surgis, two others, and M. Barthélemi, the architect of bon Secours. We were struck by his conversation—he seemed a christian architect, which is a rare and valuable thing. During the evening the deplorable state of France, the overthrow of fortunes, the general cessation of trade, and the frightful excesses of the late conflict, were talked of. The archbishop mentioned a man taken with arms in his hand, who was on the point of being executed by the soldiers, when the general officer interfered, and, by his solicitude, saved his life. The culprit took a pistol from his waist, said “*Merci, Colonel,*” and shot him dead. He was immediately cut to pieces. Every one seems to agree that the Republic cannot last—that there must be a monarchy; yet that minds are so embittered, and passions so excited, that France must come to this only through lassitude of suffering. No one knows what a day may produce. In Rouen there is great suffering—the shopkeepers sell nothing—the workmen have no employment. At Havre the warehouses are crammed with goods, for which there is no sale. Landed property, if forced to be sold, will not fetch half its value. No one can tell how long this will go on, or what will be the end of it. France is in complete paralysis. The source of all this misery is a widespread infidelity, united with the rage for material enjoyments, and a refined taste in pursuing them.

The scale of the archbishop’s household seemed



to me decent and proper, without being that of the grand seigneur in any respect. I liked and respected him much more than if he could have had the twenty liveried servants of his predecessor the Cardinal Archbishop Prince of Croix, when high almoner to Charles X. He is now the earnest and laborious head of a toiling and suffering but most charitable and devoted clergy. The one hope of France lies in her children being taught from the cradle the *via crucis*, *via Regis*.

*Sunday, July 16.—Fête du sacré Cœur de Jesus.* After our own office in the morning we have been nearly six hours at the cathedral to-day, between High Mass in the morning—and Vespers, sermon, Compline, and Benediction in the evening. Certainly the keynote of all the Roman services is, "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us." The presence of the Incarnation broods like a spirit over all: gives meaning to every genuflection at the altar; life to every hymn; harmony to that wonderful array of saints, with the Virgin Mother at their head, who intercede with the most Holy Trinity, and join their praises with the angelic hosts, and the voices of feeble men suffering the conflict of the flesh. Around the Incarnation drawn out, applied to daily life, brought before the eye and the heart, enfolding the penitent at the confessional, exalting the priest at the altar, the whole worship revolves; children unconsciously live on it; mothers, through it, look on their children, till maternal love becomes itself deeper, warmer, and holier. Through it and by it the priest bears his life of toil and self-denial so easily, that charity seems like the breath by which he



lives. What is the secret of this? It is that daily approach in the morning to the Most Holy One ; that daily reception of Him, which deifies flesh and blood.

Such has been the impression of to-day's worship ; it was *devotion* indeed : that is, the ascending of the heart to its own Lord : not a perpetual effort to work on the understanding, but the lifting of the higher power, the spirit in man, by which all are equal, to God. This begins with the holy Sacrifice in the morning, and ends with the exhibition of that same tremendous Sacrifice, the Incarnation of Love, in the evening. "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us," is the first and last : He comes amid a cloud of His saints : they are powerful because they are His : their works are mighty because He works in them : their supplications prevail because they, being flesh and blood, have become partakers of the Word made flesh. She, most of all, whose most pure substance He took to make His own for ever : so that what came of her is joined in hypostatic union with God, and is God. Thus seen, the communion of saints is a real thing, embracing our daily life at a thousand points, the extension and drawing out of the Incarnation, understood by it, and in it. To those who do not realise that tremendous Presence at the altar the saints are so many sinful men and women made gods and goddesses, and those who reverence them idolaters. How much do people lose by such a misconception : how utterly do they fail to perceive the length and depth and breadth and height of the Truth : they halve and quarter the Incarnation and boast that they alone under-

stand it. These multiplied prayers and hymns seem to them a form, the bowing of the body a mockery, for they discern not Him who walks amid the golden candlesticks—it is emptiness to them, for He is not there.

The archbishop was kind enough to have us placed in the choir, just below the sanctuary.

At dinner at twelve M. le Curé had invited M. Surgis, M. de la Haye, and his two other curates, one of whom preached in the afternoon on the necessity of the cross, first to the righteous and then to sinners: he enlarged upon the many ways in which God brings both to Him by the application of suffering, humiliation, &c.

In the evening M. le Curé took us to pay our respects to the Archbishop once more. We heard much talk again of the deplorable state of France. He was very cordial to us, hoped we should not get near a barricade, and expressed his satisfaction at having met us.

*Monday, July 17.*—I had a quiet walk round St. Ouen and to the Lady Chapel there. I can fancy being able to retire to that church once a day being a consolation to many a life of toil. Yesterday, after the services, we seemed fit for nothing but to mount its roof and look on the great works of God around one there. At two we took a carriage to the séminaire of M. l'Abbé Lambert, Bois Guillaume. He is a person of fortune, who to satisfy his father entered the Ecole Polytechnique, and studied there for some time; but as soon as his father would consent, became a priest, to which he had always felt a vocation, and has given up his fortune to build

a college for boys of the higher class. He has a beautiful spot on the top of the hill to the north of Rouen, covered with a garden, an orchard, and rows of beech trees of some sixty years' growth. He has now fifty-two boys, and eight priests, with himself, to instruct them. The object is to give a really christian education, without directing the boys to receive Orders, which parents generally of that rank are much set against. Thus they only hear Mass twice on week days. We had a long conversation with him. He seemed much to regret the want of independence produced by, or at least existing in, French education. He receives a government inspector every year, though his house is his own. This inspector objected to the beds of his pupils having curtains, as making surveillance more difficult. I told him of my surprise to find at M. Poileau's academy, near Paris, a rule that two sick boys should never be in the infirmary alone. He said he should have expected such a rule. He inquired with interest about the independence of the English character. It struck me forcibly here what an immense advantage the rule of celibacy offers to the Church for education. Here were eight masters for fifty-two boys, and yet the pension so moderate as 1000 francs. At Eton, where the cost is nigh four times as great, the number of boys at the same proportion would require ninety-six masters, instead of about sixteen. But here all personal advancement is given up. There is no increasing family to be supported: personal gain or honour is neither *the* motive, nor *a* motive, but simply the higher one of fulfilling a great duty, and winning a bright crown. This

complete self-devotion seems necessarily killed by the marriage tie, so that the highest works both of the priesthood and of education are thus cut off; and it may be doubted how far, in the present relation of the State to the Church all over the world, any body of ministers who are involved in the closest ties with the world can meet the exigencies of the times, or maintain the most necessary and fundamental liberties of the Church, either as to dogma or as to discipline. The great masses seem everywhere to be in such a state of irritation, or ignorance, or prejudice, that nothing but the spectacle of great and daily self-denial, of zeal and learning, combined with poverty, and exhibited in the persons of those drawn from the people itself, or of those who surrender a higher rank to belong to the people, will make any great and permanent impression on them. The more I reflect, the more it appears to me that the priesthood and the ecclesiastical colleges of France have in them this element of success.

M. Lambert's college is to be a quadrangle, of the style of the old châteaux in Louis XIV.'s time. Two sides are nearly finished. It will be a very pleasing and appropriate building when completed, and is from the design of M. Robert. The boys now sleep in two dormitories, which, like all the house, are scrupulously clean and neat, the masters among them, the only discernible difference being a little wider space between a master's and the adjoining bed.

In the course of to-day, I asked a person well qualified to judge, whether the university colleges were now in a better state as to the morals of

their inmates: the answer expressed a fear that they were even worse.

We left our kind host M. Picard this afternoon, and went by railway to Mantes. It is a fine and noble country all the way; the view of Rouen as one passes over the bridge, under Notre Dame de bon Secours, is of ravishing beauty. The lofty banks of the Seine, 400 feet high, accompany one at a little distance, most of the way—and twice a tunnel cuts through them, and comes out suddenly on the peaceful banks of the river again. The country is cut on a broad and large scale, which contrasts strongly with the limited and smaller prospects in England. We reached Mantes just in time to have a look at the beautiful church of Notre Dame, worthy of its builders, Blanche of Castile and S. Louis.

*Tuesday, July 18.*—We attended a Low Mass at six this morning, in the Lady Chapel at Notre Dame; there were a good many people, Sisters of Charity, and Christian Brothers, and several communicants. This church is one of great purity and chasteness, and full of symbolism. The numbers seven and three perpetually occur in the windows and bays. There are seven bays of the nave, and seven round the apse—seven great rose windows over the vaulted triforium round the apse: many most beautiful windows of geometric tracery, with trefoils arranged in threes. In each bay of the nave the triforium has three smaller bays formed by most elegant colonnettes. The western façade, up to the gallery, is of rare dignity and beauty.

We reached Paris at a quarter past ten, and in

a few minutes were on our way to our Hotel Windsor; the soldiers were bivouacking in the railway station. I was then more than five hours writing my journal from the beginning. In the evening we walked to Notre Dame, along the quais, and to the Hôtel de Ville. The thoroughfares were thronged with National Guards, and an idle or unoccupied population. Woe to the nation of which these are rulers.

*Wednesday, July 19.*—We went to the Séminaire d'Issy to call on M. Galais, but found him out. Returning we called on M. l'Abbé Ratisbonne, and had a long conversation with him. I explained the motive of my coming to Paris; he was astonished to hear that there were yet persons of information and good faith among us who believe that Roman Catholics adore the Blessed Virgin, and put her, in some sort, in the place of our Lord. He said it was not honourable to impute such things to them; that she was a simple creature, advanced by God to the highest possible honour of being mother of our Lord. If there were nothing else objectionable in Protestantism, the disregard of the Blessed Virgin alone would repel and disgust him. Did the Apostles, in the presence of Christ, turn their back on His mother? "If," said he, "I had the honour to be acquainted with your mother, as I have to be acquainted with you, I should take good care in speaking to you not to turn my back on her." The conversation turned on the Pope's Primacy, both in an historical point of view, and still more as a moral necessity; but when I urged that the Episcopate was as a chamber of Peers, in which the Pope held the first



rank, he agreed, and said he was *primus inter pares*. He remarked on the bad way in which history had been written, and how little modern citers of original authors could be trusted as to expressions, which he had found numberless times in writing his life of S. Bernard. I inquired after his brother, who is now a deacon in a house of Jesuits, département de la Sarthe, I believe. Before parting he arranged for a subsequent meeting.

After dinner we walked again by the quais to Notre Dame—but it was already shut. The space round La Sainte Chapelle being part of the Palais de Justice was in full military occupation, and we did not see how to get in. Everywhere enormous numbers of National Guards are to be seen in possession of great public buildings, as so many garrisons in an enemy's land. We walked up the Rue S. Jacques, but there are very few traces of the very hot combat which is said to have raged here; how, indeed, that very narrow and ascending street could have been taken at all, is matter of wonder. If occupied throughout its whole extent by the insurgents, it must have been a most deadly battle-field.

We called on M. l'Abbé de Noirliu, but found that he was in the country.

*Thursday, July 20.*—Presented a letter of introduction to Monseigneur Parisis, Bishop of Langres. He is short, about sixty years of age, with very determined countenance. We had a rather long conversation, in which he promised to be of any service he could to me in seeing Catholic matters, and sent out for an Abbé to conduct us to different places; but as he did not find him



at home, he appointed us to come at seven P.M. When I told him that the worship of the Blessed Virgin was very generally imputed to Roman Catholics, he seemed much astonished, and thought that was gone by. "We account her," he said, "a simple creature, who has received from God the highest possible grace, to be the mother of our Lord. But all that she has is derived: to have life in oneself, or to derive it from another, is an infinite difference." I spoke of Dr. — and his book, and how little he appeared to me to have caught the Catholic idea. For instance, he had represented it as the duty of the French Bishops to defend the throne of Louis Philippe, rather than the Catholic faith. "It is wonderful, indeed," replied the Bishop, "how he can have supposed that, for we have been engaged throughout, and I foremost, in a struggle with Louis Philippe." He sketched the objects which we ought to see. "You must not look for the faith among the mass of the people here, for they have it not, but in religious houses, foreign missions, Catholic institutions, &c.—You have not had martyrs, I think, in the last twenty years: we have had many; and it is remarkable to observe how entirely the scenes of the first ages have been reproduced; the spirit of Christ has given birth to precisely the same answers to questions put to martyrs as of old by the spirit of the devil; and torments as terrible, tearing of the flesh, and hewing in pieces, have been borne. I was dining not long ago at the Foreign Missions, and was saying that the life of a missionary in China was not good, when all present

cried out at once, clapping their hands: 'Oh, yes; but it is good—it is good.' French missionaries have subsisted," he continued, "for a long time without even bread, which is much for us, though not for you; while yours go out with wife and children, pour faire le commerce." I spoke with wonder of Monseigneur Borie's life, and how he had been able to eat even rats, as the natives in Cochin China did. The late Archbishop's martyrdom was mentioned by him with fervour; and he spoke very kindly of Dalgairns, whom he had ordained.

We went again at seven to the Bishop of Langres, who arranged for M. l'Abbé des Billiers to take us round to different persons, and especially the Père de Ravignan.

*Friday, July 21.*—Went at half-past ten to the Bishop of Langres, who told us of the new concordat between the Pope and the Czar, which would appear to recognise the authority of the Roman Catholic Bishops much more than the French government does. He seemed to think it a great gain. M. des Billiers then took us to the Père de Ravignan: we found M. l'Abbé de Casalès, Member of the National Assembly, with him, and had a lively conversation for about half an hour. Le Père de Ravignan and M. de Casalès both maintained that Mr. Newman's theory of development was open ground. "Tout chemin mène à Rome," said the latter. "I know, by experience, how hard a matter it is to attain to the truth—that it is long in coming. It is the grace of God—not study, brings it. Thus, we have every feeling of charity for the

great movement in England.” They did not appear to think that Mr. Newman’s theory and that of Cardinal Bellarmine intercepted each other; and as we were five, there was no good opportunity of setting forth our conception on that point. Le Père de Ravignan has the most pleasing and attaching demeanour of any person I have met with—he seems the Manning of France. He begged us warmly to come to-morrow, any time from seven to twelve A.M.; assuring us that he did not think it lost time to converse with us. He spoke with great respect of Dr. Pusey.

M. des Billiers then took us to Les Missions Étrangères, Rue du Bac. One of the professors accompanied us to La Salle des Martyrs; round this apartment are ranged pictures by Chinese Christians, representing the martyrdoms of Monseigneur Borie, M. Cornay, and the tortures inflicted on native Christians; against one side are five cases, with glass fronts; that in the centre contains the nearly complete skeleton of M. Borie; on each side are the bones of M. Cornay, and M. Jaccard; those of a native Chinese priest, a martyr, and relics of S. Prosper, sent from Rome. On the opposite side is a long case containing memorials of different martyrs: chains, a letter written by M. Borie under sentence of death, his stole, parts of the cangue of native priests martyred, and also in a case the complete cangue of M. Borie, a frightful instrument of torture when fixed to the neck, and carried day and night, as it was by him under sentence of death, from July to November, 1838. The

young missionaries make a visit here every evening, and pray before these relics of their brethren, soliciting their intercession,—a fitting preparation, I thought, for so difficult a task. Over the door was a print “of the seventy servants of God,” martyred in Cochin China and those parts in the last few years.

In this house are about fifty young missionaries preparing to go into the East; of whom about twenty go out yearly. Many come there as priests, with strong recommendations from their several séminaires, bishops, &c. There is accordingly no fixed period for ascertaining their vocation, or instructing them. The readiness to give up friends and relations at home is a great step towards that perfect self-denial which is required for this office.

We were introduced to M. Voisin, who had been eight years in China, and returned in 1834. His account of the Chinese was that they were very ready to receive the Christian faith: that the notion of altar, sacrifice, and priest, was familiar to them; that they would not receive, indeed, a naked religion. Every house has its altar, and they burn incense before tablets containing the five words—Heaven, Earth, Relations, the Emperor, the Master. He showed us such a tablet, and a christian one, on the other hand, which set forth the existence of one God, eternal, all wise and all good, creating all things out of nothing. The government alone stands in the way of the conversion of the Chinese. He said that the remarkable resemblance to Catholic rites and tenets found in Thibet dates from Franciscan and Dominican

missionaries who laboured there with effect in the thirteenth century. The most ancient MS. of the Chinese are found not to go higher than the year A.D. 150, so that all discovered resemblances to Christian mysteries may have come from an early dissemination of the faith in China. They receive without hesitation the mysteries of the Trinity and the Incarnation, but reason against that of the perpetual virginity of the Blessed Virgin.

We saw here a professor who was under sentence of death in Cochin China, but escaped.

M. Galais took us this evening over the garden of the séminaire at Issy. I asked him for his view of the last revolution. He said he had two, and could not, unhappily, see which was most likely. First, that it was the purpose of God to punish to the utmost the wickedness, sensuality, and unbelief of the rich bourgeoisie, the middle class, who were willing to have religion as a police for the lower orders, but not as a spiritual rule of life; and in this point of view the most terrible convulsions might be expected. But, also, he was not without a hope that, as the Church in the fifth century had laid hold of the barbarians and moulded them into Christian polities, which for so many centuries bore noble fruits, so now, if she faithfully fulfilled her mission, if her priests were seen devoting themselves with a fervent charity to the task of teaching and converting the masses who are without God, and set bitterly against his Church, a like result might ensue, and society be saved from these extreme horrors. If the new archbishop was a man of organisation and capable of setting up institutions to penetrate the masses, there were

many men of the most devoted charity among the clergy of Paris, who would second and carry out his design. I asked what had been the especial merit of the Bishop of Digne, for which he had been chosen to succeed at Paris. He said that there had been for some time complaints among the clergy respecting that excess of power given to the bishops by the last concordat, by which three-fourths even of the curés of their dioceses are 'amovibles' at their pleasure; so that only the curés in cities and towns are 'inamovibles'; whereas according to the ancient canon law all were so, except upon a regular ecclesiastical judgment. Now it not unfrequently happened that the bishop, for good reasons doubtless, but not always acceptable to the incumbent, removed a curé, and hence a strong desire had arisen to limit the bishop's power in this respect. The late Archbishop had it in contemplation to erect a tribunal in his diocese, without the judgment of which a curé should not be displaced. The Bishop of Digne had already done this, and likewise given a constitution to his chapter, which also was a thing much desired by the chapters generally.

*Saturday, July 22.*—The Père de Ravignan received us this morning with the utmost cordiality. We had a full hour's conversation,—not at all polemical, for with that fraternal charity of his polemics never came to one's thought. He seemed to think the future state of France in the highest degree uncertain: that for the Church little was to be hoped from the false liberalism of the day—they would maintain, as long as they could, the state of subjection in which the Church is held.



I observed that the Holy See alone was a defence to the bishops in such a state of things ; otherwise the National Assembly might take it into its head to meddle with doctrines. It will not do that, he said : Elle se briserait. Yet even the abject poverty of the bishops has turned to good. It is known that they have not the hundredth part of what is wanted for the good of their dioceses—nothing for the petits séminaires, and very little for the grands séminaires ; and so they are largely assisted by the charitable. He spoke of the delight it was to him in reading the Fathers to see that it was the very same Catholicism then as now. I asked if he found *everything* in them. That, for instance, one of our most eminent theologians and preachers had told me that he had searched throughout St. Augustine for every single mention made of the Blessed Virgin, by means of the Benedictine Index, and had not been able to find one instance of her intercessory power being recognised, nor that any other relation of her to the Church, save an historical relation, was supposed. He replied that it was not St. Augustine's subject to speak of the Blessed Virgin ; that he wrote against the heresies of his day, as the other Fathers, against the Pelagians, Donatists, Manicheans : that, however, he mentioned the Blessed Virgin's fêtes, which involved her culte. St. Jerome, however, who was a little earlier, in his work against Jovinian, had treated of that subject. I inquired after M. Alphonse Ratisbonne : he said he had been his confessor shortly after his conversion. The facts of that, and its lasting effects, could not be denied : his sacrifice of his betrothed,



his fortune, everything,—his sudden change from an obstinate Jew to a Christian. He was baptized in their Church in Rome, after a retreat of eight days. The Père de Ravignan, at parting, gave us each a copy of his little book, *De l'Existence des Jésuites*. I asked if I might come again: he replied, "Come ten times,—as often as you like." We were both charmed with the calmness and charity of his manner. He speaks slowly, and seems to weigh every word. Logical force is said to be the great merit of his preaching.

M. des Billiers took us to the Pères Lazaristes, and we had a somewhat long talk with M. le Supérieur Général. He was good enough to give us a sketch of the objects for which his congregation was founded, to this effect:—About two hundred years ago, a lady was desirous to have the poor upon her estates better taught and instructed in the faith than they had been, and proposed for that purpose a certain endowment. But it so happened that no religious society then existing would accept the proposal. Thus S. Vincent de Paul was led to establish his congregation of priests; in the first instance, for the instruction of the poor on this lady's lands: by and by more and more came to him for assistance, and his institution grew by consequence. It came to have four objects in view. First of all, to provide good priests for country parishes: at that time the priests throughout the country in France were very ignorant, and the people, of course, much neglected, and scarcely knowing the first elements of the Faith, for seminaries had not yet been established according to the decree

of the Council of Trent. But, secondly, as good priests could not be made without training, S. Vincent de Paul had in view to educate them well in seminaries for the evangelising of the poor; and to this day, the Supérieur said, they were restricted to the care of the poor, and do not preach in cities at all, save in hospitals. Moreover, the third object was, that they might direct in perpetuity the Sisters of Charity; for the special task of these Sisters being to attend the sick, and, if need be, to convert or instruct them, the Saint considered it of the utmost importance that their own spiritual needs should be consulted for by a religious order specially charged with that care, and, consequently, he put both his congregations under one head; and the Supérieur Général of the Pères Lazaristes is likewise Supérieur Général of the Sisters of Charity. The fourth object, which grew out of the former three, was foreign missions; for wherever Sisters of Charity go, the Fathers must go also, working in relation to them, and with regard to the poor. They have now 600 missionaries, chiefly in the East: their labours extend to Syria, Smyrna, Constantinople, China, Brazil, the United States. They have at Constantinople 1200 children in their schools, of various creeds: no attempt at conversion is made in these schools; they are free to accept, or not, the religious instruction; but the Supérieur said, they were generally very glad to accept it. The moment, he said, liberty of conscience is allowed in Turkey, the Turks will be converted in large numbers. They are already strongly inclined to Catholicism: for the

Greeks they have a supreme contempt; but they trust and respect the Catholics: in money transactions the Sublime Porte chooses a Catholic agent. I inquired if the orthodox Greek Church (whom he called schismatic) had no missions: he said, it has neither missions nor schools—it is utterly dead—its priests are profoundly ignorant. These people have sinned against the Holy Ghost. He extended this charge of ignorance to the Russian priests. I observed that I had been told by an eye-witness that the Church in Russia had the same sort of hold on the mass of the population as it had in the Middle Ages in Europe; but he seemed to think both people and priests densely ignorant. Many converts, he said, are made to Catholicism from the Armenians and other sects; but hardly any from the schismatic Greeks; however, as soon as they are instructed, they will give up their schism. The Pères Lazaristes direct ten séminaires in France; the S. Sulpiciens twenty: the Société de la Rue Picpus two; the Maristes one or two; the rest are directed by diocesan priests chosen by the bishop. As we rose to leave I asked him if the Sœur de Charité were still living to whom the vision of the Blessed Virgin had been granted. He replied that she was. But you have heard, I suppose, the miracle which has happened lately. We said we had not. A young novice, he continued, of the Sœurs de Charité, on the 30th April last, received, in attending a sick sister, a most violent luxation of the vertebral column. The surgeon considered her case so full of danger that he refused to operate on it without calling in another. The head

was turned round and pressed closely on the left shoulder; paralysis had seized on the left side, and the right was beginning to be affected. The surgeon said an operation might be performed, but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it failed. She had been several days in this state; the Supérieure of the Sisters was asked for a written authorisation to operate on her; she did not like to agree to this, unless the patient herself demanded it. At length they determined on a neuvaine of prayers to S. Vincent de Paul, the feast of the translation of whose relics they were then celebrating. This began on Sunday, the 7th May. After this had begun, the patient expressed the most earnest desire to be carried into the Church of S. Vincent de Paul, and to be laid before the shrine containing his relics over the altar. She had the most confident persuasion that she should be cured by his intercession. Her confessor, as he told me, set himself against it as much as he could—he had given over her case, and was going to administer the last sacraments to her on the next day. At her repeated request it was referred to the Supérieur Général, and he gave his consent that she should be carried on a couch to the church between four and five in the morning. The Supérieur said to himself, as he told us, the case is desperate; if she dies on the way it will be no worse than it is now. She was accordingly carried to the church on Tuesday, the 9th of May, and laid before the altar; as the Mass went on, at the Gospel she took her face with both hands and pushed it round from where it had been pressed on the left shoulder

beyond its proper place to the right. At the elevation she tried to rise, but to no purpose. She received the Holy Communion with the utmost difficulty, and in the greatest pain; but, before the priest had finished the Mass, she rose of herself from her bed, perfectly cured, and knelt down. She stayed in the church while another Mass was said, *en action de grâces*; and then walked back to the house of the Sisters of Charity in the Rue du Bac (about ten minutes' walk). The Bishop of Carcassonne, who was in the church, about to say Mass at the time, was told by the Supérieur Général what had happened. He said to her, "Doubtless, you prayed fervently?" "No, my Lord," she replied; "I did not pray; I believed." ("Non, Monseigneur, je ne priais pas; je croyais.")

After this account I inquired of the Supérieur Général whether we might be allowed to see and speak with the young person to whom this had happened; "for," I said, "people in England will simply disbelieve it." He consented, and sent for a priest to take us to the house of the Sisters of Charity, with a request to the Supérieure to let us see the novice. This priest was her confessor; and from him we heard a great deal in confirmation of the above account; how hopeless her case had appeared, and how bent she was upon being carried before S. Vincent's shrine, which he had discouraged as much as possible. We also saw the Mère Supérieure, who gave the same information. At length the novice herself was introduced, who told the same tale in a very simple and natural way. She described herself as in such

a suffering state that she did not attempt to pray in the church; that she heard a sort of crack in her neck, and thereupon thrust her face round from the left to the right side—so that the sister, who was with her, put it back just right; but after this she continued in extreme pain and weakness; tried in vain to rise at the Elevation; and only a little after receiving the Holy Communion felt suddenly quite well. She had never since felt the least return of her pain. I asked her how the accident had happened. She said she had taken up the sick sister to support her, when, by some mishap, the whole weight of her body fell on her neck. Others told me that her confidence of being healed had been so great, that before she was carried to the church she had said to the sister waiting on her, “You may put my ‘couvert’ in the refectory for to-morrow, for I shall return on foot.” When the surgeon came, after her return, to see her, the sister told him that the patient had no need of his services. “What! she is dead!” he said. “No,” replied the sister, “she is cured.” “She is cured! How?” He then asked to see her; and was obliged to confess that it was a perfect cure. M. Hervé stutters a little, and his agitation at finding a patient in such a state so unexpectedly cured added to this defect. I was told that he shook her head about in every direction, exclaiming, “C’était cassé! c’était cassé! c’était cassé!” There is accordingly the attestation of the Supérieur Général of the Pères Lazaristes, of the Supérieure of the Sisters of Charity, of the priest her confessor, and of the patient herself, for this cure; besides the sisters who spoke of it to us.



We drove in the evening to Notre Dame, St. Gervais, and La Madeleine. The latter was lighted, and many were at private prayer before the Holy Sacrament, or waiting for confession.

*Sunday, July 23.*—Our own office at home. Part of High Mass in St. Thomas d'Aquin. The churches in Paris have a certain official air. I like them better in the provinces. M. des Billiers took us to the Société de la Rue Picpus, and presented us to its Supérieur, the Archbishop of Chalcédoine (formerly Latin Archbishop of Smyrna). He gave us a sketch of the rise and objects of this society. In 1794 l'Abbé Coudrin, seeing the destruction and desolation of all holy institutions, was inspired with the thought of founding a religious society at once to repair by the perpetual adoration of the Holy Sacrament of the altar, day and night, the disorders, crimes, and profanations of every kind, which were taking place; to bring up youth in the knowledge of the truths of salvation, together with the elements of profane science; to form young Levites, by the study of theology, for the service of the sanctuary; to bring back to God, by preaching, an alienated people; and to evangelise the heathen. L'Abbé Coudrin at this time was in daily danger of his life, and was concealed in a barn. At the end of the year 1794 a pious lady, Madame Aymer de la Chevalerie, just delivered from prison, into which she had been thrown, with her mother, for having concealed a Catholic priest, offered her assistance to l'Abbé Coudrin, to carry out his designs with regard to her own sex. Hence arose les Dames des Sacrés Cœurs de Jésus et de Marie, who devote them-



selves to the perpetual adoration of the Holy Sacrament, and to the education of young women, and who now count more than twenty establishments in France, and two in Chili, one at Valparaiso, and the other at Santiago. All these establishments are directed by priests of this Congregation.

The Abbé Coudrin gathered by degrees a number of young persons round him, and succeeded in setting his Congregation on foot, which was recognised in 1817 by Pius VII. In the year 1837 he died, having witnessed many establishments of his Congregation in France; the foundation of one at Valparaiso: many of his disciples evangelising the Polynesian islands, and two of his children bishops, M. Bonamie, first Bishop of Babylon, and then Archbishop of Smyrna, and M. Rouchouze, Vicar Apostolic of Eastern Oceania. On his death the former was chosen for the government of the Congregation by its general chapter.

At present the Congregation has, besides twenty-four establishments in France, two houses in Chili, and two in Belgium; one at Louvain, the other at Enghien, for instruction of youth. It has about one hundred missionaries, priests and catechists, in the Sandwich Islands, the Marquesas, Oceania, and elsewhere.

The object of the institution is to retrace the four periods of our Lord's life: His infancy, His hidden life, His evangelical life, and His crucified life.

With respect to our Lord's infancy, gratuitous schools are kept for poor children; and larger

schools, to which a certain number of young persons is admitted free of charge, according to the resources of each establishment. Those intended for the Church are here prepared for their sacred functions.

As to our Lord's hidden life, all members of the Congregation are to imitate it by repairing in the perpetual adoration, day and night, of the Most Holy Sacrament, the wrongs done to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and of Mary, by the sins which are committed.

Priests imitate our Lord's evangelic life by the preaching of the Gospel, and by missions.

Lastly, all members of the Congregation should recall, so far as in them lies, our Saviour's crucified life, by practising with zeal and prudence works of christian mortification, specially in the mastery of their senses.

In 1833 Gregory XVI. entrusted to the Society of Picpus the missions of Eastern Oceania.

There are houses for the novitiate at Issy, near Paris, at Louvain, and at Graves, near Villefranche. It continues not more than eighteen, nor less than twelve months. Here are priests and candidates for the priesthood, preparing themselves to live under the laws of religious obedience, and to devote themselves either to the instruction of youths, or to missions, or to the direction of souls, in the post assigned to them by their obedience; or to deeper studies, which shall enable them to serve the faith according to the talents God has given them.

Young men and adults likewise are received, who, without being called to the ecclesiastical

state, wish to consecrate themselves to God for the advancement of His glory, and the assuring of their own salvation by the practice of religious virtues.

Priests besides, and laymen, are received as boarders, who, desirous not to remain in the world, wish to prepare themselves in retirement, and the practice of the virtues of their estate, for their passage from time to eternity.

This society has just applied to the government for permission to send out chaplains with those who shall be transported for their participation in the late revolt. I do not know a higher degree of charity than this; and many other priests have inscribed themselves for this service.

In the chapel we saw one of the brethren continuing the perpetual adoration of the Holy Sacrament.

The Archbishop spoke in terms of great contempt of the ignorance of the Greeks; and likewise anticipated a large conversion of the Turks, whenever liberty of conscience is allowed. He had just sent out some missionaries to Oceania.

Both going and returning, we passed the spot at the entrance of the Rue du Faubourg S. Antoine where the late Archbishop received his death wound. The house near was severely battered, and in different places along the Rue S. Antoine, and in the Faubourg, were the marks of balls; but altogether the insurrection has left much fewer traces behind than one could have expected.

Returning we looked into the Sainte Chapelle, S. Louis' peerless offering in honour of the Crown of Thorns. It is a perfect gem of the thirteenth

century, and the under chapel is almost as beautiful; but nothing has been done since last year. All round works were going on in the Palais de Justice, though it was Sunday. Indeed, in this respect, the aspect of Paris generally is that of a heathen city.

At four we went to a Benediction at M. l'Abbe Ratisbonne's house, to which he had invited us. His sisterhood of Converted Jewesses sung the Psalms very nicely. Nothing, to my mind, can be more solemn or touching than this ceremony, when the priest takes the ostensoire in his hand, and blesses the people, *Benedicat vos Omnipotens Deus, Pater, et Filius, et Spiritus Sanctus*. One seems to hear the words of God Himself.

We then adjourned to the *parloir*, with M. Ratisbonne, Lady —, and Mr. —, a Scotch minister. Here we conversed about various matters: magnetism, true and false miracles, &c. They asked about my visit to the Tyrolese Stigmatisées. Lady — told a story, in one point of which, in spite of its bizarrerie, I found something which strangely takes hold of the mind. We had been talking of that Egyptian witchcraft by which an unknown person is said to be seen in a child's hand. She observed that M. Laborde had purchased this secret, and had been able to do the thing; — having afterwards become a Christian, he abstained from it. Lord —, it seems, had told her respecting one of the — family, that he had come back from Italy with the firm persuasion that he should not survive a certain day: the source of this persuasion was, a prophecy made to him by a Venetian sorceress, and to two of his

friends, who both died violent deaths at the time specified. Lord —— treated this notion of Mr. —— as an imagination; however, he made him promise that he would visit him on the day he mentioned. After going to England, Mr. —— returned to Paris, and there Lord —— met him again. One day the friends who were with him told him that Mr. —— was ill with a fever, and though he thought himself better, and intended to go to a ball at Lady Granville's, they thought ill of him. In a short time Mr. —— died. A few days after Lord —— had been dining, and the dessert had just been removed, when the door opened, and the figure of Mr. —— walked into the room. Lord —— said, 'What, ——, is that you? I thought you were dead.' The figure assented. 'Will you take a chair?' said Lord ——. 'Are you happy?' An expression of indescribable sadness passed over the face, and he shook his head. 'Can I do anything for you?' said Lord ——. Again he shook his head. 'Why, then, have you appeared to me?' 'Because of my solemn promise,' the figure said. 'Since, then,' replied Lord ——, 'you say I can do nothing for you, I beg one favour of you,—that you would go away, and never return again.' The figure complied, and walked out of the room. I don't think I should have thought this story worth repeating, but for M. Ratisbonne's remarks on it. He said, 'I can well believe this may have happened, for we are surrounded with beings that we know not. A sense is wanting to us, and if but a veil dropped, we might see this room crowded with beings who look on us. Besides, appearances of this kind are continually happening, and I believe

it from what occurred to myself.' 'Occurred to you!' I said. 'What do you mean?' 'I had been called in,' he answered, 'once at Strasburg, to administer extreme unction to a young married lady. I found her in the agony of death, screaming fearfully; her husband was supporting her in his arms on the bed. I administered the last unction to her; and an effect followed which I have often observed: she became calm, and died in the utmost peace. Some days afterwards I was in my room about noon, looking out on the garden. Suddenly I saw her within two steps of me, the same exactly as when living, but with a great brightness all around her. She made a motion to me of inexpressible sweetness and happiness, as if thanking me for a great service, and disappeared. At the first moment I felt a thrill like an electric shock; but this passed. I mentioned this vision afterwards to a friend, and to her husband. I had known but little of her.' I asked if he was quite sure this was not an illusion, but he had no doubt about it. Of the many stories of this kind one has heard, this is the first told me by the person to whom it happened.

The heat to-day was intense, and it was followed about eleven o'clock by a violent thunderstorm and torrents of rain.

*Monday, July 24.*—P. left me at twelve. I dread exceedingly the being alone in Paris, but for the object I have in view I must try to get on for a few days.

Called on M. Bonnetty, who was very cordial. He asked about the movement in England, and the state of minds. Likewise on M. Gondon, to



deliver Mr. N.'s letter. I had a very long talk with him on the state of minds in England. He expressed the greatest dislike of the *Tablet*; said Dr. Wiseman had done all he could against it. Dr. W. had multitudes of letters from persons asking what they should do if they became Catholic. He spoke with feeling of the great sacrifice those made who did so; that, if married especially, all means of subsistence were closed to them; and their family often gave them up. He asked what those who had been converted did. I said I believed many were in great difficulties. Louis Philippe had, during his reign, appointed more than half, or nearly two-thirds, of the French bishops: his notion was to get "des Evêques complaisants; mais il avait la main malheureuse." Except three or four, all that he had appointed had proved themselves men of firmness and courage; and had not been willing to sacrifice the liberty of the Church to his smiles. I inquired if the late Archbishop had not once been too much inclined to the liberal side. Louis Philippe, he said, had appointed him in that hope; but he had opposed the utmost firmness to the King's attempt; so that latterly the King called him a downright porcupine,—there was no laying hold of him on any side. Twice his addresses to the King had not appeared in the *Moniteur*, which was as great an insult as could be offered. I remarked what a great blessing it was to the French Church to have firm and courageous bishops. He spoke with enthusiasm of the choice of the Bishop of Digne for Paris; it was better than could have been hoped for: he was a man of great energy,



and would leave no abuse uncorrected. The late Archbishop had some little Gallicanism, but the new one was entirely Ultra-montane.

I was some time at La Madeleine this evening. This church is never so grand as when the solitary lamp is burning before the altar, and a few worshippers here and there come, in the silence of the evening, to offer their prayers. I observed several common soldiers who thus came in, knelt for a short time, and went out again.

At nine went with M. des Billiers to see the Bishop of Amatha, Vicar Apostolic of Western Caledonia. He was lodging in a house of the Maristes, Rue du Mont Parnasse; and had all the simplicity of a missionary. He received us in his sleeping-room, which was not even ordinarily comfortable. We had an hour's conversation with him. His society has been lately established, the actual Superior General being its founder—it is named after the Blessed Virgin; they take the three vows, and are bound especially to the practice of simplicity. The objects of their institution very much resemble those of the Société de la Rue Picpus. They have now four bishops in Western Oceania. "We did not choose this sphere for our labours," said the Bishop, "the Pope assigned it to us." The bishop lately massacred in those parts was of their society. The Bishop of Amatha has in all twenty-six missionaries under him—he is going out with eleven; and this very day, after many fruitless attempts, has received the promise of a free passage in the first government ship, for himself and his companions. As the transit costs 2000 francs

a head, this was matter of great importance to him, as he has 40,000 francs to set him off, with his missionaries, from the Société de la Propagation de la Foi; but nothing for his after support. Thus, they live by cultivating the earth—and, he says, the natives are only excited to labour by seeing them labour. When asked whether the savages were more inclined to Protestantism or Catholicism, he answered, “They are ready to take whichever comes first; but in the long run we expel the Protestants. They see that we are consistent and invariable in what we teach—that we come and settle among them without wife or children; that we do not trade; and so they are unable to assign any motive for our conduct but charity to them; and this in the end works upon them.” By the bishop’s account he and his missionaries live in the midst of the savages. He seems about thirty-eight or forty years of age—able to “endure hardship,” and quite willing, in a state of the most apostolic poverty. He knew and spoke highly of Bishop Broughton—also had heard a high character of Bishop Selwyn. I said, there was not upon the earth a bishop of a more Catholic heart or greater charity than he. He said, he heard he had put down trading among his missionaries, and brought them into order. “He is living,” I said, “just the same life which you have described, cultivating the earth with his missionaries.” The bishop’s expression was, “We try to make the savages men, and then Christians. We have been calumniated as though we were agents of the French government; this will tell you,” he said, “whether that is true”: and he

read me an official letter refusing him a free passage. "This would not have been were we government agents." He spoke highly of the Anglican missionaries, but very badly of the Methodists—"they will do anything, by any means, against us—but the others are men of education and good faith, and act honourably." Two Anglican ministers in Sydney, he said, had lately gone over to them; and a third, the best preacher in the city, was expected. They had a splendid cathedral there, which had cost £40,000, and some 15,000 Catholics—the Anglicans about 2000, the Methodists 10,000. (I am told this is entirely incorrect; the numbers of the English Church are far greater.) "We want but England to be Catholic," he said, "in order to convert the world; men we can send in abundance in France, it is your resources we need." I said, "You must pray for that." "We do pray constantly for it," he said. He alluded to the corrupt state of morals in Sydney. At parting he regretted he could not answer my visit, as he was going to Auvergne, his own country, to-morrow, to see his family before leaving France.

It is, I think, impossible to conceive a higher degree of charity than the going to live among savages in Oceania. Banished from country and friends, without family ties or support from domestic affections—in danger at times of massacre, and always subject to every species of personal discomfort. If this be not an Apostolic life, I am unable to conceive what is.

*Tuesday, July 25.*—Went to a Low Mass at S. Roch: this is a poor uncomfortable church. I

do not like the demeanour of people at Paris, compared with those in the country; they seem afraid to show reverence.

M. des Billiers took me to the Hôpital Necker, for men and women, near the Rue de Sevres: his friend the almoner took us round; he seemed an example of the old French character, polite and gay, with a natural spring of cheerfulness, which woke a corresponding chord in every one he addressed. I was pleased to see, as we went through the wards, in which were several wounded in the affair of June, how every face of man, woman, and child lighted up with pleasure as he addressed them. This hospital is served by eighteen sisters of charity. After this nothing would do but he must take us to l'Institution des Aveugles, though he left a party in his own rooms. I have never been over an institution more interesting or more worthy of support than this. I had a feeling of dread in entering, to see all around me boys and girls deprived of the most precious of the senses—here, however, charity seems to have done all that is possible to alleviate their loss. They are employed in a great variety of occupations, not only reading, writing, and music, but in carpentering, printing, turning with the lathe, making shoes and slippers, and a great many other trades. Boys on one side and girls on the other were walking about the house and the garden as freely as if they possessed the blessing of sight—all seemed cheerful and even happy. We watched with astonishment a blind boy using a sharp instrument in turning the lathe, with as much precision and fearlessness as if he saw.

Many likewise were practising music, and the sudden smiles which mantled over their countenances every now and then were pleasant to behold. I bought for twelve francs a pair of candlesticks, turned and polished with the utmost nicety,—all done by the blind. The eye can detect no inequality or variance in the work; they are as if they came out of a first-rate shop in London or Paris. It is true that this spectacle was after all not without pain; for even while feeling the charity which had successfully devised so many occupations for creatures lying under such a loss, the expression of each face, deprived, as it were, of its soul, afflicted one—and here were two hundred young people of both sexes in this condition; very often likewise their faces were otherwise deformed. We asked one lad to read to us: he passed his fingers rapidly over letters raised a little above the paper, and read us tolerably fast a passage respecting English rule in India, in which, oddly enough, my own name occurred. Another mode of reading, not by letters, but by other marks representing letters, and similarly raised, seemed more difficult, or the reader had less practice. Another blind man wrote a short sentence which we dictated to him respecting our visit. This seemed done by a very complicated instrument, which had about sixteen points, capable of forming all the letters and figures, in a sort of square hand; several of these points went to make a single letter; and they were touched by the hand as rapidly as I have seen lace-makers fix their pins. One blind boy kindly directed us over to the female part of the house:

they move up and down stairs and about the corridors without hesitation. Our friend and conductor had a kind word for every different party, and seemed quite at home. It would have been impossible to be out of sorts in his company ; he was ever chirruping round one.

Afterwards M. des Billiers walked with me to the Enfants Trouvés, Rue d'Enfer. I had once before seen a house of this kind at Rouen, and this renewed all one's feelings of admiration and love for S. Vincent de Paul. If ever charity flowed in any human breast, it was in his. When people scruple at admitting some material miracle, such, for instance, as that mentioned above, wrought before his shrine, they forget that the whole life of this saint was a spiritual miracle infinitely more astonishing. It is a simple exercise of God's *creative* power attending, it is true, on the virtue flowing over from our Saviour to His saints, that a malady is removed by the intercession of a saint, whose relics are approached in faith, but that man's naturally selfish and fallen spirit should become a shrine of self-denying, patient, suffering, and conquering love, from the baptismal font unto the grave, is a miracle of God's *redeeming* power, of His election working in union with His creature's will, which does, indeed, awaken the greatest astonishment. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also ; and greater works than these shall he do ; because I go unto my Father." It is said not to the Apostles, nor to those on whom they laid their hands, nor to the first ages merely, but without limit of time.



In the room where the infants exposed are first received there are eighty-five cradles; many of them were tenanted, some by infants apparently dying, or, again, only that day received; one was lying, just arrived, not yet undressed, washed, and clothed,—the children of shame and disease, too often; always, I fear, of misery; one could not look upon them without the deepest commiseration, or the highest regard to those sisters of charity (for this hospital there are thirty-two), who fulfil their mission towards these the veriest outcasts of the world. The sister who took us round told us that twelve a day were baptized on an average; sometimes as many as thirty. If they survive the first few days, they are sent into the country to be nursed; but they are brought up in different houses, instructed for various trades, and kept, if necessary, till twenty-one years of age. At present the use of the tower is suspended during the day, but at night infants are so received, left sometimes without rags to cover them; a little badge is put on each, and any particular marks about them noted. In the day they are received upon the attestation of a public officer. We went through the ophthalmérie, and infirmerie. It was most interesting to see these little creatures of various ages, but nearly all suffering, finding from those who had become their parents in Christ the mercy which their natural parents had not shown them. I said to the sister that I feared they had few English among them: she assented. When will my country be foremost again in these works of saintly charity, in this bearing of the cross amid



the sins and miseries of a fallen world? Would that instead of so much earthly wealth she were once more the isle of Saints. But this is impossible, so long as she denies, despises, or misunderstands the honour due to the virgin estate of those consecrated to God, or the power of Christ's sacrifice conveyed from the Lord to His members.

*Wednesday, July 26.*—Had about an hour's conversation with the Père de Ravignan. He asked me if I knew the Comte de Montalembert, said his intended preface to the life of S. Bernard, on the religious orders, had already swollen to three volumes: he regretted that the Père Lacordaire was not in Paris, for me to see him. I asked why he had quitted the National Assembly. That, he said, has caused us some pain. His own generous nature led him to think that he might induce the liberal members there to extend their liberality to the Church, and to countenance liberty of teaching: but he soon found his mistake in this; they were false liberals, ready enough to apply their views to State matters, but not ready to carry them into the domain of thought. They were liberal *against* the Church, and despots *over* it. M. Lacordaire had not entered the Assembly to gratify any wish of his own; he sat there on the Mountain; but this state of things, this difficult and confined position in which he could not act freely, was most repugnant to his disposition. So he resigned; it might have been better fully to have considered the reality beforehand. As to the salaries given to the clergy, le Père Lacordaire was not for discontinuing them.

No doubt, miserable as they are in amount, and given in exchange for ample estates, it would be desirable to do without them, were it possible. But as the clergy is mainly drawn from the lower classes, this is not possible; and the small "casuel" they receive for baptisms, marriages, and interments, is necessary to eke out their scanty incomes. It was sad to see such a remuneration made to its clergy by a Catholic country, while England, he said, allowed such comparatively liberal stipends to the same class.

I asked him what were the strongest books on the Roman Primacy. He said the Brothers Ballerini, and Valemberg's Controversies. I remarked that for nearly three years my attention had been fixed on this subject, and that I had pursued it through Councils and Fathers down to the conclusion that the Pope had indisputably a primacy of order (or honour) in the whole Church, but had not a primacy of jurisdiction over the East. He did not advance anything new on this point. He quoted the usual passages of S. Irenæus, S. Victor, S. Cyprian, S. Augustine. I had considered, I said, all these, and a great multitude of others, but still my conclusion was against the primacy of jurisdiction, as concerning the Oriental Church. He then attempted to meet this by the paucity of documents in early times; but I said those which actually existed told against the Roman claim. "Suppose," said he, "you were to admit the Roman hypothesis; would you not find it solve all the passages?" I said this was the very way in which I had studied the question, and come to just the contrary conclusion. He said

that he understood English, and would read my book, which I had offered to send him, and let me know his answer to my view.

I was struck again with the charity of his manner, and with his likeness to Manning. Went for half an hour to the adjoining church of S. Vincent de Paul. His shrine is still open over the altar. I saw various articles, clothes, books, crosses, carried up and put against the glass covering his relics, for the purpose of blessing them.

At one went to the distribution of prizes at the Petit Séminaire, 21. Rue N. D. des Champs. The four *grands vicaires* of the Chapter of Paris sat in front, to crown with a chaplet the gainers of the prizes, and to present books to them and those who gained an accessit. There were a good many other clergy, and a tolerable number of laity, men and women, present, friends evidently of the young men and boys. I could not but be struck here, as elsewhere, with the great number of plebeian and unintellectual faces among the clergy (to which, however, the four *grands vicaires*, and some others, were exceptions). As for the laity present, male and female, it was a mass of unredeemed ugliness. One of the professors read a very long address to the pupils, passing in view the whole life of the late Archbishop, his studies, labours, writings, acts, and lastly, his martyrdom and burial, not forgetting his solicitude for them. One of the last of his public acts was the coming there on Whit-Sunday, a fortnight before his fatal wound. I did not think this address good—it was monotonous both in tone and delivery;—very remarkable is the difference

in the sound of the French language when read and when spoken. The recitation is so peculiarly spondaic, stiff, and conventional, in the former case; while, in the latter, it is easy and flowing. When this was done, the giving of prizes began. It took an hour; and no wonder, for at least two hundred wreaths and two hundred sets of books, single or double, were to be distributed. Many indeed received several wreaths and prizes. The winners came forward, ascended four or five steps, and were successively crowned and saluted on each cheek by one of the *grands vicaires*; now and then they were taken to a friend or relative, male or female, when present, to receive their crown. It was put on the head, and then carried in the hand. I thought that at least the principle of emulation was not discouraged. But the great number of subjects which were rewarded was as remarkable as the number of prizes. It seemed as if they never would end. There was Excellence and Sagesse: Greek, Latin, and French composition; Latin verse; Philosophy, Rhetoric, Geography, English Language, &c.; and most of these divided into different forms. No merit could be said to be neglected. There was a first prize, and a second, and sometimes three accessits besides; and some reached nine, or even ten rewards. I dare say they all felt as young Greeks receiving the laurel crown. Certainly the mounting those steep stairs, in order to receive their crown, must have been a nervous operation.

At the conclusion one of the *grands vicaires* rose, and delivered a few words to the pupils with great simplicity and ease; the day of return was

then announced for Thursday, 5th Oct. I marked many ingenuous and pleasing countenances among the successful candidates. A father near me was in a state of the greatest excitement at the prizes of his son, a lad of thirteen.

I went over for a few minutes to the exquisite chapel of les Dames de bon Secours, or Gardemalades: it was quite silent; and I could enjoy its beauty without interruption. I was told yesterday that the labours of these sisters by sick beds materially shorten their life; and that they enter the society with the full consciousness that the service they undertake is injurious and often fatal. Their work is, to attend on sick persons of good condition, and to use the opportunity, which sickness rarely fails to present, of directing the thoughts to religious subjects. A payment of five francs a day is made to the institution for their services.

Went to M. Gondon, who took me to the Comte de Montalembert's reception. The Bishop of Langres there, M. l'Abbé de Casales, two other members of the Assembly, also M. Bonnetty, M. de S. Chéron, translator of Hurter's *Life of Innocent III.*, and about ten other gentlemen. La Comtesse was in Belgium, visiting her family. I had some talk with the Bishop. M. de Montalembert began a conversation about England, which interested me. "I am in great fear for you; if you resist the present crisis, as you did the first revolution and Napoleon, it will be a great glory. The glory of England is already great, but that will be almost miraculous. It is the struggle of paganism against religion. I admit

that you have in England a larger amount of religion on the whole than any other country has : *c'est une religion bien mince*, you will agree with me : there are very few among you who hold an integral Catholicism ; but, however, religion of some sort there is. Yet, in spite of this, the great mass of your people is become heathen ; they look at your books and your lives, and believe there is no other life, for you have taught them practically there is none. It is all very well to tell them that, were property divided among all, they would get some eleven shillings a week ; whatever it be, they will try for it : if they do not believe in the next life, they will try to get something out of this. And then look at the state of things all over the Continent. If England outrides this storm, it will be marvellous. I wish she may with all my heart, but she alone remains." He seemed to think the German and Italian unities, if constituted, would alter the balance in Europe. As for the state of France, no one, I imagine, can tell what is coming. M. de Montalembert and two others are the only members of the old House of Peers sitting in the Assembly. There is a fair number of old deputies ; but the great mass of the rest are utterly unworthy, from education, position, or any merit whatever, to represent France. They are not up to any of the questions which present themselves. And from such an Assembly France is to receive a constitution. Of the French generals at present in power, M. Bédau is the only one who is religious : I heard lately a remarkable trait of him. When in Africa with his army he met a priest, went forward to him, took him aside to some

distance, and confessed to him ; he then returned to his army, and said, if any one liked to follow his example, he would wait for him ; they were going to fight, and no one could calculate the chances of war. How many did the like I did not hear.

*Thursday, July 27.*—M. des Billiers came to go with me to M. Hervé, the surgeon of Les Sœurs de Charité, to get his account of the material facts attending the healing of the novice on the 9th of May. We found him out, but Madame Hervé gave the same account as we had before received ; and told us if we would call later we could see M. Hervé. I did so, and he then said that he had deposited a medical account of the whole thing with the sisters, which I might see in the Rue du Bac.

I went again to call on M. de Noirliu, but found him out. On the way went into the old abbey church of S. Germain des Près : since I was last there the whole choir has been painted. I think this is the most pleasing and impressive of all the churches at Paris. I could not be there without emotion, considering the long line of Benedictines who had worshipped within those walls, and deserved so well of the Church of Christ by studying and editing her great Fathers. I saw commemorated in one monument three great names—Mabillon, Descartes, and Montfaucon ; of the second, I think it was said, “qui luce, quam indagavit, nunc fruitur” : this comprehends everything,—to enjoy that light. O utinam !

I have been looking to-day at a short account published here : “Sur les soixante-dix serviteurs mis à mort pour la foi en Chine, en Tonkin,



et en Cochin-Chine, déclarés vénérables par notre S. Père le Pape Grégoire XVI." It is a wonderful history; the deeds and sufferings of the early Church exactly reproduced in our own times. These martyrs were even more savagely tortured than those of old by the Romans. And some of them are only four or five years older than oneself, some of them natives of China, younger; so that while I have wasted my days in vanity, others, sharers of this same flesh and blood, have entered the noble army of martyrs. And if charity dispenses the place of the redeemed in the mansions on high, near to their Lord assuredly will be their place, who passed from the midst of a deceiving and voluptuous civilisation, unstained and unallured, into the midst of a population lying in the valley of the shadow of death; low, grovelling, filthy in mind and body, and this to save some souls, if it might be, out of that otherwise condemned mass. It would seem as if out of corruption at its worst degree the highest, purest, and most self-denying charity were to go forth, to show that God's arm is not shortened, and that we might be, if we would, all that the martyrs of old were. Moreover, the people of Cochin China are naturally of a peculiarly timid disposition; yet many have been found to emulate the courage of European priests and bishops, in bearing the most prolonged torments and trials. What a horrible thing does it seem, that we should be practically taught, that the system which produces these men is such a corruption of God's revelation as is but a step removed, if removed at all, from idolatry.

Walked about the gardens of the Tuileries and through the Boulevards this evening: the population of Paris seems to pour itself out with delight here; and no wonder, for what great city has so pleasing a place of recreation for all classes, not the great and rich merely, as the gardens of the Tuileries. To me especially they bring back long past years. But I don't at all like being alone in this Babylon.

*Friday, July 28.*—I met the Bishop of Langres and a party, who went over Gerente's painted glass manufactory, 13. Quai d'Anjou. He seems to have reached the colours of old glass, and showed us the process by which all the appearance of antiquity is given to new glass. By means of acids he produces imperfections in glass which was smooth and clear; thus heightening the tone of other parts. Even chemists have been unable to discern the difference between two pieces of glass, one ancient and one modern. He said — was a humbug; Waille was the best English worker, but Hardman would be so soon.

Went into Notre Dame for some time: in spite of the grandeur of many parts of this church, I always feel dissatisfied with it as a whole. Went also to S. Severin, to a little chapel of the Blessed Virgin, the altar of which, and figure of the Virgin and Child, please me much. Took a letter from Labbé to M. Dupanloup, but he was not in Paris. Called likewise twice on M. Defresne, but he was out; and took a letter to the Bishop of Orleans, but he could only be seen between eight and nine in the morning. In the evening I found Mr. A. Coppinger at

home, and had a long talk with him. He seems to think there is no chance whatever for Henri Cinq; that the sentiment of loyalty, of the duty even of obeying authority, is in the multitude utterly extinct. The rich shopkeeping classes are universally unchristian; so that in repressing the last *émeute* of June, even the revolvers behaved with more respect in the churches than the Garde Nationale sent to fight them. The root of French misfortune is the thoroughly bad education given to men in all but the ecclesiastical schools. They regard Christianity as if they were outside it: the Gospel as a very beautiful book, doubtless, but not one commanding obedience from them. Living upon a civilisation, the whole force of which is derived from Christianity, they think that they can dispense with this the root of society, and construct society on their own superficial theories. The revolution of February took every one by surprise, even those who brought it about; it was the result of secret societies which had been existing for years; but though they felt their power, and thought that they might, perhaps, overturn a ministry, they did not calculate on casting out a dynasty. The last revolt had been very perfectly organised: it had a great many leaders, each with so many hundred men under him; these leaders well paid, but the common men fighting gratuitously for what was supposed to be their own cause. Though near ten thousand men are now in prison, it is not supposed that many of these leaders have been captured. And so what may happen in the winter is a subject for much fear.

*Saturday, July 29.*—Went at eight this morning to call on M. Defresne. He was very cordial, asked about our visit to the Tyrolese Stigmatisées—had heard from Manzoni that we had been to him. He soon got into his usual animated tone of conversation. The events of February and June had had a beneficial effect for the clergy, in bringing out their charitable care for the wounded, to which even the saying of Mass had been postponed. L'Abbé Etienne had just been dining with him, so that he too had heard of the healing of the novice. A friend whom he named as the poet, Reboul, came in : we all agreed that the life of S. Vincent was a greater miracle than anything wrought by God in virtue of his intercession. M. Defresne engaged me to come again on Tuesday morning, and proposed a dinner for us three.

Mr. A. Coppinger returned my call, and offered to be of any service in showing me institutions, &c. He attested the great charity and devotion of the clergy. This has the most intimate connection with the celibate. He did not seem to think there was much improvement in the morals of the different educational establishments of the University. In his own time at the *École Polytechnique* out of 200 scholars not above a dozen would be practical Christians; for not only was all religious instruction utterly neglected, but the professors, often infidels, would inspire them with a contempt and dislike for religion. Now the *Ecole Polytechnique* had 250 scholars, and perhaps a quarter of them might be sincere Christians. When once they were known as such, the prob-

ability was that they would be very decided and earnest: they were sometimes members of the society of S. Vincent de Paul for instructing the poor.

Went to M. des Billiers to ask him to accompany me to the Rue du Bac, to obtain a copy of M. Hervé's attestation of the miraculous cure. We found the original of this no longer in their possession, it having been sealed up and deposited, with other documents, near the shrine of S. Vincent. They had a copy of it, which I proposed to copy, and then take it to M. Hervé for his signature. This was done; and I hope to obtain it to-morrow. I asked M. des Billiers what he thought of the permanency of the republic. His conviction is that it cannot stand, but that the time of its duration may be indefinite, from a few months to ten years. He believes that France is entirely monarchical: but it will probably require great sufferings and an exhaustion of the country for the monarchy to return. The obstacle is, that the middle classes, the bourgeoisie, who now reign, dread with the monarchy a cortège of noblesse and clergy. Could they be fully persuaded that all ranks would share alike, and that no attempt would be made to revive old privileges, they would be for the monarchy; for they want trade, confidence, and a firm government, and this the republic cannot give. The person of the monarch is not so clear; for though all educated and thoughtful people must see that a monarchy must rest on a principle, and that legitimacy alone has that principle, yet the name of Napoleon has still a vast influence throughout the poorer classes.

The restoration had lost a fine opportunity. It was really very popular at first, and had it applied the principles of liberty to the Church and the nation, might have maintained itself: instead of this, it honoured a few individual ecclesiastics, thereby creating a great ill-will against the Church, but acted towards the whole body of the Church in the most illiberal spirit, keeping it under lock and key.

Called on M. Gondon: we talked about the cure of the novice. I told him I was engaged in collecting the proofs of it. M. Gondon thought that the Benedictines and Dominicans were not destined to take root afresh in France: he pointed to the position of the Père Lacordaire in proof of this. With very great abilities, especially the power of carrying away his auditors by his eloquence, he could with difficulty maintain one very small house in France. In the Middle Ages such a man might have founded an order. He heard his celebrated sermon on the first Sunday after the revolution of February, in Notre Dame. From beginning to end "*c'était un délire.*" The father is just returned to Paris. He observed that late events in England must have convinced reflecting people how completely our Church was the puppet of the ministers of the day. Louis Philippe had tried to play the same game in France as had been played in England in the appointment of bishops, but the grace of consecration had been too strong for him. I replied that this was not quite fair, for we too had men of courage among us; and I quoted Bishop Selwyn's energetic and successful protest against the attempt of a secretary of state



to sacrifice the rights of the natives in New Zealand.

I then went to the Sœurs de Charité, and soon found myself in their secrétariat, engaged among a number of sisters in copying M. Hervé's attestation. It was enclosed in a sort of pastoral letter of M. l'Abbé Etienne to the sisters throughout the world, dated 31st May 1848; expressing his confidence that the bark of S. Vincent would weather the storm of this revolution as it had the last of 1830, if they were faithful to their rules, and fulfilled their ministry with zeal. I found likewise that, three days after this cure, there had been another of a person afflicted with blindness for seven months, and I determined to go into this case likewise. The sisters went to the Benediction at five: soon after I followed them to their chapel. It was a most touching sight to see so large a number of sisters and novices in worship together before the Host. Here then, I thought, were before me so many female hearts offering up to God daily the sacrifice of themselves in works of charity; they have made the voluntary surrender of the pleasures of home, of feelings dearest to the natural man; there is no holding back in their offering: it is complete, and penetrated with charity. Here are hundreds kneeling in front of me who dedicate their labours to the hospital and the sick bed, going forth into all lands, and making the healing of the body a means to cure the soul. If ever there was any institution on which the sunlight of God's countenance may be supposed to rest, it is surely this.



It was settled that I should return on Monday to continue my extract.

M. Defresne told me this morning that the Pères Lazaristes possess a great number of S. Vincent's letters in MS., giving the most minute directions as to cases of conscience and details of practice, which were written to his fathers during his long experience, and which show the most marvellous knowledge of the heart and the most acute practical judgment. It is an instance of his wisdom that he directed the sisters for thirty years by word of mouth, and at last wrote down for them the rules which he had found work efficiently in that time. A real constitution exists before it is written, just as model French constitutions cease to exist before the ink which enunciates their principles is dry.

M. des Billiers told me to-day of an old French Legitimist of distinction, who, like most of his party, refrained for a long time from exercising the franchise after Louis Philippe's accession, because it involved an oath of fidelity to him. They found at length the inconvenience of this, when they wanted to elect a Legitimist deputy; and the old man was much pressed to take the oath. He refused for a long time, but at length said he would go. As his purpose became known, and he was much respected and looked up to, there was much expectation at the polling-place what he would do. When called upon to take the oath, he said, "M. le Président, allow me to tell you a story. I remember being with his Majesty, Louis XVIII, King of France, when a young prince came before him, confessed his faults,

and, falling at his feet, promised an unalterable fidelity. We all know how that prince has kept his oath. Now I promise and swear (repeating the formulary of the oath) fidelity to Louis Philippe, and I will keep my oath as he kept his." Every one was convulsed with laughter, and the President could hardly stifle his; but he intimated that he could not allow the oath to be taken with that reservation. The old man repeated it again, by itself, but the effect had been produced, and every one saw with what purpose he took it.

But who can regret that so foul a villainy as the supplanting a king, a kinsman, and a benefactor, has met with retribution even on earth?

*Sunday, July 30.*—I have just heard at S. Roch a sermon which lasted more than an hour and a quarter, delivered, for the most part, with great rapidity, and a vehemence of tone and action which would have frightened an English audience. The preacher, l'Abbé Du——, showed very considerable power both of thought and expression. I should have preferred a less rhetorical display, both in manner and matter. But power there certainly was. "My thoughts are not your thoughts, saith the Lord." He began by saying we were all under the reign of a sophism; this sophism was, under a great variety of shapes, the preferring the present life to the future. He then dwelt with great force and beauty on our Saviour's life on earth, that He was God, and that He was a carpenter; that He worked for His daily bread. Now God can do nothing but what is perfectly good and wise; therefore, when He assumed this servile condition, it was a work of

perfect wisdom and goodness. He came to do His Father's will. And this one condition runs through all degrees of human society, alone making them acceptable to God,—to do God's will. Glory, genius, success, the wonder and admiration of our fellow-men; all this is nothing. To do the will of God, will alone open the kingdom of heaven—Jesus Christ stands ready to open the kingdom of heaven to generation after generation of those who, sealed by the fore-knowledge of God, and working with His grace, do His will—and to those alone. There was only one key to the present state of things, to these terrible conflicts, this incessant agitation, but one; that life was but a day's labour, an hour's—nothing in comparison of eternity. This life was not the proper condition of humanity. It was fallen—the Saviour's proper work was to restore it to its normal condition; but that normal condition can never be here. Here it is a work of reparation, slow, painful, full of obstacles in proportion to the depth of the fall, but always merciful. Who would give a patient the full nourishment which he could take in health? Now, here we are all patients of Jesus—all—and to our latest moment. We shall never return to our normal condition on earth, but in eternity. You are all workmen and workwomen; idleness is a capital sin—idleness will shut out from heaven—Jesus Christ has taught us to work, every one in his estate. The work is one, though the condition may vary,—to do God's will. We shall not be asked whether we had genius, skill, power to embrace the works of God in our thought; but one thing only will

be asked,—whether we have done our work; that very work which God set us,—to do His will. And this is why society is suffering now to its utmost depths. This world is made the end, the limit, the object, the reward—eternity is put out of sight. “On a ôté Jesus Christ au travailleur de la pensée, au travailleur de l’art, au travailleur de la terre. Et nous souffrons, nous souffrons tous—nous allons de souffrances en souffrances.” Thus the question of labour is insoluble. Men think of repaying the young girl’s sacrifice who works day and night for the support of her parents; who denies herself every gratification to which she might innocently aspire, with a little more wages—or the mother’s tears, who suffers for her family, or the father’s continued exertions, with a few pieces of money. Jesus Christ did not so: He assigned to labour a far different reward—He would give it no reward at all on earth—He would give it eternal life. He then drew a vivid picture of the priest’s life of toil, suffering, instruction, and benediction. What was the end of this work? It was eternal life. The greater the humiliation, the greater the suffering, the more absolute the cutting off of all human sources of enjoyment or requital—the more the will of God was done, the greater the reward in heaven. To man, no matter what his condition on earth, or the powers of his mind, to man working with grace and inspired by grace, the kingdom of heaven, according as he has done the will of God, will be given. This, and this alone, is the remedy for all the ills of society; and we are under the dominion of a sophism, because this truth is set aside.

There was rather a numerous congregation, by far the greater part women; not many persons of education, I should imagine—yet the sermon in tone was far beyond the reach of any but the educated.

This morning at eight I was at Mass here, a short High Mass; there were many communicants. But I have never been in a church so inconvenient in one respect, there were hardly any prie-dieus; the consequence is, that people sit nearly all the time, or just bend the knee against their chair; it is no easy matter to kneel on the floor, so encumbered with chairs. I think there is far less reverence in the outward demeanour of people in Paris than in the provinces.

Went to the evening service at Notre Dame des Victoires: I wished to be present at one of the meetings of the Archiconfrérie du très-saint Cœur de Marie. There was a large congregation, which at length filled the church: some thirty or forty members round the altar of the Blessed Virgin; of the rest nine-tenths at least were women of the lower classes. Vespers were sung, the congregation joining with remarkable unanimity. This indeed gives a particular and most pleasing character to the service of the Archiconfrérie. Then the Abbé des Genettes, founder of the brotherhood, a silver-haired old man, mounted the pulpit, and spoke in the most familiar and practical manner on the text "Beware of false prophets." His manner was in calmness the very opposite of that of this morning's preacher. He contrasted the disobedience to parents which now prevailed, the debauchery and wickedness all around them, with what he had known fifty or sixty years ago. They

had been struck for this, and the rod was still suspended over their heads; he besought them to repent. When this was over, he read from a paper requests for the prayers of the Archiconfrérie for so many men, so many women, parishes, bishops, &c.; among which I heard in immediate juxtaposition “270 Protestants, 69 Jews.” He likewise read a letter of thanks for their prayers, to which was attributed the conversion of a desperate sinner, and such letters he said he was receiving every week. He implored them to be very fervent in their prayers for the objects named to them. There would be in the week, he said, three especial days: Tuesday, the feast of S. Peter *in vinculis*. He read them the account of this from the Acts. It struck me, from the attention with which they listened to this, that they were not accustomed to read it. He then passed to the Pope, as successor of S. Peter, who was now, it might be said, in a sort of moral captivity. He earnestly and repeatedly besought their prayers for him, who was suffering at the hands of ungrateful subjects on whom he had showered benefactions. Not that the bark of S. Peter could ever be overwhelmed by the waves: it was secure by the divine promise; but they might so far persecute the Pope as to gain for him the crown of martyrdom. More than twenty times since his accession the Holy Father had commended himself to their prayers by means of persons coming from Rome. They should all now pray for him every day. He should be in his confessional that day at six A.M., for several hours; again from half-past two till five; and from seven till nine, in order that



they might prepare themselves for the plenary indulgence attached to this Church on Thursday. He notified likewise a fresh religious service, for the soul of the late Archbishop, on Monday, 7th August, at Notre Dame. They should all pray earnestly for the holy Archbishop: it may be that he had washed out with his blood his sins, and needed not their prayers; but they should pray for him. He then descended for the benediction. The whole congregation seemed to have one heart and one voice in the hymns which followed. This service lasted from seven to half-past nine, and was very interesting.

*Monday, July 31.*—Went to the Père de Ravignan. He told me that, since our last conversation, he had been looking in “*Tournely*,” where he found a passage on the primacy of jurisdiction, which seemed to him quite convincing. He gave me a note for the Père Lacordaire, but my visit was cut short by an appointment, so he begged me to come again.

Went to M. des Billiers: he attacked me again on the primacy of jurisdiction. I said that the ultramontane theory, when pushed to its absolute issue, demanded the infallibility of the Pope singly; that, indeed, this was involved in the primacy of jurisdiction; that the Pope had exerted the supreme power of withdrawing their authority from the French bishops when it seemed to him for the good of the Church. He did not like to admit that the primacy of jurisdiction involved infallibility, because infallibility of the Pope is not a dogma. But here lies precisely the difficulty of their position. Roman Catholics want, for the



completion and impregnability of their system, the infallibility of the single papal chair, and this is precisely what has been ever denied by large schools among them, and is not even now an article of faith. For that they are the universal Church, that their dogma alone is true, that the Greek and every other communion is heretical or schismatical, or both, all this depends on the infallibility of the single papal chair. I said that, if they would prove the Greek Church to be in schism, I should give up our cause.

We went to see M. Gabet, at the Pères Lazaristes, who has been ten years in Central Tartary, or Thibet; gone through great dangers and privations; has come back safe; and is going out again. He was with a brother missionary, who remains at Macao till he rejoins him. His account of Thibet is most interesting, and in many respects very surprising. They have many Catholic practices there—such as holy water, the religious celibate. The Lamas, or priests, are very numerous. Two-thirds of the men of the country live in religious celibacy; and he believes that this is a real celibacy. He and his companions lived for six months in a great community of 5000 Lamas; they were, perhaps, of ten different nations, and spoke four different languages. During that time they had not observed the least impropriety among them. They are religious, pray much, and have a complete contempt for those who do not pray. *Faire l'esprit fort* among them is a sure way to be thought little of. But this religion is very superstitious: they have not the power to choose what they should embrace and what refuse; they have

the instinct and the need of religion very strongly, but not discernment of what is true religion. Thus, if you read to them the Gospel, they will adore Jesus Christ, Pilate, Caiaphas, &c. Theirs is not an "incroyance raisonnée" like Protestantism, but a cloud of superstition which obscures their sight. He anticipated that Christianity would make large progress among them, because of their religious spirit. There is as yet no religious establishment in Thibet. All over Asia the ministers of religion observe continence. The character of priest and married man is to their notions incompatible. They look for a complete denial of self in one who would teach them religion. There are no laws against foreign religions in Thibet, as there are in China. A great number of the female sex also live in continence, though not so many as of men. I asked him how he accounted for the connection between so many of their usages and Catholicity. He said some were of opinion that they had derived them from Catholicism; but as they are exceedingly tenacious of their rites, he did not himself think this: others again thought that Catholicism had borrowed from them. Neither of these views was necessary. There was no trace whatever of Christian missionaries having been among them. He thought that all the resemblance which was to be found in their rites, customs, and belief, might be accounted for as relics of the one true faith communicated to all the world originally, and handed down by tradition. This faith had been guarded in its purity among the Jews by a written law, and other institutions: but other nations had possessed it

likewise, and retained it more or less corrupted. They had no bloody sacrifices, but offered wine, water, corn, and especially paper. He had been well treated on the whole: they had converted two Lamas—one of these had lately written to him: he had sent the letter to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith at Lyons, for he believed there was no one in France who understood the Mongolese language. That of Thibet is taken from Sanscrit: but the continuous line above the letters which exists in the latter language is broken at each letter in this. But the strangest thing of all is the Grand Lama, who is at once High Priest, King, and Divinity. They believe in the transmigration of souls, and suppose that Buddha continually becomes incarnate for the redemption of man. When the Grand Lama dies, they wait till a successor is made known to them. And here M. Gabet said that, allowing for some jugglery, it was impossible not to conclude that there was diabolic agency at work. The present Grand Lama is a boy of ten years old; the son of a poor woodcutter 600 leagues from the Grand Lama's residence. The Grand Lama is discovered by a child of a few months or a year old announcing that he is the Grand Lama who died—that his soul has passed to him. Thereupon the most particular inquiries are made. A commission is sent to the spot, and the utensils used by the late Grand Lama are put among a number of others just like them: they then demand of the infant which belonged to the Grand Lama, and he replies, this and this was mine. Were this merely an arrangement of the men in power, they would not

have chosen the son of a poor man, at a great distance. They had not been, it is true, ocular witnesses of these things; but from what he had heard, he could not doubt that there were “*des prestiges diaboliques*.” Under the Grand Lama there is a king for the management of temporal matters, and four ministers; these conduct matters in an interregnum. They had lived in intimacy with one of these four ministers. The missionary in these countries must be prepared for the most absolute self-denial—he must carry his life in his hand. He noticed that throughout Hindostan the religious indifference of the Europeans (save the Spaniards and Portuguese) injured them exceedingly in the opinion of the natives. With them religion is a first need of life: it does not matter so much what religion it is—to pray is sufficient; but a man who does not pray—who has apparently no religion at all—is one of the lowest of beings in their eyes. The English might save themselves an immense expense if they showed themselves devoted to their religion instead of indifferent.

M. Gabet has a very pleasing countenance: moustache and long beard, plentifully mixed with grey hairs. He looks in vigorous health. Yet when he went to the East he was delicate. He believes that the constitution adapts itself to the rigours of climate. The cold of Tartary is intense. From this high tableland the rivers of Hindostan, China, and Siberia all take their sources. They slept continually on the earth; up to midnight, while the body was warmed with the day's exercise, they maintained some heat, but from that time to the morning they froze. Their

only nourishment was wheat or oats, moistened with a little tea. He is going back to Great Tartary. We had no introduction, but nothing could exceed his readiness to hear and answer our inquiries : and he offered to give us again any information in his power.

We got from him the address of the young person who was cured of her blindness in the chapel of S. Vincent on the 12th May, three days after the former cure of the neck. We drove at once to see her at one of the houses of the Sisters of Charity, Rue de l'Arbalète, 25. We told the Sister who received us for what purpose we were come ; she assented to it, went out, and brought back immediately the young girl. She is fourteen ; very simple and homely in appearance, and looks the daughter of a peasant. She said, in answer to our questions, that it was hearing of the other cure which put it in her thoughts to go to S. Vincent's chapel, and ask for his intercession. She was taken there on Friday, May 12th, at 6 $\frac{1}{4}$  A.M., by the Sister who was then with us. I asked her if she could see at all in going there. She replied, "Not the least." She knelt and assisted at the Mass, but nothing took place ; but "as soon as I received our Lord, I saw perfectly." "Could you not see at all the instant before ?" "Not at all." "And the instant after you saw perfectly ?" "Yes." "The cure did not come then by degrees ?" "No ; it was instantaneous." The disease called amaurosis had subsisted from the month of September before ; and every variety of cure having been tried in vain, all treatment had been given up for a month previously. It was

accompanied with violent pains in the head. Since the cure she has seen perfectly: she appears to be quite free from any disease in the eyes now. While she and the Sister were gone to the chapel, the rest united themselves at home at Mass in intention for her cure. I said I was going to copy the account of this at the Rue du Bac, when the Sister offered me a MS. copy, which would save me that trouble. And, as it contained the report of the physician who had attended her, we took it at once to get his signature, Rue Mouffetard, 94. He was out, but his wife received us, and it was settled that I should come to-morrow, between twelve and one, when he would be at home. The testimony of this young girl was so clear that I saw no possibility of doubting the effect produced.

I dined with Mr. Coppinger and his two sons: since 1824, he has resided here. The account they give of the irreligion of the shopkeeping class, and of the wretched education which has tainted the springs of French society, is terrible. They said by far the greater number of men at Paris dine away from home in public places, and often leave their wives and families to fare poorly at home, while they themselves feast at a restaurateur's. It appears that on the Sunday night of the last *émeute* the alarm in Paris was extreme: the rebels were thought to have the best of it; and it was their known intention to sack the quarter of the Tuileries and the Chaussée d'Antin. They think that the present state of things cannot last: but what is to come nobody can tell.

*Tuesday, August 1.*—This evening I had nearly



an hour's talk with le Père Lacordaire. He remembered that M. and I had called on him three years ago. I recalled to his mind what he had said, that well-informed and sincere persons could not remain out of the Church of Rome. Since then I had been especially studying the question of the Roman Primacy, and yet the conclusion to which I had come, after a most careful examination of antiquity, was in favour of a primacy of order, but against that of jurisdiction. He dwelt on the obscurity of the first three centuries: they were times of persecution, in which the Popes had other work to do than to defend their primacy. Yet how remarkable it was that at the Nicene Council this primacy was seen at once emerging from the storm. The legates of the Roman Pontiff presided there. I observed that Hosius, Bishop of Corduba, who signed the first, was not marked as Roman legate, whereas the two priests who followed were; that it was as imperial commissioner, and friend of Constantine, that he presided. He seemed disposed to assume that Hosius must have been papal legate. I said that I by no means impugned the primacy, but entirely recognised it: my defence was in the difference between a primacy and an absolute monarchy: for the claim of universal jurisdiction, as at present exercised, amounts to that. He said they did not consider the papacy an absolute monarchy at all: they who lived within it felt that in fact it was limited in a great number of ways. There were rights inherent in bishops which the Pope could not touch: he could not suspend them from the government of their dioceses without cause given,



and a regular ecclesiastical judgment rendered; he could not take from the priest his right to offer the Holy Sacrifice, or to hear confessions, without the like judgment. I quoted the calling in of all the powers of the French episcopate in 1801, because it seemed to the Pope for the good of the whole Church. He admitted the case, and that the power did exist; but it was altogether an exceptional case, such as had never occurred before. I said that in controversy it was necessary to push principles to their absolute issue: it was natural enough that they, born and living under the Papacy, should not feel it to be an absolute monarchy. He quoted Bellarmine as saying that it was a monarchy tempered by aristocracy and democracy. The Pope could not destroy the Episcopate. I said our new converts maintained that he could: that if all the bishops of the world were on one side, and the Pope on the other, he could make a new Episcopate. "I regard," he said, "as anticatholic, such opinions as these." He dwelt on the primacy of Peter, as shown forth in the Acts: nothing seemed to him clearer or more marked. He seemed to argue as if, the Primacy granted, the degree to which its power was extended was a mere matter of discipline, of arrangement and growth in the Church itself. Besides, there was another point: without living in a system it is nearly impossible to understand it. Invaluable as Scripture is, and written tradition, the works of Fathers, Councils, &c., they are *writing* after all: without a living *oral tradition*, they will not be understood. The Church holds the truth as a living body; it circu-

lates in her veins. We see the same sort of thing all around us. A young man may study diplomacy for four, five, six, years; he may have the history and treaties of Europe at his fingers' end: this knowledge is excellent; but he wants one thing, without which he could never be a diplomatist—practical initiation; this will be the most valuable part of all his knowledge. You may know perfectly how to sew, but could any one make a coat without seeing others make it, and the practical acquaintance with many little points? This was seen most strongly in religious orders: there was a traditional life in them of which no mere knowledge could take the place. "I had studied well the rules of the Dominicans, but until I saw their practical working I could not understand them at all. Or again, in ten minutes' conversation with a person, you will catch more of their mind and feelings, and tone of thought, than by studying ten volumes of their works. There is something in the contact with persons for which no study can make up. Or again, the sight of a city. Half a day in a place will give you a better notion of it than all the descriptions ever written. You drink in the knowledge of it at all pores. I have read a great deal about London, but I assure you that I am unable to form any notion of it to myself. The mere look of the place would instruct me more than any books. Now such is the force of oral tradition in the Church: it is the life of an organised body which dwells in its members. Only think what would laws be without jurisprudence: why the most important part of all laws is their

interpretation ; if a man had the most perfect knowledge of the laws themselves, he would be no jurisconsult without knowing their practical application. Now this is a sort of knowledge which fails you entirely, being outside the Church ; thus it is that we have no difficulties, while you are perpetually seeing them." I said, "I found it very difficult to represent our real position to them. The question was, not whether one *might* be a Roman Catholic, for of that I had no doubt ; we all admitted that they were a part of the Church. The question was, whether I was *forced* to become a Roman Catholic ; to deny all my past life ; supposing that we had the succession, and formularies which conveyed the episcopate and priesthood,—whether I should be forced to affirm that the grace of the Sacraments was intercepted by the sin of schism or heresy. We saw and deplored the division of the Church ; but might not such a state of things be allowed, as in the great Western Schism the Church was, as a fact, divided for forty years ; might it not then be for 300 years?" "As to that," he said, "supposing the question of faith did not exist, supposing you could interpret the Thirty-nine Articles in a Catholic sense ; granting there were no variance as to the number of the Sacraments ; supposing that you individually, or the whole English Church, were to admit the faith of the Roman Church,—for *you* must come to her, not *she* to you,—then there would be the *una Fides*, but there would still remain the *unum Corpus*. Now every branch that is severed from a tree does not immediately die, it may sometimes be planted

afresh, and take root beside the parent trunk ; it may even bear leaves and some fruit, but that will not be unity. The Greeks have a vast deal in common with us. Supposing that the question of the Procession could be resolved by explanations on their part, there would only remain the authority of the Roman See to be admitted by them. You again have retained much more than the Lutherans and Calvinists. What you have of good is ours, is Catholic. If persons among you believe in God, believe in the Redemption, lead a holy life, bring forth good works, I do not deny that all this is Catholic in them ; if they are ignorant as to the sin of schism or heresy, this, which is good in them, may be sufficient for their salvation. When I hear persons saying there is this or that good in Protestants, I always admit it ; I say this is a portion of the truth they have carried away from us ; they have a certain root, and yet they are not joined to the tree. Why, Mahomet himself carried away much truth from the Catholic faith ; and though he mixed and adulterated this, Mahometanism lives still by those remains of truth. So it is with those who have separated from the Church ; the full life remains in her ; unity is in her alone : portions of the truth, portions of life, may exist in other bodies ; may suffice for the salvation of those who, by no fault of their own, and with no consciousness of their own, are in those bodies ; but she alone has the full truth, she alone is one. Whether you can exist with safety out of her depends on the degree of your personal knowledge." I said, " It is very hard to represent to you one's difficulties."

"Because," he replied, "they are matters of detail : you may study the question for sixty years and never come to a result, unless you lay down clearly general principles. Grant that the Church in Luther's time was in a frightful state of corruption, that great tyranny had been exercised in England by the Pope ; grant this and much more — would that excuse separation ? There are always such causes as this at work. Men are not quite absurd. They do not make revolutions for nothing, as we have just seen. Why, Louis Philippe was turned out, rightly or wrongly, because by his conduct he had made nobody care to defend him. Grant that there were these causes for your separation, does that excuse the state of schism ?"

He quoted S. Cyprian's conduct as proving that reference was made to Rome, asserted that the Pope presided at *all* the general councils. Throughout his conversation it struck me that he was weak in facts, but strong in principles ; and this seems to apply to the whole Roman controversy on this point.

Here M. de Montalembert came in, and, as it was very late, I retired. He begged to be remembered to M., and asked if I was going to stay some days longer.

This morning went to call on M. Defresne. No sooner was I there than he began to read me parts of his friend M. Reboul's poetry, in a whirlwind of enthusiasm. This continued, with one little interval of detestation expressed for Louis Philippe, till breakfast. M. Reboul was there, and read, at his request, his verses on the death of

the Archbishop, treating it as a sort of expiation. M. Defresne is full of charity towards the Puseyites, as he called them, but he seemed not to be quite aware that we formed a part of the English Church.

I then went to the other side of Paris to see M. Fernet, the surgeon who attended the young girl so strangely cured. He entirely confirmed her having been completely blind : she used to come to him with her companions, crying, and after many vain attempts to relieve her, he sent her to M. Sichel, a famous oculist : but he could do nothing. He saw her a few days after she recovered her sight : she then saw perfectly. Amaurosis is a paralysis of the nerves of the eye : it is sometimes cured, but then gradually, and not instantaneously. He added a few lines to the certificate stating that he had examined her after the cure, and found the sight quite restored. After this interval the cure might be esteemed complete. I inquired if he had any way of accounting for this cure. He said, none whatever. It was a phenomenon which he could not explain. He mentioned that he had been told she had once before seen for an instant, and then lost her sight again. Hearing this, I went to her pension again, to ask for an explanation. The mother told me that, at Christmas last, when she received Holy Communion, she had for an instant seen the priest, and then became blind again ; that before September her sight had been more or less affected, but that from September till May it had been quite lost save this momentary restitution.

Calling on M. Bonnetty afterwards, I mentioned



this and the other case. He said they were very cautious and backward in assenting to such things. As to the loss of the Pope's temporal power, he did not believe 200 millions of Catholics would suffer him to be deposed by four lawyers, who were the instigators of disaffection. Others, however, anticipate that the time is come for this temporal sovereignty to be given up, and that the spiritual power may come forth the brighter when it is gone.

*Wednesday, August 2.*—Called on M. l'Abbé Pététot. The last revolution has had a happy effect on the side of religion. The utmost respect has been paid to the priests; they have never ceased a moment to go abroad *en soutane*. In 1830 they were obliged to give this up for two years, and only recovered popularity by their devotion to the sick in the time of the cholera. But now they have come to the priest to bless the trees of liberty. He had blessed six. They even went in procession with the Cross, which is contrary to the laws, and woe to him who did not take off his hat. But this is the only good side of the late movements. Commerce is at a standstill; and the very *boutiquiers* talk freely of the necessity of having a king. Paris subsists by articles of *luxe*, and a republic is not favourable to these. But what is coming nobody can see. In the riots of June, the insurgents had possession of the church of S. Paul, in the Faubourg S. Antoine. The curé induced them to go elsewhere; and, before leaving the church, they came to him for his blessing, saying they were going to fight: and so they went forth to kill and be killed. But all



the middle class—the bourgeoisie—is profoundly hostile to religion : they will do anything to prevent its gaining influence. Although liberty of teaching would follow naturally from the principles of the republic, yet the Assembly has just passed a law on primary instruction as bad as can be ; and another on secondary instruction will follow like it. Religion does not make any way with these classes : money is their idol. A workman or poor woman will give five francs to a charity, where these people think much of ten sous.

M. Pététot, with two companions, went, last September, to see l'Addolorata and l'Estatica. They were at Capriana on the Thursday evening and Friday morning, 9th and 10th September. They saw the wounds of the hands and forehead, as we did, quite dry on the evening, and in the morning fresh with blood. The sister had gone out both evening and morning, and they had to find her, so that Domenica was left alone. Her state, in the six weeks which had elapsed since our visit to that of M. Pététot, seems to have become much worse. She was quite unconscious, and terrible to behold. All three were profoundly convinced of the truth of the stigmata and of the miracle. They went from Paris on purpose, with the full intention of rigorously observing the facts. One of the party was then a pupil of the École Polytechnique: has since become priest. They were likewise three days at Caldaro, and saw l'Estatica several times. They saw her elevated in trance on the tips of her feet, *extremis digitis*,—"so," said M. Pététot, "as I could not

have remained a minute, and that on the soft bed." They saw her repeatedly shoot herself from the recumbent position to the kneeling one. The Holy Sacrament was exposed the day when they found her in trance on the point of her feet. They addressed her through her confessor, and recommended to her prayers a design which they had in their thoughts. After she had prayed for it, they inquired if God had made known to her the subject of it. She assented: said that it was pleasing to God, but that one of those who took part in it would shortly withdraw from it. "*Fortasse unum ex vobis Deus excipiet seu tollet; non agitur de morte,*" the confessor interpreting said. This has since taken place. The information she gave was so precise as to their design, which it was impossible for her to have divined, that they were quite convinced of its having been made known to her preternaturally.

I asked M. Pététot which had made the greatest impression on him. He said, the *Addolorata* by far; that her case made him inclined to believe the other. This produced an effect quite of a different kind from the former. He equally believed both. He saw the stigmata on her hands, which we did not, as her sleeves covered them. It appears the confessor is quite weary of accompanying people to see her; they were some time before they got on with him, only after saying they had come from Paris on purpose. I was much pleased with the ample corroboration given by M. Pététot to our own visit.

He spoke of the priest at Capriana as the worst specimen he had met with; he would

scarcely speak of l'Addolorata—treated it as nothing extraordinary. They found out the secret of this afterwards, that the Austrian government prohibited its being mentioned. An ecclesiastic at Trent quoted to them Tacitus, that they were not allowed to think or to express their thoughts. The priest was continually *à la chasse*; so he was the two days we were at Capriana.

Called on M. des Billiers: we had a little skirmish about the Primacy. In the evening went with M. Gordon to the Count de Montalembert's. The new Archbishop of Paris, now Bishop of Digne, came in accompanied by the Bishop of Langres; he looks an Italian prelate, full of courtesy; I should think his affability will stand him in good service. There were several representatives, M. de Cazalès, M. de Falloux, l'Abbé Sibourg,—and M. Bonnetty, M. Le Normand, Guizot's successor at the Sorbonne. The conversation was chiefly on the state of politics, the doings of the Assembly, M. Proudhon's recent development. M. de Montalembert was the liveliest and best converser. He said he was greatly obliged to M. Proudhon; they were in a cavern with a gulf at the bottom of it, and Proudhon had lighted a torch to show them where the gulf was. "What good will the torch do if no one will beware of the gulf?" one of the company said. "Nevertheless, I am much obliged for it," said M. de M. "I shall wave it about and make use of it." He could not understand the selling of livings in England, and asked if it was not simony. I said it was,

and done in defiance and by elusion of the law. He wondered that bishops were obliged to institute, however dissatisfied with the fitness of the *présenté*. I said, in the actual state of things, our only hope was in the liberty, firmness, and integrity of the priesthood. All the company seemed to have the worst opinion of French prospects. As we went home with M. Le Normand, he observed on the misconception of their position by the *Quarterly* lately, which seemed shocked at the acceptance of the republic by the Church; as if it was possible to do anything else. I said it was a sentiment of loyalty among us, which dictated that feeling. "Loyalty," he replied, "is entirely extinct in France; it is a fiction, and it is useless to attempt to conjure it up."

*Thursday, August 3.*—Called on Père de Ravignan, but he was out. Went for some little time to the Chapel des Dames de bon Secours. It is a delightful feeling to get out of the noise and glare of the world into that exquisite little shrine. Then went to Issy, and was two hours with M. Galais. I asked his opinion about modern miracles, and whether one could in good faith deny the material facts in the cases which had come under my notice. He said there could be no doubt that God did occasionally work miracles; and he did not see how the facts could be denied here. I remarked, that the chief difficulty seemed to be why such and such cases were chosen more than others, as they had to our eyes no peculiar fitness. He observed that there seemed analogous cases in the Gospel, where our Lord appeared often to heal out of a sentiment of compassion to the individual;

and there are a multitude of cases where the details are not given, but it is said, *curavit omnes*, He healed them *in globo*. I asked which nation in the Roman Church was at present most conspicuous for its missionary exertions. He said the French by far; there are ten French for one Italian missionary. Will the Jesuits get more liberty of action under the Revolution? He thought not. There was no disposition to apply the principles of liberty either to the Jesuits or the other religious orders. They had the reputation of being very *habiles*; and *habiles* they certainly were, but not so much as they were esteemed. He doubted if they had been wise under Louis Philippe's government; it was known that in their colleges out of France, Brugelette for instance, devotion to the elder branch was inculcated. Now, the wise course seemed to be to accept the government *de facto*, as the Fathers of the Church did. They troubled themselves very little who was emperor. Had the Jesuits done so they would not have been suspected by Louis Philippe; and so, perhaps, would have had colleges entrusted to them. I asked what the actual position of the Church with regard to the State was. "There are," he said, "in the Assembly sixty—it may be as many as a hundred—good Catholics; but all the rest are indifferent, or even hostile to us. The immense majority are bent on resisting the influence of religion." "It seems to me then," I said, "a kind of miracle that you subsist at all." "It is so," he replied. "The thing in our favour is that, small minority of the nation as we are, we are firm, compact, and banded together, while our

enemies are divided in every way. They have no common principle, and so they have a dread of us, a fear of our succeeding in winning back the nation to religion, by which they would fall into a minority. The real feeling which influences this unbelieving mass is the lust of domination; they have got their feet on the neck of religion, and they mean to keep it there. For this reason they will allow no liberty of teaching if they can help it." "But I suppose you have won ground since 1802; have you not?" I said. "We have won and we have lost," he replied. "Doubtless the clergy are better constituted now; there is a great devotion among them. Our bishops are in the main well chosen, and do their duty. They understand the crisis, and are fully convinced that they must fight the battle stoutly, and make no concession. But, on the other hand, in 1802, though religion had been overthrown, and impiety had publicly triumphed, yet the great mass of the nation had received a Christian education. It is the reverse now; this mass is now unbelieving, they have not been brought up as Christians, their first impressions were not in favour of religion." "You are then as missionaries among unbelievers," I said. "Precisely so. And this enormous unbelieving mass has the greatest jealousy of us. We only ask fair play; liberty, not privileges; and this they will do everything to keep from us. They are making, quietly but definitely, efforts to secularise, as they call it, the education of girls; that is, knowing the importance of first impressions, and of the female sex on society, they would take this primary education out of religious hands.



There are infernal plots abroad. They dread us, and have a feeling that if we were allowed a fair trial we should win our ground. I am convinced that we should reconquer France if we were only allowed liberty of action. Even the multitude who seek to satiate themselves in sensual enjoyments, even these come to us sooner or later for aid. Few after all can gain these enjoyments, and those who do, feel that they have not reached what they were seeking for. And then in the young clergy I am continually seeing instances of the most touching generosity and devotion. Many give up fair prospects and fortunes, and surrender themselves wholly to their ministry." I remarked, what a difficulty the law of continence must impose on those who had to determine the vocation of young men. "You have, indeed," he said, "named the true difficulty." "The readiness," I added, "to embrace such a law must be in itself the touchstone of a ministerial vocation, for it involved a continual sacrifice; and feelings, which were very pronounced at one time, might not continue." "It is so," he said. "Here is the most trying and embarrassing part of our duty. We do not always succeed. It is most hard to judge if a young man of twenty, who appears devoted, will continue so. Yet, I assure you, I have known many whose most secret thoughts have been laid open to me, and who were pure as angels. I was once acquainted with a man of great capacity, but an infidel. He was thoroughly persuaded that continence could not be really observed by the French clergy. He set himself to work, and made for many years the most minute inquiries. The



result was that he discovered many horrors; but he likewise was completely convinced that continence was maintained by a great number. Now this could only be, he knew, by a supernatural gift; and it had such an effect on him that he became a good Catholic."

M. Galais afterwards went through Migne's *Cursus Completus Theologiæ*, pointing out the most valuable treatises on it. He strongly recommended Klee's *Manual of the History of Christian Dogmas*, and Pouget's *Institutiones*. Their examinations begin to-morrow, and their vacations in four days. He looks forward to taking the waters somewhere. They absolutely require a change of scene and occupations.

I called on Mr. Coppinger this evening, and staid to tea with them.

*Friday, August 4.*—Called on M. —, who had promised to take me to the Assemblée Nationale. He said the Père Lacordaire had completely failed in the Assembly: first he had taken his seat on the Mountain, shaking hands with the most advanced of that party; then he spoke for the first time, in defence of Ledru Rollin, to the consternation of his friends: and, lastly, he seemed quite bereaved of his usual eloquence, uttered nothing but trivialities, and was at a loss for words. All this he conceived had deeply wounded him, and he had resigned his seat to the great disgust of his constituents, who had been pained first at the line he took, and then by his retirement. He was always eccentric, and took a course of his own: he had professed that his seat in the Assembly was incompatible with a religious life, but he did

not live here *en communauté*, but alone, and was engaged with M. Ozanam and others on a journal, the *Ère Nouvelle*, which was in the highest degree a political life. But he liked to be unlike other people. Padre Ventura, in his funeral oration on O'Connell, had ascribed R. C. Emancipation to the fear of England; so le Père Lacordaire lauded the Duke of Wellington and Sir R. Peel to the skies for granting it, in his funeral oration of last February, to the great disgust of the Irish, John O'Connell, and the rest, who were present.—It was no easy matter to get into the Assembly: I was an hour waiting, after sending in my name to the Comte de Montalembert, and then the Tribune was full, and it was nearly another hour before I got in. The Chamber is an immense room, in the form of a horse shoe, at the bottom of which is the Tribune, and behind it the seat of the President, and sundry officers, while the benches of the representatives are ranged eleven deep, one above another, round the other three sides. The speakers were heard very plainly, though I was at the very furthest point from them: strangers sit in galleries at some height above the members, on both sides and at the bottom. When there is agitation, the sound of voices is like the roar of the sea. But there was nothing interesting to-day. The President, M. Marrast, said, "M. Fayet a la parole," and I heard the Bishop of Orléans speak twice, but very briefly. The speakers were generally very rapid; there was a great want of dignity both in their manner, and in the general aspect of the Chamber. They sit uncovered. I listened for about two

hours, and came away congratulating myself that I was not a legislator, specially in the National Assembly. It seemed to me a place for the violent to succeed in, and for the good and thoughtful to fail in. I watched the representatives going in for some time; generally speaking, they are anything in appearance but distinguished. The presence of an armed force on every side gives likewise an unpleasant feeling to an Englishman.

*Saturday, August 5.*—Was an hour with the Père de Ravignan this morning—one of the pleasantest I have spent in France. Really his kindness and charity to a complete stranger are more than I can express; and I was quite confounded when he thanked me repeatedly for coming to see him. I told him I had not seen any institutions for the education of the other sex, and he gave me notes to three. He agreed with M. Galais in thinking that France was at present that part of the Roman Church in which there was most movement. “Italy is always the head and heart: there are, and always have been, there many ecclesiastics of a holy life. Still it cannot be doubted that a certain reform is wanted there—a reform, of course, to be wrought *by* the Church, and not in separation from her. This is only saying that where there are men, there is a natural tendency to degenerate. We have passed through this reform in France.” I asked whether he thought, if liberty of teaching were granted, that the Church would regain the mass of the population. He hesitated. A certain effect would doubtless be produced: the mere establishment of

a house of education in every diocese would be a considerable step. It was very difficult to know the number of practising Catholics in France. There were not above two millions of Protestants. Out of the million of Parisians there might be from a hundred to a hundred and fifty thousand who communicated at Easter, men, women and children: of women one-half were Catholic; of men, perhaps, one-twentieth. Paris was one of the worst places in France; so, again, the North generally, and the centre, Bourges, Berri, le Nivernois. On the other hand, in Bretagne and the South religion was much more general. He then passed to a subject which was of peculiar interest to me, as touching the sorest place of a parish priest. "Suarez," said he, "has a discussion on the fewness of the saved, whether this is said with reference to the world or to the Church; and he applies it to the world, but not to the Church. I think he is right; this is the result of a ministry of twenty years, in which I have necessarily had large experience—it is the feeling, also, of our fathers generally. You know the Church teaches that *attrition* only, combined with the Sacrament of Penitence, avails to salvation—*attrition* arising from motives of fear rather than of love. *Contrition* by itself, one act of pure love by the soul, avails even without the Sacrament, if there be a firm purpose and desire to receive it. God has no desire for the sinner's death. Jansenism has done great harm on this subject, by inspiring a sort of despair which is most dangerous." I observed that purgatory was the necessary complement of such a doctrine.

“It is so,” he said, “and though God is alone the judge of the sufficiency of those acts of the dying, yet we may hope that a great number come within the terms of salvation, whatever purifying process they may afterwards require.” I asked if Jansenism was not well-nigh extinct? “It is, in France,” he said, “but it is still strong in Piedmont and in Portugal.” He then reverted to the Primacy, and spoke of the force of that superiority which is discernible through every century in the Papal See. Not one passed in which, even from the East, some appeal was not made to it. M. de Maistre spoke of a “*présence réelle*” of the Papacy being sensibly felt throughout the whole history of the Church. I said I rested our defence entirely on the difference between Primacy and Monarchy. There were two great powers in the Church of divine origin—the Papacy and the Episcopate. In the earlier centuries the latter had been most sensibly felt: but in modern times the former. “With regard to discipline,” he said, “I might allow that; but as to the hierarchy, and as to dogma, the relation has always been what it is now: the hierarchy, even the Eastern patriarchs, always were as strictly bound to the Roman chair as the bishops now. They felt the Pope was their superior.” I said I had been unable to see that. I had searched far and wide for evidence of it. The patriarchs of Alexandria, in their own district, and, later, the patriarchs of Constantinople, throughout the East, had judged as absolutely as the Pope in the West: independence was a wrong word to use; but they seemed

to enjoy as complete a liberty of action in their sphere as the Pope in his. He observed, with regard to Bossuet's Gallicanism, "We have been preserved from the ultimate consequences of those principles, but they might have conducted to a sort of Anglicanism—the two touched each other. But," he added, "*Le cœur et la prière vous éclairera. L'étude est souvent difficultueuse ; ce n'est pas que l'esprit n'ait pas ses propres fonctions.* But light comes from the heart. I shall often think of you, and pray for you." I said I thought of leaving Paris on Thursday, and should like to pay him a last visit on Wednesday. "I fear I shall be ordered out of town by my physician ; but I will try and return on Wednesday." "You must not think of it," I said ; "but are you not well ?" "My throat is unwell, which prevents me from preaching." "That is just it," I said : "I should have thought myself most fortunate if I could have heard you preach." He embraced me at parting ; and wished to call on me, which I would not hear of.

Certainly, if ever there was a heart of christian kindness, it is that of the Père de Ravignan.

M. des Billiers showed me a very interesting MS. letter from S. François de Sales to Madame de Chantal. Went again to call on M. de Noirliu, but found him out, and to the Archevêché to get a ticket for the service of Monday, but the secretary was out. In the evening walked along the Boulevards ; there was the usual tide of men and women, but here, as everywhere else in Paris at present, there was a total absence of all that seemed distinguished in either sex : a respectable



equipage is rarely seen. I doubt whether I have set eyes on a lady since I have been here.

*Sunday, August 6.*—Went to La Madeleine at ten, expecting a Mass, but it was the end of a Benediction, and then to my amazement saw M. L'Abbé Pététot in the pulpit. Presently he explained that he was there, the curé of the parish having given in his resignation, and the *grand vicaire* of the chapter having appointed him to take care of the parish, until the new Archbishop should nominate another curé. He earnestly requested their prayers both for the parish under such circumstances, and for the person to be named. In every parish the responsibility was great, but peculiarly so there, where not only so much good was to be done, but where the example would have a wide influence on others. The curé is much to be compassionated with the care of 50,000 souls. The time would allow him but a short exhortation to them. He then read a few prayers: gave out a neuvaine of prayers beginning on that day, and preceding the feast of the Assumption, to be directed for the tranquillity and well-being of France, by order of the *grand vicaire*. It was not, of course, of obligation. The Psalm *Miserere* should be said each day, and “*Sacré Cœur de Jésus, prenez pitié de nous. Cœur immaculé de Marie, priez pour nous.*” He then read the account of the Transfiguration, and began remarking on the wisdom of the Church in bringing before us at stated times particular subjects of contemplation. Thus the thought of heaven, which the Transfiguration suggested, she called to our minds on the Second



Sunday of Lent, and on Ascension Day, and on All Saints. It was a thought peculiarly necessary and good for us. What would our life with all its pains and afflictions be, without heaven? How could we understand anything that passed here below? “car la terre sans le ciel serait la négation la plus formelle de Dieu.” Without the thought of heaven we should be exposed continually to two opposite dangers—on the one hand despair, on the other too great attachment to the world. M. Pététot’s delivery is particularly graceful, and has something quite paternal and attaching in it. I thought his dress most becoming. He wore a canon’s tippet, dark, and bordered with pink, while his stole, embroidered with gold and joined over the breast, contrasted well with the other colours. No more consummate *bêtise* have we committed, than the giving up the proper dress of the clergy; and assuredly never was there a greater mistake, than to consider it a question of superficial importance. Alas! for the day of coldness and neglect, when the English priest changed his cassock for the layman’s coat. But I fear the outward form seldom fails to be an index of the inward spirit; the body here is the clothing of the soul. From the time the chasuble was relinquished, the keys were no longer used, and both, I believe, will be restored or remain in abeyance together.

At three, a sermon at La Madeleine on humility: it was a good plain discourse, setting it forth as the first and most necessary of Christian graces, springing from the consciousness of our personal sin and misery, in feeling which consisted the *precept*, and in desiring to be treated accordingly the

*counsel* or perfection of humility. This was followed by the Benediction, in which were the prayers for the neuvaine.

Dined with M. Martin de Noirlieu. He said the Archbishop's death had been an *époque* for the Church. His funeral was a real triumphal procession, such as France had not seen since the great Revolution. Seven hundred priests took part in it. His body was borne uncovered. Every one, especially the military, pressed to touch it, so that the white gloves and stockings became quite black. An intense feeling had been excited by his sacrifice: the people had never been so well disposed to the Church. They looked to the priests now for comfort and support, and had confidence in them. He saw daily the effects of this in his parish. He had been treated with more respect to-day than he had ever known before. A movement towards religion was certainly begun in France, which must go on; it would require time, but it would spread wide. Catholicism was still a power in France; and, what was very certain, it must be either this or nothing. There was no inclination to Protestantism. Some Protestant ministers wished to bless the trees of liberty, but the people would not hear of it. "Who are you?" they said; "we want the priests of Pie Neuf." He said the republic was hated and could not last: already Henri Cinq was in many mouths. What was very remarkable in the Archbishop's death was, that he was not at all likely to have done such a thing. It was not in his character. He had a great dread of death. At twelve o'clock on the Sunday he had not thought of it: he then

hastily dined and set off with his *grands vicaires* to M. Cavaignac. The enthusiasm which his presence everywhere produced was wonderful. The soldiers rendered him martial honours by a spontaneous feeling, and the people knelt for his blessing. That passage on foot was a triumphal march. In the midst of his agony he said, "Eloignez vous, mes amis; je ne vous édifie pas." M. de Noirliu and his brother, a young priest, asked many questions about the movement in England. The view he had taken was, that Puseyism would lay hold of many Catholic truths which it found in antiquity, such as the sacrifice of the Mass, but would not admit that extension of power which was now claimed for the Pope. He observed, however, that those who went over took the most extreme line of Ultra-montanism. The appointment of Hampden must have done us much injury. I observed that among them the Church was working under such oppression that anything but Catholicism would be destroyed by it. For instance, in every *commune* the schoolmaster, generally a person without faith, is set up by the Government as an antagonist to the priest. The attempt to make education a mere affair of the State was thoroughly anti-christian. He agreed that it was only the "sève intarissable" of Catholicism, ever mounting up afresh, which kept them alive. M. de Noirliu has juster notions of the English Church, and makes larger allowances in favour of our state, than any other ecclesiastic I have met.

*Monday, August 7.*—I was at Notre Dame by half-past eight, for the ceremony in honour of the Archbishop. The church became gradually very

crowded. I was in time to get a seat very near the pulpit. Mass began at ten. Most of the clergy of Paris were present ; some representatives ; the Cardinal de la Tour d'Auvergne, a venerable old man of eighty, who officiated ; the Bishop of Langres ; and the Bishop of Quimper. Just before eleven M. l'abbé Cœur began his funeral oration, which lasted two hours and forty-three minutes. When about half over, the poor old cardinal, who, of course, was fasting, could hold out no longer ; he was obliged to go out, and finished the Mass in silence in the choir, while the sermon continued. Thus its inordinate length broke the order of the service. The preacher was not without merit, but his delivery was very bad, and he was obliged continually to spit ; an operation which would come on in the middle of a sentence, and was once repeated six times in the most disagreeable manner. The eloquence of Demosthenes himself could not have sustained such an interruption ; and I could not help wishing that the Père Lacordaire, whom I saw present, had been in his place. The sermon contained a sketch of the life and labours of the Archbishop, especially praising his simplicity, learning, courage, complete independence of state or personal interests. That he had fully understood the mission of the Church in these latter times, to consummate the alliance between religion and his country. He had it much at heart to form in the *ancienne Maison des Carmes*, rendered so illustrious by the blood of martyrs in 1792, a new school of prophets, eminent at once for science, piety, and courage. He was a great encourager of learning in the clergy. Their

efforts in behalf of "la liberté d'enseignement," would be the honour of the French episcopate in the eyes of posterity. The Archbishop was powerful in his life, but much more so in his death. His death was the real apology of the *sacerdoce*, which had been attacked. It could not be defended by books; it required a martyrdom: "le martyre est un grand maître de la raison; il ne discute pas, il montre." A hundred years of teaching could not have proved what his blood shed in the Faubourg S. Antoine had established. Nor was his death brought about by an "*entrainement du caractère: c'est l'apologie du sacerdoce et du Christianisme.*" The preacher dwelt at great length on the "new times"—that the Church was essentially indifferent to all governments: it was the life of humanity. He then gave a christian explanation of liberty, equality, fraternity; and finished with an address to the Archbishop: they did not believe that he needed their prayers, which, however, they would offer for him.

This sermon, besides its inordinate length, was deficient in connection and choice of subjects: it was far too general. Had it been well delivered, parts would have been very interesting; but, considering that the occasion was quite unique—the death of an archbishop and martyr—it must be considered a failure. I was more than five hours and a half in Notre Dame.

Went to M. des Billiers, who took me to the Couvent des Oiseaux, for the Supérieure of which the Père de Ravignan had given me a letter. The Sisters of Notre Dame were founded by the Bienheureux Fourier, for the purpose of edu-

cating. But their houses, though conducted on the same principles, are independent. This is of very great extent—has a very handsome chapel, with oak fittings, and a rich marble altar; a very costly library, including a large collection of engravings of different schools, museum of natural history, and everything which can contribute to the ordinary education of young ladies. Nothing that I have seen in Paris interested me more than this house; nor was I ever more struck with the advantages which *la vie de communauté* presents. There are here, between *mères* and *sœurs*, 116 religieuses, who are occupied in directing the education of 240 girls; at least, there were this number before the events of February: there are at present only 50; but it is just before the vacation and a large number have been withdrawn, either from the fears of their parents, or their inability, since those events, to pay the pension. They employ, besides, sixteen masters, for music, languages, &c. The terms are 1800 francs a year. There are one hundred pianos in the house, and everything that I saw was on a like scale of abundance and richness. They attend Mass daily. We went to a Benediction in the chapel; and after this the aumônier conducted us all over the house—the class-rooms, dortoirs, garden, &c. A nun sleeps in each dortoir; the beds have not even curtains, so there is the most perfect surveillance. A pupil is never left with a master alone, but one of the sisters is present at the lessons. No private establishment could possibly compete with this: three millions of francs, the aumônier told us, had been laid out upon it, first



and last; everything is done for the pupils by the nuns, nor have they any servants, save for the garden. They give, besides, instruction gratuitously to a large number of poor children, separately from their pensionnaires. The aumônier told us he gave two instructions to the upper, and two to the lower classes, every week. He had got together an immense collection of maps and engravings, a volume for each department of France, in order that the pupils might have pictures of all that was described to them; for which he quoted to me—

“Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,  
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.”

The great extent of this house, the number of the rooms, the perfection of all its accommodations, astonished me. The number of teachers, in comparison to the taught, is far beyond anything we have; not less difference is there in the pains taken with their religious instruction, and the moral *surveillance* exercised over them. But the most pleasing thought of all was, that personal interest was not the prime agent, nor an agent at all in this. These nuns acquire nothing from their pupils personally: the house, it is true, is necessarily supported by the pensions; but all that remains goes to the instruction of the poor, or the decoration of the chapel, or the advantage of future generations of scholars in the accommodations of the house. The teachers do not get rich upon the taught, not to speak of the poor who are instructed gratuitously at the same time. The number of persons engaged allows of the



greatest attention being paid to any individual case requiring it, and the *primum mobile* is charity. How great the superiority in all points of view to any private establishment. Gain entering in changes the motive of all this: from a work of love, it becomes a profession; self-sacrifice vanishes as personal interest appears. They have English and Irish pupils here, as well as of other nations: even some Protestants. The garden is quite sufficient for all purposes of recreation. The age of the pupils ranges from ten to eighteen or twenty. Some remain till they marry.

Accompanied M. Bonnetty to Lady — in the evening.

*Tuesday, August 8.*—My visit to the Couvent des Oiseaux yesterday sharpened me for that to the Dames du Sacré Cœur to-day. Le Père de Ravignan had given me a note to Madame d'Avenas. We had a great deal of talk with her, which not unfrequently took a controversial turn; and she seemed particularly well informed on such points. The congregation of the Sacré Cœur was only founded, she told us, in 1800; they now have about fifty houses in France, three in Rome, others in Piedmont (lately sequestered by the state), in the United States, one at Acton, near London—in all, about seventy. At eighteen they may begin a noviciate, which lasts two years: they can then take the vows for five years: at the end of which time, being of twenty-five years at least, they can, if they please, take the final and irrevocable vows. There are one hundred Sisters in this house, which is the old palace of the Ducs de Biron, in the Rue de Varennes, having a garden

of immense extent behind it. Their scholars, before the events of February, amounted to 160: all is done for them by the Sisters, who have no servants, except for the garden. They have masters for the different arts: the pension, exclusive of these masters, is 1000 francs. The Supérieure Générale of all these seventy houses resides here. They are founded uniquely for education. Some of the class-rooms are very magnificent—the old reception rooms of the palace. But, generally speaking, the house is not equal in its extent or fitting up to Les Oiseaux; but the garden is far more extensive. Madame d'Avenas walked over it with us; and amid its groves one can hardly believe that one is in Paris. Both Madame d'Avenas and M. des Billiers attacked me on the state of separation of the English Church, and the schism it had thereby incurred: this, I said, depended on the degree to which the Papal claim is true.

Called on M. —, who gave me a deplorable account of the state of things here: that the chiefs of the party for the République Rouge—Louis Blanc, Caussidiere, and Ledru Rollin—were supported by General Cavaignac secretly: that the *rapport* just given to the Assemblée had reawakened the most furious passions, and that a fresh insurrection might break out at any time.

In the evening called to thank the Bishop of Langres for the service he has been to me in procuring for me the company of M. des Billiers, who, together with M. Farel, his *grand vicaire*, returned with me and talked some time.

*Wednesday, August 9.*—Went with M. Farel over the Carmes, the scene of the massacre of 175

priests on September 2, 1792, among whom were the Archbishop of Arles, and the Bishop of Saintes. The Supérieur conducted us over the house and garden; he showed us the room in which the revolutionary tribunal sat; the passage through which the victims were hurried to be dispatched; and at the bottom of the garden the orangery, now a chapel, into which they fled, and which retains on its floor, and on the seat which runs along its inner wall, numerous traces of blood. There is, especially, the mark of a head on the bench, where the crown of hair is still visible, which must have been dripping with blood to have left such a trace. No spot in Paris has such interest for me as this: none is so glorious to the Church of France: none carries such an omen of future triumphs. Between this orangery and the house is a small circular piece of water, on the edge of which several likewise were massacred. In a small vaulted chamber, up stairs, are the marks of three rapiers against the wall, which the assassins, sleeping there at night, seem to have put to stand there, dropping with blood. And in this very room Madame Tallien, the Empress Josephine, and the Duchess d'Aiguillon were confined seventeen days, as appears by an inscription in pencil on the wall, asking how long liberty should be a vain name, and signed "Citoyenne Tallien, Josephine Beauharnais, d'Aiguillon." Even here the reminiscences of this house do not stop;—in the garret many of the Girondins were confined, and the walls are covered with their indignant remarks; many from the Latin poets, in heathen style—some written in pencil, some in their blood.

It is a curious contrast, as one turns away from this chamber, to see over another door one of the old inscriptions of the Carmelites remaining : "Quod delectat, momentum est : quod cruciat, æternum est." It is, as the late Archbishop said, "le monde païen, and le monde chrétien, vis-à-vis." He had purchased this house as a place for the encouragement of the higher studies of theology among the clergy ; the design was not completed at his death, but there are about forty here, of whom twelve are masters. He has added another to the noble band of martyrs, the unequalled patrimony of this building : his heart has just been carried to the chapel, where we saw it in a glass case. Surely neither their blood, nor his, has been shed in vain. He seems to me worthy to rank with the Archbishop of Arles, who, when his name was called out by the murderers, stepped forth from amid the priests seeking to shelter him, and said, "C'est moi. Je suis celui que vous cherchez." He was struck down and massacred. The same power enabled the late Archbishop, not a man careless of his life, nor of great physical courage, to present himself fearlessly among enraged combatants, and when suffering extreme tortures from his wound not even once to ask his physician for aid. If ever any sacrifice was voluntary, it was his : and this notion of making expiation with his blood for his flock seems to have given him supernatural force.

The Abbé des Billiers had got me a ticket for the distribution of prizes at the Institution des Aveugles. The crowns and books were almost as numerous as at the *petit séminaire* : here,

however, the ceremony had an especial interest, as all the scholars had to surmount exceeding obstacles arising from their loss of sight. There were, notwithstanding, a great number of subjects for which prizes were given; and the whole was terminated by a concert, in which the boys and girls were performers. Music is one of the things in which they most excel, and the source, doubtless, to them of peculiar enjoyment—the sensations it excites may replace to them, in some degree which we cannot imagine, the loss of sight. This spectacle, however, is not without pain, as well as interest, to the beholders, as I experienced in going over the house itself a few days ago.

*Thursday, August 10.*—M. Farel took me to the Dames de la Visitation, Rue d'Enfer. As they are “cloitrées,” we could not see their house, but we conversed a little with the Supérieure. M. Farel said smilingly to her that they looked to the prayers and intercessions of the *visitandines* for the maintenance of public tranquillity; and when the affairs of the Church did not go well, it was because the *visitandines* did not do their duty. “Vraiment,” the Supérieure replied, not displeased at the remark; and then she sent for four English Sisters, with whom I had a long talk. Three of these English Sisters had been converted, one, eight years ago, from a state of utter unbelief; the other two, six and three years ago, being members of the Church of England. The fourth was born a Catholic. None had any distinct idea of the Church of England. They all expressed themselves delighted with their

condition. There are several months of trial before admission to the noviciate, which lasts at least a year and a day, after which they may take the final vows. They told me it not unfrequently happened that persons wishing to remain, and having apparently all the dispositions suitable for the religious life, were refused by the superiors, but that their judgment had never been known to have been deceived in those whom they accepted: a special light was given them to that end. The primary object of their order was prayer and intercession, and they received among them persons labouring under various bodily infirmities, who would not be accepted elsewhere; their rule was not severe as to bodily austerities. Their founder, S. François de Sales, had assured them that the number of infirm persons they admitted would never be so large as to diminish the efficacy of the order. They likewise had schools attached to their houses; but no nun was occupied more than two hours a day in school. They have about 180 houses—one in England, at Westbury, near Bristol; some in the United States. The number in each house was thirty-three, but in the great towns they passed this number. Before the events of February they had sixty pupils. I observed that the not knowing or not considering the careful attention paid to the subject of *vocation* was the cause of many prejudices in England against the religious orders. One of the four, a novice, said, when she came to visit her sister, before her conversion, she had the greatest dread of entering the house, but she had found it quite different



from what she expected. We had a great deal of conversation about late conversions, that of Mr. Newman especially. I said, Roman Catholics in England seemed to me to commit a great fault, and especially converts. The moment they had left us, it seemed their object to depreciate to the utmost the Church of England; instead of allowing what we undoubtedly possessed, and pointing out with charity and kindness the particulars in which they presume us to be deficient, they delight to condemn us *en masse*, in the most harsh and insulting manner. I noticed the *Tablet* as instinct with this spirit; and when this came from men who for years had been fighting on our side, it was the more offensive. It was in strong contrast with the charity and kindness one met with in Roman Catholics abroad.

Called on Lady —, who had asked me to dine with her to-morrow. She spoke to me seriously on a subject which, she said, had been much upon her mind. Living for a long time among Roman Catholics, she had come to the knowledge of a vast number of answers to prayer addressed through the Blessed Virgin to God. Without rejecting evidence which on any other subject she should admit to be conclusive, she could not refuse her belief to the efficacy of these prayers, and yet her whole mind revolted from addressing an invocation to the Blessed Virgin. Moreover, she believed that, in the minds of the ignorant and superstitious in the Roman Communion, the Blessed Virgin was an obstacle to their approaching God—they stopped with her.



And yet these prayers were undoubtedly answered. Did God then vouchsafe a reply to the love which evidently dictated these prayers? To her Protestantism seemed to have called forth the manly virtues, independence and self-possession; whereas Catholicism developed itself in far greater tenderness of spirit and affection. She showed me a passage from Padre Ventura, strongly setting forth the paternity of God the Father and the maternity of the Blessed Virgin in parallelism, and compassionating those who held either without the other. But to Protestants the Blessed Virgin was a merely historical being, having no present existence; they did not mean to dishonour her, but they simply never thought about her.

I said it appeared to me that the Intercession of the Saints for the Church on earth and its particular members could not but be an essential part of the Communion of Saints, and this once being granted, the pre-eminent position of the Blessed Virgin accounted for the effects wrought by her intercession; that those who had carried her power to the highest yet made it a simply intercessory power. "*Monstra te esse matrem*" was the highest exhibition of her authority. When the mind comes to reflect upon her, and the position she holds, so unapproachable by any other creature, it can hardly fail to come to these results. The greater tenderness and devotion of spirit discernible among Roman Catholics must be on account of their so vividly realising the Communion of Saints, and this specially in the case of the Blessed Virgin. We must not reason from

the ignorant and superstitious members of the Roman Church, any more than from the apathy and utter deadness of heart and irreverence apparent in so many of our own people. The cultus of the saints may be idolatry to those who do not realise the ineffably higher office of our Lord. I can conceive their asking, What good can the bones of dead men do? But when the reality of Christ's presence in the tabernacles of their flesh is felt, I could not see how the grace and glory bestowed by the Head upon His members detracted from Himself, as the source and giver of it. The Communion of Saints, therefore, would account for the answers given to prayers for the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. But how could the Saints know of the prayers made to them? I said I saw no difficulty in the view of divines, that those who enjoyed the vision of God, beheld in Him the needs and requests of their brethren in the flesh.

Lady — has an odd notion of the soul slumbering till the Resurrection, which, I said, she must allow me to say, was simply false doctrine.

I took leave of M. Bonnetty afterwards. M. Farel took me to the establishment of S. Nicolas, for the education of orphan and other children, and their apprenticing to various trades, Rue Vaugirard, 98. This had been set on foot and conducted for about twenty years by Monseigneur de Bervanger. He has collected out of the streets of Paris a thousand *gamins*, whom he receives at a small pension—twenty francs a month for orphans, twenty-five for other children; lodges, boards, instructs, and teaches them a vast

number of trades. Of these he has even at present seven hundred; but the Revolution of February has cost him a diminution of three hundred. Five hundred of the *garde mobile*, who lately saved Paris, have been brought up by him. He observes that the difficulty for children destined to live by manual labour is how to join elementary studies, especially that of religion, with their apprenticeship to a trade. Without religion a workman does not find in all his life rule for his conduct, consolation in his toils, or hope for the future. Thus establishments uniting these advantages answer a deep need of society, and this has been the chief aim of the *Œuvre de S. Nicolas* since its institution in 1827, *i.e.* to succour orphans, to give them a love of virtue and labour, and prepare them, by the practice of religious duties, to become not merely good workmen, but good Christians. For this purpose an hour and a quarter is given every day, except Thursday, to the study and explanation of the Catechism, the Gospel, and Sacred History. The pupils are arranged in fourteen divisions, according to their age and intelligence. They are taught by priests approved by the Archbishop—these are ever among them, not only in their work and studies, but at their recreations, instructing them to be content with the position assigned to them by Providence, and to bless Him amid the most painful toils and privations, out of regard to an eternal recompense—sentiments which the example of these priests in surrendering themselves to so charitable and self-denying a life must be very powerful in inspiring.

The children are specially instructed and prepared for their communion and confirmation.

The establishment has within it twenty-five *ateliers* for pupils whose parents or guardians desire to leave their children till the end of their apprenticeship; for the children only attend these workshops on an express request. Care will be taken to put to good Christian masters the children not able to profit by this advantage. A great number of those brought up here are already set at the head of these workshops. The younger brethren will find with them the same religious usages, and as it were the same family.

They are occupied in these workshops eight and a half hours a day. They have a class two hours every day, except their friends desire them to pass this time in the workshop, to perfect themselves in their employment. If their work should be suspended, they attend the classes.

The apprenticeship lasts two, three, or four years, according to the trade. When finished they may remain in the establishment; and what they earn beyond their maintenance may be deposited in a savings bank. The parents can select for their children what trade they like, after considering their tastes, physical powers, and intelligence. Though these workshops are an increase of charge to the establishment, yet, as it does not seek to make a pecuniary speculation, the payment for the children in them is no larger than for the youngest, though their board is more expensive. Moreover, those who work require a larger amount of food.

All the earnings of the apprentices belong to the masters of the workshops, who have thus an interest in their progress, and in conforming themselves to the rules of the house, from which they are liable to be dismissed. On their side, they provide the tools. They have no power to inflict punishments, but report to the brethren.

The studies include reading, writing, arithmetic, and orthography; the elements of French grammar, geography, and history; analysis of grammar and logic; book-keeping, linear drawing, practical geometry, vocal music, the most complete instrumental music, gymnastics, and swimming; such primary instruction in natural philosophy, chemistry, and natural history, as are applicable to daily life; mensuration and horticulture.

The children do not remain in study more than two hours and a half following, nor occupied on the same subject more than from half an hour to an hour and a half. Those not in the workshops have eight hours of class and study, excepting the youngest, who have only six, as they rise later. Each class has from fifty to seventy scholars at most.

There is a small examination several times a year.

The food is prepared by Sisters of Charity. It is wholesome and plentiful, and shared by the masters. There is breakfast, dinner, and supper, besides the *goûter*.

Sisters of Charity take charge of the infirmary, kitchens, refectory, linen, and washing: "they know that all holiness which isolates us from those who have need of our assistance is false."

Most careful provision is made for the cleanliness of the children. Warm water is supplied in winter; baths at all times.

Housework, in which the brethren have aid from the children out of class time, is paid to them. Long experience shows how much better for the children this is than when it is made a punishment. Moreover, some children have such need of motion, that great harm may be done them if it be refused them.

“All which appears low to the eyes of men, is an object of emulation among *religious*, whose vocation aims at the most perfect conformity with the counsels and example of our divine Saviour. After His example, they dare to touch the leper banished from man’s society; and they despise pharisaic censure. They would deem themselves unworthy to belong in so privileged a manner to the service of a crucified God, if their heart was under the influence of human opinion, if even care of health, which a sensitive conscience often shows them to be superfluous, could arrest them in the accomplishment of their labours.”

The brethren sleep in their dormitories among the children. One of them invariably keeps watch in these dormitories, which are lighted. The most careful and rigorous surveillance is exercised. The eldest rise at  $5\frac{1}{2}$ ; the youngest at 7. In winter they go to bed at 8; in summer at  $8\frac{3}{4}$ .

Good marks are given to the children, which three times a year are exchanged for books, &c. Marks of conduct, work, and application, for each week, are hung up in the *parloir*. So likewise the places obtained in the compositions of the

week ; and the notes of three months, which are sent to friends. Pupils who constantly maintain themselves on the table of good conduct for three months are entitled to a reward. There is a grand distribution of prizes every year before the short vacation, on the Sunday following the 15th of August.

Extraordinary recreations are provided at times ; as in summer a long promenade, in which the pupils take with them a day's provisions.

During the recreations of each day, the brethren make themselves children with their pupils, authority disguising itself under the shape of affection. This is the most favourable moment for studying character. They endeavour to gain the confidence of those in whom they have observed bad dispositions by employing the most attractive means of religion, and they have often the consolation of making them teachable and happy.

It is a great point to occupy the children during their recreation, and so to brace the body by exercise, that their nights may be sound and their health good.

Parents can see their children any day, but only at play time, and when they are not in disgrace. They cannot take their children out but on a few particular days.

Punishments are inflicted as sparingly as possible. No master may strike a child.

Children are received from eight to twelve years old. Those under ten are sent in general to the *Maison succursale*, at Issy. Twenty francs entrance are paid besides the pension. The number is limited to 1000.

We had first an interview with Mgr. de



Bervanger, the founder of this work, to whom, I should think, it must supply perpetual occupation. He sent a most pleasing boy round with us to the different parts of the establishment. In many of the various ateliers work has been suspended; this is an effect of the Revolution; in many we saw the pupils at work under their "chef." They reach such perfection in their work, as to obtain an easy sale for it, and to gain their subsistence. A large number were playing in high spirits. The premises are necessarily of great extent, and certainly it is a bold and immense experiment, and most interesting. It is not the least astonishing that Mgr. de Bervanger set it on foot without private funds: but its maintenance involves a large degree of ever-active charity, both in the brothers of S. Nicolas, who teach these boys, that would otherwise be the refuse of Paris, and who eat and sleep in the midst of them, and in the Sisters of Charity, by whom the kitchen, infirmary, refectory, &c., are served. Thus without the "célibat" in both sexes, this and every other work of high charity falls to the ground. Not only on the score of expense would it be impossible to conduct such a house without the aid of those who disregard money altogether as a remuneration; not only would it be difficult to find so total a surrender of time and of the whole man in any who had household ties to bind them: but as certain devils cannot be cast out "save by prayer and fasting," so there would seem to be a like proportion of means to end in particular applications of the Cross's healing power. It would appear to be a necessary condition for the

restoration of the suffering masses of society, that the highest blessing of the natural man—family life—should be voluntarily surrendered by those who are to be God's instruments in this special work. They who are seen amid the toil and sweat of every day's task to be living a supernatural life of charity—they, and they alone, can gain the affection of the world's outcasts, and lighten the burden of the Cross which they have first themselves so borne. As I went over this house, and saw its inmates, I realised in some faint degree the amount of charity which such a life must require. The musical service, performed by these children themselves on Sunday, is described as very well done, and very interesting. Many of their friends come to hear. I thought their chapel confined for so large a number.

A little book which Mgr. de Bervanger gave us contains a pretty full account of this institution, from which I have taken many particulars given above. He observed that an Englishman not long before had paid them several visits. He was most struck by the terms of intimacy in which the masters lived with the pupils. This has also struck me pointedly wherever I have seen educational institutions in France. There the wall of separation does not seem to exist, which shuts out the English tutor or master from the real state of his pupil's mind, from his prevailing habits, and natural tone of thought. With us, the boy before his master, and the boy by himself or with his schoolfellows, are two beings wholly distinct. Seldom, indeed, can the tutor get at the real living soul with

whom he has to deal; still seldomer mould and direct the development of his moral powers. It is, to the best of my belief, a *generic* difference between Anglican and Roman Catholic education.

As we were walking home, M. Farel told me that in the diocese of Langres alone there were five hundred institutions of Sisters. "Do you not mean," I said, "five hundred Sisters?" "No," he replied; "not a commune is without them." I asked to how many several parent houses they might belong: he said, to about five. Thus the Sisters of S. Vincent de Paul only form a portion of those dedicated to this work.

*Friday, Aug. 11.*—I copied the rest of the account of the cure which happened to the novice at the Rue du Bac. The Sisters asked me if I had seen the child who was cured of blindness. I said I had, and that she seemed to me of very limited intelligence, and extremely simple. One of them answered, "Yes; I asked her what she thought when she recovered her sight, to which she replied, 'C'était drôle de tout voir.'" While I was sitting among a number of the Sisters of Charity transcribing the account, their great cheerfulness—one might almost call it merriment—of tone was remarkable; they were those engaged in the general management of the house at the Secrétariat. There is something, too, in their faces which indicates inward peace. They look happy. I took the opportunity of reading the pastoral letter of the Abbé Etienne, their Superior-general, in which the account of the cures was contained. It was written to encourage them amid the unsettled

state of public affairs. He reminded them that the Revolution of 1830 opened with a much more threatening aspect towards religion; and yet the period of eighteen years which they had since passed through had been one of unexampled progress and prosperity to their Institution. The times in which their founder, S. Vincent de Paul, lived were likewise most unsettled, but he only saw in that a larger opportunity for charitable exertions; he had promised his children, that so long as they were faithful to their rules the Divine protection should never fail them, and God had, beyond doubt, granted these two miraculous cures to the intercessions of S. Vincent at the opening of another momentous crisis to assure them that their Saint had not lost his power with God. He felt the greatest confidence in their zeal and charity and spirit of union, which made his own task light. Before leaving the house I visited their chapel again, which has to me a peculiar interest, on account of what is said to have taken place there.

I here insert the account of the cures, which I copied from the original, and the attestations, which I procured from the two surgeons who had treated the several cases. The Superior-general thus introduces the mention of these two cures: "This is not all, my very dear Sisters. At a time when, perhaps, yet greater trials are in store for the Church and for us, and when, perhaps, likewise, yet greater mercies are to reward our faith, God has thought fit to set, as it were, the seal of His Omnipotence on our confidence, and to show by prodigies all the power of S. Vincent's protection at the throne of Divine Goodness.

Two astonishing cures have taken place this year before the shrine of S. Vincent, during the 'neuvaine' of the translation of his relics. I do not qualify them as miracles, because the ecclesiastical authority alone has the power so to term them. But my heart feels the need of bringing to your knowledge the details concerning them, because I know all the joy and edification which you will experience in them, and how fitting you will consider them to encourage you to draw closer the ties which bind you to your holy calling, and to lead you to appreciate the designs of God for our two families, if we are faithful in corresponding to them. I shall preface the account of each healing by the certificate of the medical man, which sets forth the state of the patient at the moment when it took place.

“ATTESTATION DU CHIRURGIEN SUR LA  
MALADIE DE LA SŒUR MARIE JAVELLE

“Le 2 Mai 1848 j'ai été appelé au couvent de la rue du Bac, n° 132, pour la sœur Marie Javelle, âgée de 24 ans, que j'ai trouvée couchée, ayant la tête inclinée sur l'épaule gauche, qu'elle touchait presque, avec raideur des muscles du cou, impossibilité de la ramener à sa position naturelle, et douleur vive, augmentée par les moindres mouvements. On m'apprit que cet état avait été la suite immédiate d'un coup violent, porté par mégarde sur la tempe droite.

“M. Lenoir, chirurgien de l'hôpital Necker, vit cette malade avec moi le lendemain 3 Mai. Sans rejeter la possibilité d'un simple torticolis,

nous eûmes, ensemble, la pensée d'un déplacement d'une apophyse articulaire du côté gauche de l'une des dernières vertèbres cervicales.

“ Le danger de la réduction de ces déplacements, que nous fîmes connaître à la supérieure, l'absence jusqu'ici d'accidents graves, nous déterminèrent à nous borner à l'application des moyens propres à calmer la contraction des muscles du cou.

“ Les jours suivants, les accidents augmentèrent. Il survint de la fièvre, la tête s'inclina davantage sur l'épaule ; la malade eut de la peine à boire, ce dont je m'assurai en lui voyant avaler, par saccades convulsives, quelques gorgées de liquide. Le bras gauche devint douloureux jusqu'à la main, dont le contact retentissait péniblement jusqu'au cou ; il était dans une extension continuelle, avec raideur tétanique qui ne me permit point de le changer de place. Le membre inférieur gauche, d'abord engourdi à sa partie supérieure, présenta aussi de la raideur.

“ La respiration était un peu gênée. Les facultés intellectuelles conservaient leur pleine intégrité. Les choses étaient dans cet état le 8 Mai, à sept heures et demie du matin. Nous avions exprimé des craintes plus graves que les jours précédents. La supérieure n'avait pas osé permettre des tentatives de réduction dont nous avions annoncé les conséquences possibles, auxquelles la malade, bien résignée, se serait prêtée volontiers.

“ Le 9 Mai, à sept heures et demie du matin, sans aucune manœuvre chirurgicale qui soit à ma connaissance, j'ai vu dans le cabinet de la sœur Buchepot (première directrice du noviciat de la

communauté) la jeune sœur Marie Javelle, debout, marchant facilement, portant sans effort sa main sur sa tête, celle-ci revenue à sa rectitude naturelle, le cou ayant repris sa forme, sa souplesse, et exécutant tous les mouvements.

“PARIS, *le 10 Mai*, 1848.”

Having forwarded my copy of the above to M. Hervey de Chegoin, he returned it to me, with the following attestation, written at the end :

“Je certifie cette copie conforme au procès-verbal que j’ai avéré de la maladie de la sœur Marie Javelle.

“HERVEY DE CHEGOIN,  
“Médecin des hôpitaux, &c.”

Accompanying it with the following note :

“Monsieur, j’ai signé bien volontiers la copie que vous m’avez adressée : elle est aussi exacte que le procès-verbal lui-même est l’expression de la vérité dans l’exposé des symptômes pendant huit jours, et de leur disparition subite et complète après la circonstance qui l’a précédée.

“J’ai l’honneur d’être,

“Monsieur,

“Votre très obéissant serviteur,

“HERVEY DE CHEGOIN.

“31 *Juillet*, 1848.”



The relation of the cure itself is as follows :

“DETAILED RELATION OF THE HEALING OF  
SISTER MARIE JAVELLE

“Sister Marie Javelle, twenty-four years of age, after having postulated three months at S. Stephen, entered the community of the Sisters of Charity, Feb. 17, 1848. Having been appointed to nurse in one of the infirmaries on the night of 30th April to 1st May, in supporting a patient who fell back on her head, she twisted her neck, and so considerable a derangement took place, that it continued in that position. The next day inflammation ensued, and the surgeons called in were themselves alarmed at the gravity of the accident. Before attempting an operation as dangerous as the injury, and which, touching the spinal marrow, might cause instant death, all remedies were tried, but to no purpose. The nerves contracted, the head became stiffly fixed on the shoulders, presently the arm and left leg became paralysed, and the pains so violent, that at times the patient feared not being able to bear them. All our hope was in God : she begged for courage, resigned herself to His will, and invoked the Blessed Virgin, whom she tenderly loves, and who has already given her special marks of protection. At length came Sunday, 7th May, the day on which began the ‘neuvaine’ of the translation of S. Vincent de Paul. That day she had the consolation of communicating in bed, with a morsel of the Host, for her throat being twisted, she joined to her other sufferings that of not being

able to swallow more than some drops of water, and that with incredible effort and pain. She expressed a desire to make, in union with the Seminary, a 'neuvaine' to S. Vincent to obtain a cure. On Monday the surgeon declared, that he had no hope but in the success of the operation, and dangerous as it was he pressed it. It was thought requisite to speak plainly to the patient, and tell her, that she would either be healed by means of the operation, or remain an invalid all her life, asking her which she preferred. 'I shall be composed,' she replied, 'in doing the will of my Superiors, being assured that I am doing that of God.' However, it was resolved to finish the 'neuvaine' before attempting anything. Sister Mazin, our most honoured mother, had sent her before a morsel of the waistcoat of our blessed Father S. Vincent. In the night of the 7th to 8th May the patient had the strange fancy to swallow a morsel of this. Not venturing to do it without speaking, she waited till the morning, when, by help of a little water, she swallowed some threads. Scarcely had she done so, when she felt the most perfect conviction that she should not die, and that she should obtain her cure by the intercession of S. Vincent. At one in the afternoon, seeing near her one of the directresses of the seminary, she told her, that could she see the Saint's shrine, and touch it, she should be immediately cured. It was observed to her that this latter was impossible; but she so urged the former, that we were touched by it, and endeavoured from that time to find means to satisfy her keen desire. With the consent of our ex-

cellent Superiors, a litter was procured; it was arranged as well as we could: and after passing a whole hour in dressing her suitably, at four in the morning on Tuesday, 9th May, she was put on the litter, and the dangerous passage from our house to the chapel of S. Vincent de Paul was undertaken. She was accompanied by Sister Azais, Sister Girardot, second and third directresses of the seminary; Sister Martha Velay, formerly mother of the seminary; Sister Boscredon, employed in the seminary; Sister Bonneau, third infirmière, who had herself attended on the young patient; by Dominic Belyn, called Louis, and John Scipio, called Baptist, both servants of the house, who carried the litter. During the passage the patient suffered much. In spite of herself complaints escaped her, and especially when the litter was set down in the church she felt so keen a pain that a cry burst from her. The moment she perceived the Saint's shrine, she looked at it with the most lively confidence, and felt an extraordinary movement in her person. At the beginning of Mass she felt inclined to join her hands; in fact, her left arm recovered the necessary strength, and her hand reached the other again. At the Gospel a movement like her first caused her to take her head with her hands, and turn it without difficulty to the other side. At the elevation of the Mass, Sister Azais, who was near her, told her to try and rise; she made the attempt, but was unable, and answered, that it was not yet time. She had continued to suffer much up to this point. At length Communion was brought her. Her throat was so closed, that she felt a great pain, but this

was the last. Some minutes afterwards she came down readily from the litter, unassisted by anyone. After this Mass she heard, as a thanksgiving, that of M. Etienne, our Superior-general, came back on foot, and from that day, far from preserving the least feeling of her injury, she is better than ever she was. This is attested by the sister on whom the miracle has taken effect, who has signed the present act, as have the witnesses named above.

“Marie Azais, Cécile Girardot, Marie Javelle, Marthe Telay, Justine Boscredon, Josephine Bonneau, Dominique Belyn, and Jean Scipion.

“*Note.*—It is well to observe that, on the 2nd of May, the surgeon of the house, M. Hervé de Chegoin, was called in alone to see Sister Marie Javelle, and the case appeared to him so grave, that, not liking the single responsibility of it, he begged to have another doctor, whom he brought the next day.

“The 8th of May, the last day on which M. Hervé had seen her before her cure, he had found her so ill that, on the morrow, when he was told that Sister Javelle had no further need of his services, he asked if she was dead.

“The young sisters, then composing the seminary, begged that their names should be joined to this act, to attest its truth, and to put themselves in a special manner under the protection of S. Vincent. . . .”

The second case is as follows :

“ ATTESTATION DU MÉDECIN SUR LA MALADIE  
DE MDLLE. CÉLESTE L'ALLEMAND

“ Je soussigné, médecin, demeurant à Paris, Rue Mouffetard, 94, certifie que la nommée Marie Céleste l'Allemand, âgée de quatorze ans, native de Jussy, département de la Haute Saône, résidant actuellement à Paris, Rue de l'Arbalette, 25, dans l'Ouvroir des Jeunes Économes, a été traitée par moi, puis par M. Sichel, pendant environ huit mois, pour une amaurose complète; et que les divers traitements employés, tant par moi que par mon confrère, n'ont nullement amélioré la position de cette jeune personne, quoiqu'ils aient varié à l'infini depuis le mois d'Octobre dernier jusqu'au mois d'Avril, où elle a cessé tout traitement.

“ Signé, FERNET, D.M.

“ PARIS, 23 *Mai*, 1848.”

“ RELATION OF THE MIRACULOUS CURE OF A  
CHILD OF MARY, DE L'OUVROIR DES JEUNES  
ECONOMES

“ We, the undersigned children de l'Ouvroir des Jeunes Économes, established in Paris, Rue de l'Arbalette, 25, certify the truth of the following details of the sudden cure of one of our dear companions, named Céleste l'Allemand, child of Mary, of our ouvroir. This companion, aged fourteen, had entirely lost her sight from the month of September 1847. Six medical men,

successively called in to attend on her, had exhausted all the resources of their art upon her without obtaining the least result. They had declared that the optical nerves of our young companion were paralysed, and that she was struck with a complete amaurosis; consequently all medical treatment had ceased since last April.

“Painfully affected at this sad state of our companion, we resolved to consecrate to Mary the month of May, then beginning, with the intention of obtaining her cure by the intercession of the most holy Virgin. From the 1st of May our young companion went to pray every day before the altar of Mary, with the firm confidence that the immaculate Mary would restore her sight before the end of her favourite month. But on the 9th of May, the news of the striking cure worked on a young sister of the seminary of the Sisters of Charity, by the intercession of S. Vincent de Paul, and before his relics, exposed in the chapel of the Priests of the Mission on the occasion of the ‘neuvaine,’ celebrated yearly in honour of the translation of his body, suggested to us the desire to recommend our young companion to this great saint. Permission was granted to Céleste l’Allemand to go to pray before the relics of S. Vincent de Paul. It was on Friday, the 12th of May, that she went to the chapel of the Lazarists, Rue de Sèvres, 95, accompanied by two of our mistresses, Sister Dumargat and Sister Desbré. We were all fully convinced that she would obtain her cure by the intercession of Mary, our good mother, and S. Vincent. Not

being able to accompany Céleste to the chapel of S. Vincent, we heard the holy Mass in the chapel of our house, uniting ourselves to her in heart and spirit. As to our companion, she heard a Mass celebrated at a quarter past six, before the altar of the holy Virgin in the chapel of the Lazarists, and received Holy Communion. At the moment she received our Lord her sight was suddenly restored to her; and a violent pain in the head, which she had felt from the moment of her loss of sight, disappeared at the same time. The sister who accompanied her, ignorant of what had happened, took her by the hand again, after Holy Communion, to reconduct her to her place. Our young companion, fearing to disturb her in her thanksgiving, let her do so without telling her what had happened to her. But a quarter of an hour afterwards she made known to her her happiness; and to prove to her the reality of her complete cure, she changed her position herself, and named to her different surrounding objects, which she perfectly distinguished. After having heard a Mass of thanksgiving, she hastened to return to us, to make known to us her happiness. Though we expected to see her return healed, on account of the greatness and simplicity of her faith, everybody in the house was nevertheless delighted. Each of us wanted to be the first to congratulate her on the signal favour she had received. After this first explosion of our gladness, we assembled to chant in choir the Magnificat, during which tears of joy streamed from our eyes; then we went to the chapel to sing the *Te Deum* and



Regina Cœli. Immediately after, Céleste wrote with her own hand a letter to her parents to inform them of her miraculous cure.

“Our young companion was taken to our director, M. Aladel, who named her Marie Vincent, in gratitude for her cure, obtained at the altar of the ‘Blessed Virgin,’ in the chapel of S. Vincent, before his relics exposed.

“From the day of her cure, Céleste has resumed all her ordinary occupations, which she had been forced to interrupt during nine months: she reads, writes, and sews with the same ease as she did before her eyes were attacked.

“PARIS, 30 *May*, 1848.”

M. Fernet attached to this paper, which I gave him to read, the following :

“Je soussigné, Docteur Médecin, demeurant Rue Mouffetard, 94, certifie la jeune Marie Céleste l'Allemand a été revue par moi quelques jours après la guérison, et que je me suis assuré que la vue était entièrement rétablie.

“FERNET.

“PARIS, *ce 1<sup>er</sup> Août*, 1848.”

In concluding this subject I must add that I by no means sought for such facts as these cures—they came in my way while engaged in other inquiries: I did not think it fit or honest to turn away from them so coming, but endeavoured to ascertain the truth by every means in my power. I now set them forth with the evidence which I was able to collect about them. I am also bound to say that, since I have come to the knowledge

of these cures, I have been informed, on the best authority, of two results, approaching at least to the same miraculous character, following immediately from the reception of our Lord in the Holy Eucharist. These occurred very lately in the Anglican communion.

*Saturday, August 12.*—I had heard so much of the grandeur of Bourges Cathedral, and the beauty of its windows, that I determined to judge for myself. So this morning left by the 8 A.M. train for Orléans and Bourges. Up to Etampes the country is pleasing and broken in parts. From thence to the forest of Orléans is an immense plain, rich in produce, but treeless, dull, and flat as a pancake. From Orléans to Vierzon is another immense plain, desert, sandy, and solitary; after this the country improves to Bourges. Visited the cathedral at Orléans: the western front is fine, well arranged, and forming a somewhat striking unity; but the interior is bare, poor, and most displeasing to the eye, which is pained at so bad an imitation of Gothic. As soon as I reached Bourges I went to the cathedral: the west front, in spite of its five deeply recessed portals, the central one of which is very beautiful, sadly disappointed me—it is totally deficient in unity, and will bear no comparison with that of Amiens, not to mention Reims. The towers are positively ugly; the worst effect being produced by buttresses, which protrude in the most inelegant shape, their strength not at all veiled by ornaments. The interior is very grand: it is peculiar in having no transept, but double aisles continued throughout, the nearest of which to the centre is of in-

ordinate height. Round the choir the huge lancet windows, crowned with roses, are of great beauty; but unfortunately they are not complete, as at Chartres, with the effect of which I do not think Bourges will bear a comparison. The pillars, of which there are twelve on each side from the west front to the apse of the choir, are cylinders with eight engaged columns; they look lighter than those of Amiens and Reims, and very lofty from the height of the first aisle, which must be seventy feet, and has a triforium like the centre. Grand, however, as Bourges is in some respects, I should not put it in the first rank of churches, with Amiens, Milan, Cologne, Reims, and St. Ouen. It is in the first style, like Chartres. The apse has none of the magic lightness of Amiens, Cologne, or St. Ouen. From the north tower is an immense view over the country, which has some eminences, but not strongly marked features.

In the streets nothing but soldiers or national guards are to be seen. It would appear that the purpose for which men are sent into the world is to bear arms. There could not be a heavier condemnation of the Republic than the outward aspect of society. There was, however, a special cause for this. Three hundred, I believe, of the national guard at Paris had come to visit their brethren at Bourges, and were to be entertained at dinner the next day in the garden of the *archevêché*, on which the State, with its usual insulting dealing towards the Church, has laid its hands from the time of the first Revolution. So likewise it has robbed the church at Bourges of the grand

séminaire, an immense building, and turned it into barracks.

*Sunday, August 13.*—Was at a Low Mass and part of the High Mass in the Cathedral. A great number of soldiers, guards, and country people enter in, and lounge and sit about, without a very religious demeanour. Called at one at the Séminaire, with a letter for the Supérieur, M. l'Abbé Ruel. He talked with me some time, and then sent one of the seminarists and a priest to show me about Bourges. He inquired of the state of things in England; our studies at Oxford. I lamented our state of separation: if the religious feeling of England were united with the Roman Church, the world might be converted. In any case, the state of separation itself was most disastrous to both sides; it wasted the life of the Church. If the truth was altogether with them, as they asserted, then, of course, our loss was fatal indeed; but even then the Roman Church in the loss of England had suffered her right hand to be cut off. Whether we were with her or against her would make all the difference in her conflict with the world. He assented, and observed that England had been the island of saints. I afterwards remarked that my attention had been particularly drawn to the Roman Primacy. He said the disputes as to the gallican liberties had fallen to the ground; but I thought he intimated that the gallican feeling was not extinct. Whatever the theory might be, the sway of the Roman See was, in reality, very gentle. It felt its way beforehand, and only acted according to the spirit of the Church. I said my great difficulty was, that all

history was for Gallicanism, while the Ultramontane theory was evidently the only entire and consistent one, which would bear out all the acts of Rome. I asked if the Revolution had produced any change at Bourges. He said, none at all. Louis Philippe had fallen because he had sunk into general contempt—he had become esteemed “un homme d’argent.” The priest and séminariste took me to the house in which Louis XI is said to have been born, but the present walls are evidently of the Renaissance. It is occupied by a small sisterhood. We went also through the Hotel de Ville, the house of Jacques Cœur, and to the cathedral. There is a very fine crypt under the choir and its aisles. Bourges has little interesting save its Cathedral. The climate is damp and unhealthy, from the marshes near. I left by the last train in the evening, at eight o’clock, and slept at Orleans.

*Monday, August 14.*—Left Orleans at seven, Paris by eleven. Left it at seven for Amiens: we went through a most violent thunderstorm about half way.

*Tuesday, August 15.*—At the cathedral during part of one High Mass, and the whole of the second, when the bishop officiated pontifically, and gave afterwards the Papal Benediction. It was nearly full of people. I never felt the superiority of this building more than to-day; the interior is pre-eminent for unity, simplicity, and grandeur. I was sorry to miss the vespers and sermon at three; but I left to reach Boulogne in time for the packet, and got to Folkstone shortly after eleven.

## JOURNAL.—1849

*Paris, 38 rue de Rivoli, 8th Sunday after Trinity, 1849.*—Left Lowestoft, Thursday, July 26th, at 9.30, London at twenty past four. Heavy rain; just escaped most violent thunderstorm in London. Met Wynne at train; left London Bridge at half-past five; Dover at half-past nine. Great contrast between Kent and the journey from Lowestoft to London. The former one of the prettiest parts of England. Sole object of interest in latter the great mass of Ely Cathedral rising from the marshes. Supper at Dover. Shipped luggage and selves into mail boat for the packet in the roads. Sea calm as glass; beautiful night. Went to sleep on board, and awoke in Calais harbour. Most noisy, squabbling people at Custom-house; put ourselves in the hands of one. At half-past two in railway—very comfortable carriages; stretched at length and slept most of the way to Amiens—there at seven. Breakfast in station. Cathedral at parts of two Masses; three communicants (one gentleman) in north chapel. Saw an infant brought in by its mother and put on the altar; the priest came and apparently blessed it, after which the mother carried it away. Stayed two hours. J. W. pointed out the rudeness of the foliage in the

capitals of the great pillars. Altogether a less advanced architecture than our Middle Pointed. Course from the Roman through the Norman evident; take away the four colonnettes and there remains the Norman pillar, slightly lengthened and thinned. Painted glass not distinct; the want of it much to be lamented. The mass of Ely as seen from the railway much finer than Amiens outside; great beauty of lantern and great towers; both here wanting. Railway to Paris 10.45-2.30. Parish churches along the route in general forlorn; some few good ones.

At Paris went straight to *Malle poste*; no place could be taken from Bourges to St. Etienne till the morning of the departure. After dinner found M. Caron and M. des Billiers both away from Paris. Eager ourselves to get on, but Sunday in the way. Same rooms at Hôtel Windsor.

*Saturday, July 28th.*—Overslept. After breakfast went to call on the P. de Ravignan. Very glad to see me; embraced *à la française*; interested with our going to Italy; said they had lost many priests in Rome; the populace would say, "Come, let us go and kill a priest." Did not think the Pope was coming to France, though there had been talk of it. Asked if I had not been in danger of persecution about my Journal; some one had told him so. Inquired after Dr. Pusey—his age; how our affairs went on; we said we were in a small minority. As to our whole position, he observed, "Dieu arrangera tout cela." Talked of coming to preach at the opening



of the new Jesuit church in London, but did not know when; would come and see me then. Asked whether I was engaged on any work. Number of English Jesuits from a hundred to a hundred and twenty Fathers. He looked better than last year, but still did not preach on account of his throat. Pressed me to come and see him on my return. Asked if I had seen Newman lately. We found the police keep passports three days unless the intention of going through Paris at once is specified when they are given in. So went to the English embassy to get fresh ones, W. having a letter to Lord Normanby. We succeeded, and then determined to go by Bourges to the Rhone on Sunday night, if we could get places. The man would not tell us till Sunday morning. Both very fatigued this evening, but the weather not hot for the season. Plenty of air.

*Sunday, July 29th.*—H. C. at eight in our *salon*; morning prayers at eleven.

Paris has looked dull and splendourless to me this time. The quantity of bearded, dare-devil-looking faces about is quite distressing; one wonders what is become of the christian population. An ordinary French face with moustache and imperial or beard in ordinary French costume is unspeakably disgusting. One fancies these successive revolutions have banished all *gentilezza* from the soil. A fierce absorbing materialism seems the mainspring of the mighty city, and especially the almost universal traffic on Sunday strikes one with dismay, as if that great tide of human avarice would not cease even for a few hours to flow.

MARSEILLES, *Thursday, August 2, 1847.*—We left Paris Sunday evening a little before eight; at Bourges 1.40, at least an hour packing the immense quantity of letter parcels for Clermont and Marseilles. Breakfasted at Moulins about ten—the road to-day up to Roanne contained nothing of interest; the immense champagnes of France, with low hills in the distance. After Roanne one begins soon to traverse the high country dividing the Loire from the Rhone, but night fell, and robbed us of this. We stopped to dine at St. Etienne at midnight; and I had had a headache all day from a meat and wine breakfast. When I woke at dawn we were passing a very picturesque place, Annonay, built in the midst of rocks and ravines. The descent hence to the Rhone has some fine and striking views of the Alps opposite: and the country begins to look like the South. We crossed the Rhone by a suspension bridge. The route by the bank is too low to have much interest. We intended to leave the *malle-poste* at Turin, but were told the steamer would not take us up before Valence: so there we got down a little before eight, and after breakfast proceeded on by the steamer to Avignon. There are fine points in many places descending the stream—distant mountains instead of near hills, crowned with castles as on the Rhine; a larger and grander prospect, but not so interesting. The steamers are miserably dirty and ill provided with comforts; no awning, for instance, under the intense heat. Avignon itself is by far the finest object. The old Papal palace rises abruptly with its enormous

tower, from 150 to 200 feet high without a buttress, and Mont Ventoux rears its huge back in the distance, while opposite Villeneuve-les-Avignon offers a site little less grand than Avignon itself. We got there shortly after three, and after being duly delivered into the hands of *three* porters, reached the hotel by a fiery walk outside the walls. We had but just strength after dinner to reach the *Rocher des dons*, a huge pile of rock more than 100 feet above the river, with a smooth top large enough for half Windsor Castle; flights of steps have been recently built up to it on three sides: it adjoins the Cathedral and Papal palace. Here we watched the last light of day; all the horizon is bounded by mountains. The river divided by an island separates Avignon from Villeneuve, whose old battlemented fort is at least as lofty as the *Rocher des dons*, and seems to enclose a small mediæval city of narrow lanes. There is a *ponte rotto* over the nearer channel, in the centre of which is a chapel: and there are the remains of a pier in the other channel. This bridge would lead over straight from the Papal domains to those of the French King. Some few miles up the river we passed near Château Neuf, a very lofty old fortress with its town nestling beneath, a country residence of the Popes. We could not see Petrarch's Carpentras, but I fancied that I distinguished a dark place in the side of Mont Ventoux, as the site of Vacluse. It is eighteen weary miles over this scorched and shadeless southern country to Petrarch's solitude, and even

if we had had time, I don't think we should have attempted it. The rapid fall of night made us wish for the long twilight of the North. What a contrast was the glowing landscape of this evening to the sea coast at Lowestoft last Tuesday. Could enjoy little through weariness.

*Wednesday, August 1.*—We left Avignon at ten for Marseilles. The railway passes Tarascon and Arles; the country scorched and rocky; the low trees afford little shade. The rapid passage produced plenty of air, and being under cover was not unpleasant, but by diligence it would have been insufferable. Tarascon and Blancaire on the other side of the Rhone have some imposing mediæval buildings; here we took in a flood of people from Nîmes, &c., among whom was one oldish lady, whose catalogue of grievances, poured forth with Parisian volubility and thorough good-humour, made us laugh heartily. The sum was that the railway “ne laissait pas le temps de faire une réflexion,” passengers tossed about, all plans disconcerted, one could not look after one's own luggage, nor do anything in fact that one pleased. She was full of solicitude for a certain *canapé*, which we saw presently carried by to her relief in the shape of a small sofa. Next to her sat a Turk. By and by we passed Arles. I thought it one of the least inviting spots to sojourn at which I had ever seen, blazing under a midday southern sun, with immense plains all round it treeless and without verdure, and traversed by the now lazy Rhone down to

the sea. I looked in vain for the great burial-place which Dante introduces into the *Inferno* :

“ Siccome ad Arli dove il Rhodano stagna  
Fanno i sepolchri tutto il luogo raro.”

But I saw the chapel which belongs to it. Arles seems to retain no trace of its former dignity. Can the people who live there ever be cool? Next we passed the immense plain called “la Cran,” level as a bowling-green, covered with large and small round stones and without vegetation; it looked more like an African desert, than within the limits of “la belle France.” It is bounded by stern and severe mountains raising their granite ridges to the north; but to the south fading away into the sea, save that there appeared in the extreme distance low lines of trees, springing by some optical illusion out of the air or water. All this huge plain wants, one is told, but irrigation to produce crops of every description, and by letting in the waters of the Durance it has been diminished in extent; still it is an immense and most cheerless prospect. So much the more delightful seemed the blue waters of the *Etang de beurre*, close along which we next passed, and a landscape beautifully broken into little valleys and terraces on which the vine, olive, and orange tree luxuriate. A long tunnel carried us near to Marseilles, and we were deposited at last in the railway terminus. I never saw one so badly arranged. Nothing but omnibuses were allowed to come up, and the luggage had to be registered as well as the passengers in order to enter these. Such a scene of scuffling,

confusion, and heat, and then the dust six inches deep which we had to go through on our way to the city. When here at last we were seeking information for an hour or two about packets; much disconcerted to find none going for two days, and still more that a quarantine of five days was set on between this and Naples. I had nearly given up our plan in despair, and then felt quite distressed to think how short the time was, and how impossible it would be to have more than a glimpse of the Italian church. At last we could see no plan but Civita Vecchia, and so to Rome first, so as to enter Naples by land. We dined at the *table d'hôte* and could find nothing to see.

*Thursday, August 2.*—Remained at home most of day, reading and discussing route. In evening mounted to Notre Dame de la Garde, which rises high above the city and bay to the east—full of votive offerings, being held in great reverence by the mariners. A large statue of Blessed Virgin and Child over the altar, put up in 1837, from offerings to the chapel. The Holy Sacrament reserved, and five Masses celebrated every morning. An interesting building, not as architecture, for though dating from 1200 it has no beauty at all, but as indicating devotion. The view outside fine; stern granite mountains on three sides; the sea to the south. Could distinguish only two churches. Marseilles seems given up to mammon in general. Fat Turks walk about; one wonders how people who do not believe in a Saviour can look so perfectly comfortable. Little here, I fear, calculated to convert them. I don't know a place

less inviting to all the senses than this: the eyes are irritated by a small fine dust, the nose assaulted with horrid smells, the clothes powdered over, the heat is fearful; a puddle of filthy water runs along each gutter; the port, which is the receptacle for all the filth of the city from its position, stinks to such a degree that it is worthy of a place in Dante's *Inferno*: the hotels pride themselves on their dearthness. I fancy *Phocæorum velut perfugit execrata civitas* must have often regretted the golden climate of their native Tonia on the parched rocks of Provence.

*Friday, August 3.*—We were glad enough to start to-day at 12 o'clock, kept in the harbour till one. The relief great when we got out into a free current of air—a beautiful day and perfectly calm sea, the voyage to Genoa delightful. Three English gentlemen passengers had taken their places to Naples, not knowing of the quarantine. It was a chance that we did not do the same, for had we not asked, I doubt whether our Consul would have informed us of it. We almost coasted the beautiful shore for a long time, and looking at it formed one's chief occupation till dark. Sleeping below I soon found was out of the question, heat intolerable. . . . Got a mattress on deck, and slept till five; we were then opposite Porto Manizio, a very remarkable town, gathered up on the summit of a hill. Watched this magnificent coast, bays, mountains, valleys, towns—*tot congesta manu præruptis oppida saxis*. Up to Noli, whence to Genoa; the boat went too far out to sea for us to follow all the beautiful sinuosities of the shore. I don't wonder that the Genoese



had an intense nationality; their Riva is just the country to fasten itself about the heart of its children. Behind all, the backbone of the Maritime Alps or Apennines stretches, those mountains which wake even in the stranger something of a filial love.

Downstairs in the second cabin—for we resigned the first on account of its expense, a franc for every marine league—the company was rather miscellaneous than agreeable; and the rule of the boat, admirably carried out by the various underlings, was, like that of the *Great-Western*, to prevent, if possible, any one going second class. Thus they would hardly let one have a mattress on deck, and the captain made a point of showing a *viso cagnesco*, and a tone in keeping with it, to the seconds.

*Saturday, August 4.*—We entered the harbour of Genoa in the morning, but did not get *pratiche* for a long time, the conduct of officials throughout Italy giving the notion that they consider time is meant not to be spent, but lost. At last, however, we landed, and curiously enough went straight by chance to the Church of the Oratorio, where we had a letter to the Superior. He came and talked with us about an hour in the church. We remarked his likeness to his founder, St. Philip Neri. They have no parochial work, but preach, hear confessions, give familiar, literary, and other instructions—most numerous at Palermo. He much regretted that we did not stay, offering to be of any service to us which was in his power. As to affairs in Italy, he feared the turn they had taken would set the popular mind against the

Pope ; people said of him that he refused to declare war against Austria, the enemy of Italy, while he called in the French to slay his children, forgetting his character of Pontiff in that of temporal sovereign. The Jesuits had been driven out of Genoa, but they were not molested : however, he thought the temper of people towards ecclesiastics was precarious, and that they might be tempted to Protestantism by the bearing of politics. He noted the great falling off in the attendance at church, the sacraments, &c., since the establishment of a national or civic guard. It was a fruitful means of corruption. They had none of the repressive discipline of soldiers, nor their sense of duty, while one bad would seduce twenty good. His church was richly adorned, like those of Genoa in general. We thence visited our old *café*, just above. It was the same waiter, but he no longer delivered his budget of orders into the dark recess of the *cucina* with that wonderful rapidity and zest which we used to admire. However, it was siesta time, and perhaps his occupation has not been much injured. We went on to the Jesuits' Church, now become the Parish Church of St. Ambrose. It was closed, but remembering the passage behind we contrived to get in, and stayed some time. It is a cross church, of exceedingly rich ornament, paintings, marbles, and gildings, in very good taste, I think. I feel quite like a southern in these things, and love to see the house of God full of those costly offerings which would be found in a royal palace. Though St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey are bare and naked, Buckingham Palace and Windsor

Castle show some signs that they are the habitation of a great monarch. And "Am not I a Great King?" Therefore I would inlay altars with gold and silver, precious stones and variegated marbles, cover ceilings with pictures and gilding, vaults with arabesque, floor with mosaics. This poor church seemed to yearn for its former occupants: none of the busy work of spiritual life was going on as we witnessed before. We thought of our good friend Padre Giordano—his cell and bedstead, which the world, it seems, would not allow him. However, he is gone to his rest, and pity would be misapplied. He perhaps may feel it for us, not we for him.

The heat was very great, and I could hardly drag on to the Church of San Carignano. Here, however, we got down above the sea and went along all the fortifications, enjoying the breeze. After resting on a cannon till we were dislodged by a soldier, we went all the way back, to revel once more on the sight of that lovely sea. The batteries were everywhere mounted, and we heard that 30,000 men were garrisoned here. After this we missed our way in the narrow lanes of towering houses, so like to one another that it must require some practice to distinguish, and only just reached our old dining-place in time to get a poor dinner and return to the boat by eight.

Here ended the pleasure of our sea voyage. The wind had risen; the horizon was heavily clouded, and the sea rough. This did not matter so much till it began to rain. Fortunately the rain ceased, and I accomplished the rest

of the night on deck. We took shelter for some hours in *porto fino*, where it was perfectly still. Wynne did the same. I rested till we got to Leghorn.

*Sunday, August 5.*—We felt the heat and motion very much, and should have stayed on board, while the boat stopped, but the selfish cabin people had only got breakfast for themselves, so we disembarked for the good of the boatmen and police. All Leghorn was in promenade in the great heat. After breakfasting we had just strength to get on to the Cathedral, a great parallelogram richly adorned by the Medici. In the north transept the Holy Sacrament was reserved, with many lights burning. Leghorn was fiery hot, and we gave up the attempt to go to the English cemetery. At three the boat started; less sea, and heat less, but we were uncomfortable, and could not eat. In the afternoon I was revived by a long discussion with a priest, a canon of Fuenza, who asked if we were Catholics. I replied, "We are priests of the Anglican Church and Catholics, as we hope, but as you would deny." Whereupon he began a long argument, which in its course struggled about on unity, &c. I observed, as usual, that he was strong in his principles, but weak in his facts, making on his own side assertions which I knew to be quite contradicted by history, but which are of the utmost importance to the stringency of his principles. This lasted till near dark, W. listening. We afterwards lay down on the hard seats of the deck, no mattresses being forthcoming nor steward to be found, and so for the third time slept in the open air.

*Monday, August 6.*—At last this morning we reached Civita Vecchia, and after a long delay landed. Broiling streets and clouds of dust welcomed us. A hungry *valet de place* seized on us, and carried us through the process of planting our luggage at the dogana. Then we breakfasted very ill and dearly at the Gran Bretagna, and at last after long waiting, confusion, heat, noise, some thirty of us got off in six carriages. We had Padre Bandini, a Dominican, and a French old gentleman and his wife going to see their son, a captain in the French army, for companions. The road, though little interesting, was not so hot as the ship. It runs to Palo by the sea, but we did not reach Rome till nearly nine, through the slowness of the postillions. Padre Bandini told us stories of the republican cruelties against the clergy and monks. He himself had a great wound inflicted with a stone near his eye. A person had tried to stab him, simply because he was a friar; he seized the dagger, and could have slain him, but being anxious to avoid this, the assailant dashed a stone at him, which all but destroyed his eye. He spoke of a hundred and sixty priests and friars having been massacred at different times at the Benedictine Convent of San Calixto. He also showed us a letter of the Pope, when Cardinal, to him, signed "John, Card. Mastai." The Pope had also seen him not very long ago, and his last words to him were, "Come sono ingrati gli uomini."

We got out and walked for a couple of miles, about ten miles from Rome, and here first caught St. Peter's and Monte Mario. The beauty of

the white oxen which feed in herds about is remarkable. Their grave face and gentle eyes and magnificent horns (which the Romans call *le eminentissime*) pleased us much. I saw some wide-spreading enough to have served Pandarus for his bow. Noble creatures the bulls are. The country is generally very deserted, but nearer Rome cut into rather steep valleys. Its present aspect carries one back to Romulus and Remus feeding their flocks. It was dark some time before we reached the Porta Cava. At last we got to Franz's Hotel, escaping the dogana by a small *douceur* dexterously applied by Signor Bandini—the unction with which the officials took it was pleasant to observe. To bed very tired, eleven days from London, two spent at Paris and two at Marseilles, but six nights out of bed.

*Tuesday, August 7.* —We rose late from fatigue, and after breakfast stayed at home writing. Took an early dinner, and then went to call on Dr. Grant. He said, as we entered, "I have just finished your book. I thought somehow you must come to Rome." He was very polite, and offered to be of any service in directing us. On his proposition we accompanied him to a Dominican convent close to St. Peter's to see some presents made to the friars by the Sultan, viz. his portrait and that of his father, his imperial cipher, and his banner, a silver sun on purple ground. During the Republic they put up the Turkish flag, and strange to say, it protected them in the very centre of Christendom more than their Christian character. We then went

into St. Peter's. All its stones are to me familiar, but it was something new to kneel in worship before the shrine of the Prince of the Apostles. The church was glowing with the last evening light. Coming out from thence we walked to catch the view from S. Pietro in Montorio. It was a little too late, but, however, we caught the Alban Mount, and Tivoli and Soracte, and all that glorious line of hills, and the foreground of the City. Behind were marks of the French cannonading, which had just come as far as this church without destroying it. This is, I think, the most interesting view in Rome. But sunset is followed too quickly by darkness. One would like to watch a long northern twilight creeping over dome after dome, whereas night descends almost suddenly.

*Wednesday, August 8.*—To-day we began earlier, and attended a Low Mass at St. Peter's. Dr. Grant had called before we started and brought a letter in which he had drawn out a *giro* of churches for several days of visiting. We stayed here some time studying different parts of the building, pictures, monuments, &c. Very few people there; the chanted Mass was going on in the chapel of the choir. Then we drove to Sta. Maria Maggiore. Here the building disappointed me much as to architecture. The heavy flat ceiling seems to crush you. The mosaics over the arch of the tribune are very interesting from their great age, about 440, with the inscription *Xystus Episcopus p[ro]p[ri]e Dei*. As we came home from hence we stopped at Sant' Andrea delle Fratte to see the spot of Ratisbonne's conversion. It is at the



second chapel on the left, which is now being ornamented with marbles, &c. An inscription in French records the fact. It runs thus:—

“Le 20 Janvier 1842.  
Alphonse Ratisbonne de Strasbourg  
vint ici Juif obstiné.  
Cette Vierge lui parut  
telle que tu la vois.  
Tombé Juif  
Il se releva Chrétien.  
Etranger  
Emporte chez toi le précieux souvenir  
de la miséricorde de Dieu  
et de la puissance de la Vierge.”

The picture of the Blessed Virgin, since put there, was at present on the other side, during the repairs, and we witnessed part of a Mass, and a litany going on there. A good many people in this church, which is very plain and unpretending. This is one of the most remarkable spots in Rome to me.

We came home to rest and dine, after which I thought of going to look at some rooms in the Piazza di Spagna, which fifteen years ago some friends occupied. We did so, and on entering I recognised the girl, and I said, “Your name is Teresa.” She replied, “Yes, and I remember you: you are English, and your name is Thomas Allies.” I was much astonished at this remembrance, for she only knew me by my coming occasionally to visit my friends. Then the mother came in, and we had a long talk about old times, and all the people she had had in the house.

They were very warm-hearted, and we finished by arranging to go to them to-morrow morning.

Then we drove to take up Dr. Grant, who accompanied us to San Paolo fuori le Mura. This basilica, as now almost completed, is of a size, grandeur and majesty hardly inferior to St. Peter's. I was struck with it more than I can express. But it may be seen what the basilican architecture can accomplish. The nave is of immense length, breadth, and height, with twenty pillars on each side, and double aisles divided on each side by twenty more. The transept, divided from the nave by an immense arch, is of equal proportions, and at the end is the tribune, the apse covered with mosaics of our Lord, St. Peter, St. Paul, &c. Under the high altar, a little above the nave, lies the body of St. Paul, making this spot second in sanctity to none save the Confession of St. Peter's. It was a great comfort to kneel here, and feel oneself so near to the great Apostle of the Gentiles. Portraits of the Popes from St. Peter will surround this gorgeous church, just above the colonnade, as in the ancient basilica. It lies in a wilderness, with a convent and beautiful cloisters of Italian Gothic adjoining, but with no other population near, and for pilgrims chiefly to worship in. We then drove on, perhaps the distance of another mile, to San Paolo alle tre Fontane. There are three churches here, one the Abbey Church, of which Eugenius IV, St. Bernard's monk, was abbot, and where St. Bernard himself stayed, another close by, and San Paolo alle tre Fontane, in which three fountains mark the spot where the head of the Apostle

touched the ground with three bounds as it fell. But the monks were all away, through poverty we were told, the churches were locked, and we were obliged to be satisfied with noting the place generally where the great Apostle bore witness with his blood. It is not a little out of the public road, and on all sides save one is surrounded by gentle hills, some fifty feet high, so that a small valley lies nestled between them. Now all is desert, but then probably spectators in thousands were witnesses of that great martyrdom of the second founder of the Roman Church. A short distance outside the Porta San Paolo we had passed a little building at which we stopped to read the following inscription, which completes the memorials of St. Paul, and seems to me, if not very ancient, at least to express exactly what may have been the last words of the Apostles to each other. Nor can any words be more touching.

“In questo luogo si separarono S. Pietro e S. Paolo andando al martyrio e dice Paolo a Pietro.

La pace sia con te, fundamento

Della Chiesa, e pastore di tutti

Li agnelli di Christo :

Et Pietro a Paolo,

Va in pace, predicatore dei buoni

Et guida della salute dei justì.”

DIONYSIUS, in *Epistola ad Timotheum*.

We ascended one of these hills behind the church, and found it commanded the range of the Alban hills, and the Apennines behind Tivoli. The malaria now stretches all round this spot.

The scanty herbage, scarcely raising the feet from the dusty soil, teems with insect life, and the large grasshopper strikes against one every moment. The full glory of a summer evening was spread around. This is a spot I should like to live upon, and in England it would have been a beautiful rural solitude, just such as monks would have chosen for a Cistercian Abbey. We looked through the keyhole of the conventual church, and thought it naked enough for one of that Order in its infancy, when simplicity and poverty marked even its churches.

After our return we were quite exhausted by the heat and could do nothing in the evening.

*Thursday, August 9.*—We had arranged to meet Dr. Grant at the Vatican to see the library; so after taking possession of our rooms we went there at 10 30. In the large hall built by Sixtus V in twenty-two months we were shown several ancient MS., viz. the Greek Bible of the fifth century, a Virgil, &c., but what especially took my fancy was a most beautiful Dante belonging of old to the Dukes of Urbino, with a picture at the beginning of each canto; many of these were of great beauty. We then went to the christian antiquities; instruments of torture, &c., found in the Catacombs and a vast number of curious articles. Then we dined with Dr. Grant in the refectory of his college; about fifteen students, everything very simple. They went into the chapel after dinner to say a few prayers for England, where we accompanied them. We adjourned for coffee to the library, and Dr. Grant had a long talk with me on the question

of unity. This they feel to be their strong ground and urge it invariably. Again he pressed the fact that the English Communion had no *faith*, for it allowed diversities of opinion even on the sacraments. It had no *authority*, for the Catholic Church alone can *teach* on the ground that revelation has been committed to it. Upstairs he showed me a chapel the altar part of which had been painted by a young barrister, Mr. Weld, nephew of the Cardinal. His idea was to combine all the Saints who had any reference to England. There was Our Blessed Lady with Our Lord in her arms, giving an episcopal blessing, with a background of ruined churches on one side and churches restored on the other. She had on her right Pope St. Gregory and on her left Pope St. Lucius, the two who sent missions to England, then St. Thomas of Canterbury, and the other English Saints. It was a very pleasing instance of devotion. In the meantime W. was talking with Mr. Morris, a Cambridge man, who was converted about four years ago and is now a deacon. He accompanied us presently to San Giovanni Laterano. We stopped for some time to enjoy that most beautiful prospect in front over the Campagna to the mountains. The great front of this church struck me as having a grandeur and unity which are wanting to St. Peter's façade. Mr. Morris talked with extreme longing for a decree in favour of the Immaculate Conception. I observed the fact of the Fathers in general and even St. Bernard being opposed to it. He said the living Church was unanimous in its favour, and as she always decreed on the ground of

tradition, the writings of Fathers remaining would not at all disprove the tradition existing in their time. St. Leo had written otherwise, but not *ex cathedra*. And the Council of Trent had already declared the Blessed Virgin to have been exempt from the least taint of actual sin, while many of the Fathers thought otherwise. The Dominican Order was now in favour, and maintained that the doctrine of St. Thomas was not against the Immaculate Conception. Great blessings to the Church had always followed any doctrinal decision tending to exalt the Blessed Virgin. I observed that this doctrine could not be said to be contained in germ in the Creed; it was not like the title, Mother of God. He said it was as much contained as the Trentine Decree about her exemption from actual sin, before which it was open for any to deny this, but not now. I suggested that a council at least should be called on so important a matter, but he thought that the Pope, judging for himself of the replies of the Bishops, was at least as great an authority.

The building of San Giovanni disappointed me greatly after San Paolo. All the grandeur of the nave has been modernised away. The ancient pillars are enclosed, I believe, in a mass of heavy work, which places a statue of an apostle between the alternate intercolumniations. The nave is, I think, quite spoilt. The tribune and its mosaics are fine. The Republicans had been searching here for anything valuable they could find, but to no purpose. The heads usually kept above the Baldacchino, and supposed by some to be those of the Apostles Peter and Paul, had been removed

through fear of the Republicans, who had searched for them, but missed them. They were in safe keeping, but not yet put back. We saw the cloisters, beautiful, like those of San Paolo, the Baptistery, the Corsini Chapel, and that most exquisite *pieta* of Bernini, which is unfortunate in having no light. We also saw the relic said to be the table on which Our Lord celebrated the Last Supper. So far as I could judge it showed no appearance of age. It is kept in a dark recess, and shown on two days to the people through a grating; whereas, if genuine, the most sacred place in the most sacred church would be the least that could be given to it. The Holy Sacrament was reserved here in the south transept.

Then we went to the Basilica of San Clemente, near adjoining. All the ancient divisions remain in this very curious church, where lie the bodies of Pope San Clemente and of St. Ignatius of Antioch, and wherein St. Gregory the Great preached. The altar is near the cord of the ace of the tribune; as usual it faces the people. But at the time of the holy mysteries curtains were drawn, not only on each side, but *in front*, the rods of which remain. The bishop's seat is at the middle of the tribune, the bench for the priest round him, behind the altar. In front below the altar the raised place for the inferior clerus, and ambones for the Epistle and Gospel, with a lofty marble candlestick beside the latter; the men were in one aisle below, and the women in another, with curtains against the pillars separating them. There is a court outside the church, with pillars round, an ancient Roman house, in fact (said to be the paternal



house of St. Clement), where were the places for the different penitents. A more thoroughly *unprotestant* arrangement than all this cannot be conceived, and it comes down from the earliest antiquity. The pillars are original, but parts of the walls and the roof have been modernised, which is much to be regretted.

We met Dr. Grant again here, who pointed out these things to me, and thence drove to the Basilica of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme. The present church is a very heavy moden re-edition of San Giovanni; but the spot remarkable, as chosen by St. Helena to preserve the true Cross and the relics of the Passion, &c. These are shown from a balcony to the right of the tribune. The Holy Sacrament was reserved here in a tabernacle at the east end of the apse. Adjoining is a very spacious monastery, into which we went and mounted to see the rooms occupied by Newman and his friends for some months. They command a most entrancing view of the Alban Mount and the Apennines behind Tivoli, which came out most vividly in the evening light. Newman's own chamber was locked, for the French soldiers occupy most of the convent, which is close to the walls, at present; and the monks were below at their office. I could hardly tear myself away from this spot.

In the chapel below we saw a Papal Bull engaging that every time Mass was celebrated on the altar there a soul should be delivered from purgatory. Dr. Grant promised to explain to me what this meant.

We took him home at *Ave Maria*, and after a light supper ourselves, were quite exhausted, and

could do nothing more, from the heat. We have carefully abstained from walking to-day, but the mere sight-seeing is very wearying.

*Friday, August 10.*—We stayed at home this morning to write, and to recruit a little. In the afternoon we called for Dr. Grant, who accompanied us to the Catacombs of San Callisto. A short distance outside the gate of San Sebastiano is a chapel on the left side of the road, of very poor architecture, but interesting from the tradition as marking the spot where St. Peter, leaving Rome in time of persecution, is said to have met Our Lord, and to have asked Him, "Lord, whither goest Thou?" To which the Lord answered, "I go to Rome to be crucified afresh." Then the Apostle knew that his time was come, and he turned back, and was put to death. The chapel is called from this, *Domine quo vadis*. It was closed and we could not get in, but looked through an opening in the door. There was a figure of the Lord bearing His cross and dressed as a monk inside the altar rails. Cardinal Pole, Dr. Grant said, had built another chapel a little further on to mark the same event. We proceeded on to St. Sebastian, and this is a spacious church, of heavy Italian architecture, but marking a spot above almost all others rich in glorious recollections. It covers the entrance to the most extensive and renowned of the Catacombs, in which forty-six of the earliest Popes, martyrs, were interred, and a countless host of early christian martyrs, men and women, so many it is said as a hundred and seventy-four thousand. Under the high altar rests the body of Pope St. Stephen, here martyred

in the very act of celebrating. On the left of the nave is a very beautiful figure of St. Sebastian. A Franciscan took us down below, and I saw for the first time those narrow passages in the *puzzolane* which held on each side tier above tier the bodies of the martyrs. A horizontal space is hollowed out for each just large enough to receive a body, which was then closed up. A somewhat larger space is allotted to a Pope. We saw thus the spot where St. Cecilia had lain. These Catacombs are said to contain fifty miles of passages, but the space one is taken round is very small, and most of the passages are closed up. However, what one sees is the most interesting. Here in a small underground room was the church of the early Popes, in which fourteen were buried: a series of small arches go round it: opposite to where we were looking down Pope St. Stephen was found by the soldiers celebrating, and after finishing Mass was beheaded on his seat. In a cavity in the middle covered by an altar the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul, removed for a time from their first sepulture, once rested. I felt myself quelled and overcome by the majesty of this place; it seemed as if my thoughts could not come up to it. The bodies in general have long been removed from this catacomb for the consecration of myriads of altars. What the life and the faith of the early Christians were may best be learnt in the Catacombs. In the small gallery commanding the above room are two remarkable inscriptions. That on the left is from the Revelations of St. Bridget, lib. 4, c. 107, and Our Lord is speaking: "Israel remained long in

the wilderness, because the wickedness of the nations whose lands he was to possess was not yet full. Thus it has been with My Apostles. The time of grace when their bodies should be glorified was not yet come. The time of trial was first to come, and then that of crowning; and those were not yet born to whom was reserved the honour of glorifying these bodies. Now thou mayest ask if these blessed bodies enjoyed any honour while they were lying in the pit. I answer thee that My Angels kept them and honoured them. As the spot where roses and plants are to be sown is cultivated with care, so this place, called the Catacombs, was honoured and prepared a long time before to become the joy of angels and of men. I tell thee then that there are in the world many places where the bodies of the Saints repose, but like unto this there are none. Could one count the Saints whose bodies have been here deposited, it would scarcely be believed. Wherefore as a man in illness is comforted by perfumes and by nourishment, so those who come hither with a sincere mind are spiritually refreshed: they receive a true remission of their sins, each according to his life and his faith." I repeated this last sentence to Dr. Grant, "they receive a true remission of their sins," &c., on which he repeated the last clause emphatically, "each according to their life *and their faith*." The inscription on the right runs thus, taken from Baronius, but by him copied from ancient annals of the martyrs: "In the cemetery of Callixtus, St. Stephen, Pope and Martyr, was offering the sacrifice of the Mass in the persecution of Valerian,

when the soldiers came suddenly on him; he continued before the altar fearless and motionless completing the mysteries which he had begun, and was beheaded in his chair."

Here and there the narrow passage opens into a small chamber which served as a chapel to celebrate in, and the stone which covered the remains of a martyr served for the altar. Thus it has become the rule, Dr. Grant said, to consecrate no altar without a portion of relics enclosed in it, and so these and the other Catacombs have become treasure-houses of christian piety: wherever the marks of martyrdom, the phial containing blood, the instruments of torture, &c., were found, the body was recognised as holy, and suitable for the consecration of an altar. Thus all the churches of Christendom have become more or less debtors to the Catacombs. In one of these chapels St. Philip Neri used to pass the night continually in prayer, and here he received a remarkable grace: the Holy Spirit appeared to come to him in the shape of a globe of fire, and descended from his head into his heart. He was very zealous in the devotion of visiting the seven churches, of which this is one.

As we came back into the church, I prayed for a short time before the altar containing Pope St. Stephen's relics. His intercessions were just those of which I seemed to have need.

I could have stayed here with pleasure a long time. When we emerged the brilliant sky, all kindled with the light of a summer afternoon, in which the air itself seemed on fire, was in strongest contrast with the "pit" we had left. But in this

“pit” the battle of Christianity may be said to have been fought for three hundred years. *Above* was all the glory, majesty, and might of the world, every material enjoyment and source of intellectual pleasure: *below* was darkness and suffering, humility, resignation, and above all boundless charity. One name and one history may serve for a type of all, and sum up the whole combat. The young and noble Roman, Lady Cecilia, just bestowed away in marriage by her parents, and that to a heathen, spends the first moment of her married life in persuading her husband to forego. Thus she is the means of converting him, and he again converts his brother; and they both their executioner, and Cecilia sees one after another led away to death. She prays and bestows her goods in alms. At last her turn comes. She is young, rich, beautiful, and noble; a victim from whom the præfect of the city would fain turn away. But she will not give him the opportunity, and so after a glorious confession she goes to lay her virgin limbs in a narrow cavity of the *puzzolane*. She passes from that outward world of the senses to the darkness and shadow of the grave, which faith alone can illumine. She may cry with the Apostle, “If in this life only we have hope, we are of all men most miserable.” But if each in that place receive according to their life and to their faith, “surely eye has not seen nor ear heard nor heart of man imagined what God has prepared for them that love Him.” This history repeated myriads of times makes up that of the Catacombs. And thus it was that the Popes who suffered there now reign in St. Peter’s, and the bodies there



buried supplicate from beneath countless altars, "How long, oh Lord, how long."

Here we left our carriage just below the tomb of Cecilia Metella (what a contrast between the life and the death and the burial of those two Cecílias!) and walked across the Campagna, along the circus of Romulus, and over the aromatic but scanty turf beside the Fountain of Egeria, coming out at length by the *Domine quo vadis*. It was a succession of most exquisite views—aqueducts, broken valleys, mountains, St. Peter's. Dr. Grant was continually plying us with arguments on the unity of the Church, and on the Church of England having no belief, and her children no authority on which they can receive one, so that what they hold they hold as matter of private judgment. He spoke very well and to the point, as he does always. And he chose the ground on which I do not see any answer. I told him he must take the supremacy. Here I thought he was not so fortunate.

On coming out at the chapel we found our coachman had misunderstood our directions, and was not to be seen. We were pacing along the Appian Way in a very disconsolate mood at our distance from home, when Mr. Hildyard and his friends passed us, and kindly took us up.

*Saturday, August 11.*—We went this morning, though too late, to the Porta San Pancrazio, and mounted the bastions and breaches made by the French. Their parallels are made close up to the great breach, and the spot they took opposite Garibaldi's headquarters in the Villa Savonelli commands all Rome. It is a most glorious view,



but was now blazing with almost intolerable heat. The Villa dei Quattro Venti in front of the gate and others are half battered down. We drove to the Villa Panfili and were somewhat refreshed under its delicious shade. It does not seem to have suffered much. Thence to St. Peter's, where alone one is cool. We stayed here some time, comforting both soul and body.

After dinner we called for Dr. Grant, and drove to St. Cecilia. This is an old church, but quite modernised. Under the high altar rests the body of St. Cecilia and the other martyrs of her family, and a most exquisite statue by Carlo Maderno represents the exact position of her body as she died, as she was buried, and as her body was found about 1598 at the opening of her tomb. I have not seen anything more graceful and touching. One felt this was a holy place, and so again on the north side is the spot of her bathroom, with the holes for the vapours to ascend by, and an ancient altar: the church being on the site of her house. One cannot but contrast her now triumphal repose beneath the altar with that very narrow ledge seen yesterday in the Catacombs scarcely large enough to contain her body.

We passed the Church of St. Bartholomew and went into it, as it is said to contain the body of that Apostle in a porphyry sarcophagus under the great altar. I thought it strange that no lights were burning before it, though there were some in some side chapels. The Holy Sacrament was reserved in the south aisle. Rome is rich in the bodies of Apostles, but if these relics be undoubted she shows little sense of the honour of possessing them.

Drove on to the baths of Caracalla, and watched the view from the summit for some time. In extent these ruins exceed the Coliseum. As we came back called in at St. Gregory's Church and Monastery. There is an inscription at the entrance naming the bishops who went forth from hence to the conversion of England. As architecture the church is in the heaviest and dullest Italian style. Surely so tasteless and unchristian a style as that in which the churches since the renaissance have been built at Rome is hardly to be found.

Dr. Grant as usual has been acting the *advocatus diaboli* against the English Church. I asked him to explain the expression of taking a soul out of purgatory by means of a Mass offered on a particular altar. In reply he set forth very distinctly the ancient doctrine of penance, and stated that indulgences were an application of the power of the keys by which the Church remits to offenders the canonical and temporal punishment due to their sins after the eternal punishment has been removed by the sacrament of absolution, but as the power of the keys does not extend over the departed, and she can only offer *suffrages* for them, these words mean that she does all that lies in her power for them, that she removes from them all that she has the power to remove. He said that this was as it were a legal term, and all legal terms must be understood in the sense assigned to them by the law. The words therefore thus explained do not mean as much as they seem to mean. I asked if a plenary indulgence meant that a person receiving it after due performance of the conditions and

dying immediately, would go to heaven at once. He said yes.

*Sunday, August 12.*—We went to a Low Mass at Sant' Andrea delle Fratte, afterwards our own service at home. Stayed in reading and writing all day. Vespers and Benediction at La Trinità dei Monti; the singing very good and the whole service very pleasing.

My cold very bad, and the heat makes itself more and more felt. We walked on the Pincian at *Ave Maria*.

*Monday, August 13.*—Went this morning to Sant' Andrea delle Fratte. While there the priest came to take the Blessed Sacrament to a sick man: a little company formed itself with lamps, the canopy was held over the priest's head, the guard of French soldiers at the door turned out, and the people fell on their knees. Presently they came back, the military music played, the priest stopped for a moment to bless them, and then they re-entered the church chanting a *Te Deum*. My eyes filled with tears as the disregard shown to the Blessed Sacrament in England came into my mind involuntarily on seeing all this. The wretched manner, stripped of all dignity, all sense of a divine Presence, in which the sick are communicated, afflicted me afresh, as it has often done in England.

This church has nothing to commend it particularly save Ratisbonne's conversion, but that is much. One gazes on the picture describing the apparition with the deepest interest.

The day went I scarcely know how: but the heat exhausts one, and we cannot go out in the

morning even in a carriage. In the evening drove with Dr. Grant outside the walls to St. Agnes. It is an interesting basilica, with a fine mosaic at the tribune. The church is now under repair. We find the villas and walls of vineyards outside the city sadly injured, or pulled down. Returned by the Porta Maggini and St. John Lateran. The rapidity of the sunset and succeeding darkness is very marked.

*Tuesday, August 14.*—We arranged about leaving. Could get no places for Naples before Saturday, so we intend to go to Albano to-morrow and recruit in the hills. Signor Gaggiotto called and gave me a long account of the troubles concerning his daughter's marriage. We returned his call in the evening and saw a beautiful picture of her. We drove in the evening with Dr. Grant to St. Peter's, where First Vespers of the Assumption were going on, and then to Porta San Pancrazio. There was a most glorious sunset. As we passed under the walls from St. Peter's he showed us a spot marked by a small cross, and a little memorial near it, in which the head of St. Andrew stolen with its silver shrine from St. Peter's last year was found, and whence it was carried back with great ceremony. There is a remarkably beautiful view descending outside the walls from the Porta San Pancrazio to the Porta Portese; the Tiber sweeping below, Mount Aventine opposite, and ancient Rome. As we re-entered we found the Corso illuminated for to-morrow's festival. It was a satisfaction to feel that this was in honour of the Blessed Virgin and not of an earthly sovereign.

*Wednesday, August 15.*—Went to Sant' Andrea delle Fratte before breakfast, and stayed some time; it was, however, an interval between the masses: I saw several communicate. I was sorry that the chapel in this church was being altered so that the altar and picture of the Blessed Virgin stands at present on the opposite side. It is impossible not to feel that there is something very peculiar about that church.

The Pope not being in Rome, of course his blessing was not given from Sta. Maria Maggiore to-day, and intending to leave in the afternoon, we had to arrange our affairs: and so only drove at 2 o'clock to take leave of St. Peter's: here we stayed some time. It is the only place in Rome where the temperature is agreeable. We were very unwilling to bid adieu to the shrine of the Apostle, but there was no help for it. In any case, our time was very short, and the close sustained heat, by rendering exertion scarcely supportable, made it advisable to leave Rome at once. It is only at the hour just preceding sunset that the heat relaxes, and then darkness comes down at once.

We drove to take leave of Dr. Grant. I had left with him yesterday a translation into Italian made by Rossetti of the conclusion of the Journal in order to be presented to the Pope. He was to get it fairly transcribed, as we found that the printing of it could not be managed in a short time. I found he had taken the pains to transcribe it himself—forty pages. He told us, moreover, that to-morrow would be the last day of a *novena* they had instituted for our conversion.

We took leave of him and Mr. Morris, but on getting to the office where we had taken our places yesterday, found that they had mistaken us to mean the morning and not the afternoon : so we had to go to-morrow morning instead. There was a great review of all the French troops out by Ponte Molle, and we went to the Porta del Popolo to see them enter. We saw General Oudinot and his staff pass, and the men file along in endless procession in a wretched state of heat and dust. Thence we drove to take a last view from S. Pietro in Montorio : talked with a lay Franciscan of the monastery there. It does not appear from his account that many priests were actually killed during the siege. The Corso was illuminated again to-night and crowded with people. All Rome was on the stir to see the troops pass. We went on to the Fontana di Trevi, went down to the water, and sipped it seven times from the palms of our hands. Thus we have every claim to return again.

Most evenings, after our drive, we adjourned to the Café Nuovo, now called *Café des Militaires Français*. It was always swarming with these, not, however, without a considerable mixture of Italians and ladies. Had not the smoking and spitting pursued one everywhere, the gardens here would have been a most pleasant place to sip ices in. I think it is the handsomest and most spacious café I have anywhere seen : and it is quite Roman for Prince Ruspoli to have ceded the ground floor of his enormous palace for such a purpose. Now and then we preferred the comparative silence of the café in the Piazza



di Spagna. Its waiter, Pietro, bore a most singular likeness to Socrates. His face quite haunted one. Thus we leave Rome without having had opportunity to judge of the state of religion. "We hardly know whether we are alive or dead," said our innkeeper to us, and this political confusion with the close stifling heat effectually prevented our seeing much more than the outward aspect of churches, &c. It would require, I should imagine, a long residence, much mixing in different grades of society, and a careful study of the various religious orders and institutions, to form any just notion of the work really going on in Rome. The outward city in a remarkable manner baffles the curiosity of any one who wishes to penetrate its secrets and to know what these huge buildings all with closed lattices contain. The shops, or rather vaults, on the ground floor are filthy and squalid: while ranges of windows tower above them about which the eye can give one little information. The inward city, I believe, is in a like manner hard to understand; you cannot readily classify and locate it: and a foreigner's hasty judgment would probably be a very erring one. Vast numbers of religious communities at least there are engaged in different works of piety, and it would probably be found on examination that the field is wisely divided between them. Signor Gaggiotti told us that if the French troops were withdrawn, there would be another revolution the next day, and I should fear that the political state of things was doing much mischief to religion in the popular mind. He also said that the Cardinals



were bent on restoring the old system without the slightest modification. The population in general from 15 to 40 I imagine to be against the Pope's temporal power: probably older heads are aware how little capacity for constitutional government there is in a people so excitable; the reform which they really require is the removal of all administrative abuses, monopolies, judicial corruption, &c. Were this first done, for a certain number of years, by a strict but just Government, it is possible they might be trained to the exercise of political privileges hereafter.

*Thursday, August 16.*—We left Rome a little after five, Albano to breakfast: then strolled out to the lake and rested on a Spanish chestnut. The upper part under Monte Casi is of great beauty, richly wooded, with a monastery, Palazzuolo, half way up, of, I think, the Franciscans. Towards Castel Gandolfo the shores sink and are somewhat bare. A fine view of L'Arícia, headed by the Chigi Palace, from the upper road. In the afternoon we took two *sommari* and went through Arícia and by Genzano to a lovely view of the Lake of Nemi by the Palazzo Casarini. The shores here are of great height, uniform all round, beautifully wooded: opposite the town of Nemi, half way up, is a very grand object, and far higher soars Monte Casi. It is every way finer than Albano, the banks extremely precipitous and the crater perfect. Returning we came by the upper road from L'Arícia to Albano. Grand views of the scene of the *Æneid* both from our apartments and on our sides. The air at Albano delicious after that of Rome. We felt nothing

like the exhaustion which always pressed on one there. There is a nest of Italian princes who have magnificent country palaces in these favoured regions. We met an enormous carriage filled with ladies and drawn by four horses, something like the carriage Louis Philippe sent for the Queen at Château d'Eu. From the size of these mansions one could estimate the fortunes of their possessors at that of sovereign princes: but I imagine they live very simply.

*Friday, August 17.*—This morning I took a fancy to ride to Marino, Grotta Ferrata, and thence to Rocca di Papa, and Monte Cavi, asking the monks for hospitality and a bed at night. This we happily accomplished. Left at eleven. Hot and exposed along the lower edge of the lake, down which I should imagine the water once poured into the plain before the *emissario* was constructed. Pleasant wood and then Marino, feud of the Colonna. The glen at the entrance of Marino, where the women were washing, is said to be the site of the Aqua Ferentina at which the Latin tribes assembled in parliament. Hot, dusty, sunk lanes to Grotta Ferrata. Large monastery with towers that mark the warlike habits of Julius the Second, once its Abbot Commendatory. Monks at their siesta; could not get in for some time. We rested in the court on some beams under the colonnade. At last one took us round. They are Basilians founded by S. Nilus in the eleventh century. Domenichino's frescoes in a chapel not very fine, I thought. About twenty in number, have schools, their abbot always a Cardinal. Got some wine and pears at the Osteria

near. Hot ascent to Rocca di Papa, but latterly covered by the Spanish chestnuts which clothe all the sides of the mountain. Rocca di Papa very picturesque, a handsome villa just at its base. Very fine face of a girl in a doorway as we passed. Went straight on to the broad space above called the Camp of Hannibal, over which rises Monte Cavi with other wooded heights, evidently the crater of a volcano. We then struck through the chestnut thickets, completely veiled from the sun, and near the top fell into the old *via triumphalis* to the temple of Jupiter Latius. It may be about eight feet wide, laid with large pentagonal slabs of volcanic stone, closely fitting, often quite perfect, with its two margins, and occasional marks of wheels. At length we reached the top and came on the monastery of the Passionists, a poor building on a most noble site: and the fringe of trees all round does not permit one to catch the view. Large stones showing remains of the temple which was in a garden, a flat space at the top large enough to take the larger quadrangle of All Souls. I longed to set up there a St. Michael's Mount mediæval chapel, with towers and spire, and would have the Pope and Cardinals ascend by the old triumphal way to offer sacrifice there *urbi et orbi*. We begged the Father Superior to give us lodgment for the night. He assented with some little difficulty, which I found to arise from his not thinking that he had means to entertain properly. The Romans when they go there bring their own linen, &c. They gave us for a *boccone* some bread and goat cheese, and wine the produce of a hundred masters as they said, and certainly

some of the worst I ever tasted. However, we thought the cheese delicious, and were not a little thankful for it. There are fourteen here, seven priests and seven brethren. They give Retreats, and had a Corsican priest and a laymen there at this time. We watched the views from their corridor windows. Nothing can be more poor and bare than their rooms and furniture. They fast Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays all the year round, besides Lent and Advent: taking food then at 12 o'clock, and a morsel in the evening. For supper we had first a plate of very unsavoury salad, by itself, which I made a point of finishing, and congratulated myself heartily at the end; then some sea-fish and figs, as they gave us their very best. I imagine their rule to be very severe. One of them ate opposite to us, but the rest had taken by themselves the little they are allowed on a fast day. The two strangers sat with us. After a talk again in the corridor with these and one of the Fathers, he took us to their evening prayers; litanies repeated very fast by the Superior, and the others responding. We then went out and were conducted to our room. From the little talk we had with the Superior he seemed a very pleasing person and fit to govern.

*Saturday, August 18.*—The Fathers rise at one for Matins and Lauds; a terrible noise the *Frate Eccitatore* made with a rattle. I asked one of them if this did not injure their health. He said they became accustomed to it, but it broke the digestion. Before sunrise we were out on the roof watching the approach of morning, a beautiful prospect, though this morning not clear. The

wooded summits near appear quite as high, and their volcanic origin most striking. Nemi and Albano lie nestling in their depths below, the village of Nemi very imposing with its feudal towers. The hues of morning were not so various nor so long in advance of the sun as I have seen in these parts: but certainly I agree with the poet, "Not vainly did the early Persian make," &c. After admiring the view, so far as the duskness of the horizon would allow, we attended Mass in the church, three going on at once. And then, after a few words with the Superior and one or two of the Fathers, engaging to go and see Padre Domenico in London, who came from here, we began our descent. A Brother told us that the cold here in winter is severe: the snow covers their garden in a solid mass, so as to efface all the plants growing in it. There are some beautiful trees just beyond the convent, and a walk all round with fine glimpses of view. We joined a priest and a young man, and induced them to follow the old *via triumphalis*, which lost itself now and then in the manlia. However, though we deviated from the direct road, we came down on the monastery of Palazzuoli in an hour. It is superbly situated nearly at the top of the highest bank of the Alban Lake, and the situation of Alba Longa is said to begin here and run along the ridge towards the Cappuccini. Our muleteer showed us what he called the prisons of Alba Longa in the rock below. We rested in the beautiful garden of the monastery, and then went on through the steep chestnut-covered banks to Albano, descended to the lake, bathed delightfully,

and reached our inn by twelve. I then looked over Dr. Grant's transcript of the translation for the Pope, and rested till our diligence came in the evening, not till half-past six, so that night soon closed in. There is a very fine viaduct making into L'Aricia, which will be quite a Roman work. The pace of the diligence was wretchedly slow; we had to get out twice, and could hardly ascend and descend the thick pavement. Reached Cisterna at eleven, and supped there. The landlady complained of the air. Our diligence disgorged two Neapolitan ladies, one of them of the largest dimensions I remember to have seen, a *donnone*. She would have been big enough for an Athenian Minerva, and so far as *μεγεθος* was concerned, might have figured in the bringing back of the *Pisistratidæ*; good-looking too, with a regular Neapolitan little cub of three or four years old with her. A gallant Neapolitan was ensconced between these laughter-loving widows, as they called themselves, in the diligence. I should think he must have found it a warm berth, but they sang opera airs for a long time together. We had a very pleasant, cool ride through the Pontine marshes, all sleeping, I believe, at times, and were at Terracina before six. In the *coupé* behind us sat an American, a Beneventane, and a Russian. We overheard the Neapolitan delivering himself after the following fashion. "I came up from Beneventum about a month ago with my wife and daughter; the journey cost me thirty-two scudi. I went to Rome to put my daughter in a monastery. So I did, and paid forty-seven pauls *beneficenza*, and she is very well. *In questi giorni*



*mia moglie è morta. Ci vuol pazienza.* So I've left my daughter in Rome, and now I'm going home again. I have four children, three sons and a daughter; one son is in the army and the other two work, and the girl's in the convent." All this was *à propos* of nothing, out of their open-heartedness. He had got some excisable commodities with him, for which he thought he was overcharged at Fondi to the amount of forty-eight *grani*. How he did go on with the condition for getting him into this. First they agreed that the excisemen were *assassini*, and then he called the *conduttore* a *cazzo*. His wife's death he got over with a *ci vuol pazienza*, but the overcharge of the forty-eight *grani* stuck in his liver. He was engaged afresh in a furious controversy with the *conduttore* as we were crossing the bridge over the ravine beyond Itri, when down came our wheelers with a tremendous smash; however, the poor beasts had only tripped up on the slick pavement, and frightened without injuring themselves. And I heard no more of the lost *grani*.

*Sunday, August 19.*—Terracina is a most beautiful situation; a striking rock approaches so near the sea as to make it the Italian Thermopylæ, and for some way on the road between rock and sea is very narrow. Here we loitered an immense time, again at Portella through the utterly unreasonable nonchalance of the police, again at Fondi, so that we did not reach Mola till 2 o'clock. At Fondi all the people were out in the streets: many had been at Mass: many were buying and selling. It looked like a fair. We entered into two churches, the latter that of the *Buon Fratelli*,



one of whom took us into the adjoining monastery, with a small cloister, and showed us the room in which St. Thomas Aquinas studied, and the chapel in which for a long time his body lay till removed into France. They tend a hospital here, into which he took us. He assured us the people were religious. We saw a procession of canons and priests through the chief streets and to the different churches. A large coarse statue of St. James was carried on the shoulders of several men, and the Holy Sacrament followed. Behind were a multitude of women. The people fell on their knees generally, but then took to their talking or buying and selling again immediately. The bishopric is now united with that of Gaeta, but what seemed the old Vescovado was an interesting building. The city walls are of great antiquity and in parts pelasgic, and some fine mediæval towers remain. After this we felt the heat very much, and had ten horses to pull us up the long ascent to Itri. At one place just at the top of the pass the Neapolitan cried out, "Here is the spot where the brigands seized on Cardinal Brignuole (before he was a Cardinal) and carried him off to the mountains till he was ransomed." The mountains from Terracina to Mola are very fine. The country has a more southern character, it is somewhat like Provence. Itri is a downright robber's hold in appearance, with a very striking ruined castle. At last we reached Cicero's tomb; the sea opened on us, and we came to Mola, too thankful to be released from that captivity to dust and heat. We went to the inn below and bargained for a carriage to take us at once to Sant' Agatà

and thence to the railway at Capua. So at eleven we started : our whole stay at Gaeta was less than an hour, I think. Unfortunately we forgot to observe that our miserable conveyance had no springs ; so we suffered abundantly before reaching Sant' Agatà, though the night air was pleasant enough. Here we rested two and a half hours, and shortly after sunrise started for Capua : but the sun became very hot, and the road was strewn inches deep in dust, and the bumping was terrible. Glad indeed we were to get to the railway station. We reached Naples at eleven, and were soon at the Villa di Roma, where we got two rooms just over the water and commanding all the glories of this matchless bay.

At the Villa di Cicerone, Mola di Gaeta, we breakfasted, and then went down to wash away the heat of our travel in the sea, where it softly breaks around the ruins of old Roman villas in *Formiæ*, *Mamurrarum urbs*. That done we dressed, and though tired, set off to cross the bay, and present our letter of introduction to Mgr. Stella. The day was rapidly closing in, and as the men demanded two piastres to go across, we were waiting for a smaller boat, when a gentleman came down from the Villa di Cicerone, and the boat we had declined came for him. As he was pushing off I called out in French, and asked what was the proper price to go across. He said, "You must make a bargain ; one or two piastres, as it may be. But if you like to go over with me, you are welcome ; I don't know how long I shall stay, but you can arrange otherwise for your return." The passage took about an hour, during

which we talked on various subjects, the troubles in Rome and elsewhere, &c. I took him to be a Roman, and member of the diplomatic corps. He knew Mgr. Stella, and said he would have the honour to conduct us to him. But we must have a passport both to enter and to go out of Gaeta, and the gates were shut two hours after nightfall. As night was fast coming on this was not encouraging: however, we thought we would make the best of it. As he pointed out to us an oldish person looking like a country gentleman, "That," he said, "is the Pope's brother." They immediately accosted each other, and he took us with him, and so we walked side by side through soldiers, policemen, &c., every one giving us free passage. He said to us, "The first time I came here I was kept myself in imprisonment by these people for half an hour." The King (of Naples) had resigned his palace here to the Pope; it is a small building, and quite low, opposite the wall of the harbour. The Queen had gone to stay at a white house adjoining, where I should think the accommodation for a court must be very limited. We went on straight to the palace. All this seemed to me so very strange that I could not forbear saying to Wynne, "It seems we are under St. Michael's guidance." Just before entering the palace, the Pope's brother left us: our stranger (many years afterwards I learnt that he was Prince Odescalchi) led us on upstairs and through guards to the door of the Levy, where he entered, asking for our letter, which he took in himself to Mgr. Stella, who shortly after came out and said very politely that the Cardinal

Pro-Secretary of State was then with the Pope, but that in a few minutes we should see him. He then, with another, entered into conversation with us, saying a good deal about the certainty there was that those who sought the truth with sincerity would find it. I had with me both the conclusion of the Journal translated into Italian for the Pope, and the book itself. Presently Mgr. Stella told us we could enter, and leaving hat and gloves we passed through one or two rooms, and at the end of another, a bedroom, I believe, saw the Pope standing alone by a small table. We approached, making three separate genuflexions; we came quite close to him, and he received us standing, and remained so the whole time. He was dressed entirely in white, which I believe is the papal undress, with a white skull-cap; the material, I think, a fine cashmere. He addressed me, and said, "I am informed you have written a book in which you have ventured to express what you thought. Is it true that you have had to undergo trouble from the Bishop of Oxford on this account?" It was quite true, I said, and a process had very nearly been instituted against me. And why? Because I had spoken with too much zeal about Catholic matters. "Was it as a minister or as an individual that he thought of proceeding against you?" "As a minister," I said, "but that is all now past." I then presented the book and the translation to him. He asked if the book had been translated; I said "No," only the conclusion, which had been done on purpose for his Holiness, and Dr. Grant had had the kindness to write it out. He regretted

that he did not know English, and accepted them very graciously. He continued, "I am satisfied when I see men earnestly desirous after the truth. Truth is one, and if men seek it with a single mind, I am convinced that God will give them grace to attain to it." He went on in a very kind and complimentary way to me. Then he asked whether I had been in Italy before, and when; how long we now stayed, and our route home. He then passed to political matters, and observed that we enjoyed great tranquillity in England: in this respect he much admired us. "I talked," he said, "many times with Lord Minto, but he does not seem to me one of your leading statesman. He speaks French ill, for though I have been accustomed to hear it continually for many years, I often could not make out what he said." Then he remarked the danger of communism in religion, to which republicanism in politics was likely to lead. Catholics generally knew their duty, but too many did not practise it. He asked if I knew Mr. Newman. I said very well. He had been my confessor while he was with us. "I was much pleased with him," said the Pope, "with his gentleness and calmness: he gathered some five of his friends about him in Rome under my direction, with the view of becoming Oratorians. Then as to ability, he has a European name. I remember his friends, though I cannot catch their names, save one, St. John." Then he asked after Dr. Pusey. "He has done," said the Pope, "much good: he has opened the door; he has set before his countrymen the principle of authority, which is the first thing in religion; he has prepared the way for

Catholicism." He spoke in praise of Dr. Grant, who, he said, had an excellent judgment and sense of duty. As I thought our interview was approaching its end, I took courage to begin a fresh subject myself, and said, "I consider it a blessing to have the opportunity of expressing personally to your Holiness that some ecclesiastics at least among us, I may say several, deeply feel how great a calamity it has been to England and to the whole British realm that she had been separated from the Holy See. They ardently desire her reunion with it." He expressed his joy at this. I asked if he would give us his blessing. "That I will with all my heart," he replied, "and I will pray for you and for your friends, and for all England." (He also at our request blessed two crucifixes which I held in my hand, and also those in Wynne's. He seemed merely to touch them.) We then knelt, and he pronounced the blessing, "*Benedictio Dei omnipotentis, Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti, descendat super vos et maneat semper.*" "I will give you each," he said, "a slight token of remembrance of me"; whereupon he put into my hands a cameo of Our Lord wearing the crown of thorns and reed, very nicely cut and set, with small stones round it, and the letters *Jesus Nazarenus Rex Judæorum*, each on a stone. To Wynne he gave an intaglio bearing on the obverse St. Peter and on the reverse St. Paul. We then took leave, the Pope standing as before, and we retiring with our faces towards him till we reached the next room, and kneeling at different distances.

His manner and look were very pleasing, much more so than his portraits. He is a little above the



middle height, very corpulent ; he looks about fifty-five, and in good health : light eyes. The most simple dignity characterised his bearing. He spoke in Italian, once using French ; but perhaps finding that Italian was preferred by us, he passed to it.

We thanked the chamberlain warmly for having treated us with so marked a courtesy and procured us an audience so very quickly. He addressed many compliments to us, and seemed inclined to enter warmly into conversation. Another young Monsignor came up, and they spoke of the Bishops in Piedmont rallying round the Pope against the bad opinions in vogue. I said those of Austria had also assembled, and the French Episcopate was known to be courageous. The other spoke with great warmth of the vile things done at Rome by the Republicans ; offences against morals, &c. It was enough to make one weep, he said ; and Mgr. Stella spoke of attempts to make the Pope yield in matters which it was not becoming to name (probably about the celibate). After a few minutes we rose to leave, and they dismissed us with much politeness. We went downstairs hardly believing that we had indeed seen and talked with the Pope, received his blessing and his token of remembrance. All had passed so quickly and so easily, as if some unseen power had opened for us a way. We walked backwards and forwards twenty times in the piazza among a crowd of soldiers and civilians, talking of our interview and striving by each other's help to arrange its particulars, for as I had had chiefly to speak, W. had more opportunities of observing what had been said, and probably was in a state of less excitement.



After this and attempting to look at the Pope's presents by lamplight, we went to the post and found our boat. It was quite dark, and before we were over the wind rose and I thought we should have a storm. It lightened perpetually: but the boatman put up a sail which carried us speedily into their little port.

*Monday, August 20.*—We rested for some time after our arrival, then dined below, where the view commands Monte Sant' Angelo and all the Sorrentine shore, and drove afterwards to Capo di Monte, through the King's *boschetto*, and round by the old entrance into Naples from Rome. There are prospects of great beauty in this drive, though it is too much enclosed between walls. The high ground above Naples is most beautifully broken and richly covered with all sorts of trees, among which the stone pine is eminent. The rich plain of Campania is not so pleasing to the eye as an English park, because the ground is all arable, and though the vines are trellised to the trees above and hang in festoons, the dusty soil below is an unpleasant object. The temperature here is quite different. There is none of the oppression which in Rome overmasters one in spite of every effort. Came home and wrote an account of yesterday's visit to Gaeta.

*Tuesday, August 21.*—Wrote after breakfast and then drove to the Convent of the Oratorians to deliver a letter to Padre Caracciolo. We found, however, that he had left them, for the Oratorians take no vow (that of chastity being included in the sub-diaconate) and can leave at any moment, which they do by simply not appearing at the

evening Oratorio. They maintain a most strict obedience, but it is thus a continual exercise of free will. We delivered the letter to Padre di Affitto instead, and sat talking with him some time. Their church is very handsome, and has many excellent pictures of Guido and others. They have a very handsome library, built for them by Benedict XIII, Orsini, and their whole house has an air of dignity about it. I gathered from the Father's conversation that they are an Order of much consideration here. He talked about Newman's visit here in August 1847. He had presented him to a great many persons, by all of whom he was received with much respect; from which he seemed to shrink back, and to be really pained at it out of humility. Padre Affitto introduced us to one of his brethren, Capecelatro, and made an appointment for us to come to-morrow at nine and see some churches.

On our way we had gone into the church of the Jesuits, and finding a Mass going on, stayed during it. This is a very spacious and well-proportioned Cross Church, rich in marbles and decoration: I suppose the churches of the Jesuits may be said specially to represent the present mind of the Roman Church; and in them is seen how much the mediæval type has been departed from. There is no longer the far-receding chancel, cut off by rood-screen from the people; on the contrary, altars in abundance, richly adorned, court as it were the gaze. That was an age of mysterious reverence; this of inquiry: that of penitential feeling for sin; this rather of warm affection and reliance on mercy. One sees there has been an

adaptation to a certain change which has come over the human mind. I take it that it would be mere antiquarianism to go back to the mediæval model, which was as little that of the early ages as it is of the present. There is a growth in these things of which the living Church must be the embodiment. This exceeding richness of marbles, paintings, and gilding; these gorgeous altars, and broad open spaces, I confess I like them. And if one is sometimes pained at the extreme nonchalance of an attendant (as I was to-day), at least one ought to be edified by the fact that worship is perpetually going on.

After dinner we drove along the bay to the point opposite Nisita, and looking down on Pozzuoli. This drive, I suppose, has scarcely its equal in Europe. There was some little rain to-day, and the whole Sorrentine promontory shone and came out with the utmost distinctness. The blue bay was spread out in all its softness and grandeur beneath, and Capri, the Lady's Slipper, charmed the eye, as it always does, towards the sea. I asked W. whether Constantinople had anything to rival all this scene. He seemed to think that nature was richer and softer here, but in a certain barbaric and fantastic grandeur the city of Constantinople surpasses that of Naples; the Bosphorus and Sea of Marmora equal perhaps the bay here, but the mountains there are not so fine. Far inferior is the Bay of Baiæ and Pozzuoli, on which one looks down after passing the ridge. Nor can I make out how in close proximity to the Bay of Naples Horace could write

"Nullus in orbe sinus Baiis præluet amœnis,"

unless the charms of social intercourse was then in the mind ; supposing, that is, that the Bay of Baiæ does not include that of Naples. We had a fancy, at the bottom of this road close to the sea, to climb the cliff, five hundred feet high, which we did with considerable exertion both in the ascent and descent. The vineyard above gave the Bay of Naples on one side and that of Pozzuoli on the other.

*Wednesday, August 22.*—Padre Afflitto and his colleague received us ; the latter took us over the Cathedral. This has lately been restored at the expense of the Archbishop Caracciolo. The marble pillars have been uncovered, and the arches of an Italian Gothic are very beautiful : only the effect is marred by a flat, heavily gilded roof. The choir is not yet done, but the repairs cost the late Archbishop 80,000 ducats. He seems to have been a most pious and liberal man, denying himself to help the poor and adorn his Cathedral. We were shown the very handsome chapel of St. Januarius, with its superb altar of silver, the figures standing out in high relief, and the subject the relics of St. Januarius driving diseases from the city—also the superb silver reliquaries, of the value of £500 apiece, of which there are 45 ; a very handsome full-sized statue of the Madonna among them. 'The miracle of St. Januarius' blood takes place three times a year ; there is an eight days' festival in May, eight days in September, and one day in December ; the priest told us that the phial containing it bore continually a different appearance, seeming at one time fuller than at another. This phial is brought before the head

of the saint, which is kept under four keys, two held by the Archbishop and two by the King. On the other side is a large chapel called the ancient Greek Church, in a bay of which is a fine ancient mosaic of the Madonna and Child between two saints. The Madonna is of great size, and holds a sceptre in her hand, which is grasped by the Child higher up. This is attributed to the time of Constantine; it may be, however, very old. Those who so depicted the Blessed Virgin must have had a very deep sense of her dignity. I was very much pleased with the effect of the Cathedral, save the ceiling. The Annunziata is a handsome Grecian church, with a very fine and lofty dome; the lower part marble; the rest above restored by Vanvitelli after a fire. At San Paolo we were shown the shrine of San Gaetano, where Mass was being said, and which seemed a spot regarded with much veneration, and the pulpit from which he had confuted and chased away an emissary of Luther, and which for that reason had been left in its original state, while the rest of the church had been adorned. Sta. Chiara has an immense interior, covered with paintings of the last century. It is the burial-place of the kings.

In the evening we found out the direction of Fathers Costa and Latini, and delivered letters for them: in doing so we came upon Father Fava, at present the Rector of the Jesuits here, who are coming back to their church and home on Friday. I gave him Newman's letter to the Rector here, and on reading its title he said it was to himself. He seemed a quiet, grave, and able man.

*Tuesday, August 30.*—This morning we called

again on Father Costa, and found him setting out to find us. He expressed himself as very glad indeed to see me, saying that he had wished to write something to me about my book. He offered to show us some churches, and seemed anxious that we should understand the Neapolitan mind. The grace of God produced, he said, different effects according to the natural dispositions and qualities of those with whom it had to deal. These were a people of very warm affections. They addressed a saint as if he were a man; and again they might be thought by a stranger as too familiar in their worship, sitting instead of kneeling, an effect of their natural laziness. He took us to a church of the Servites, dedicated to the sorrows of the Blessed Virgin. Her shrine was filled with votive offerings of every description, so that it looked like a shop full of frippery. There were many round occupied in acts of devotion. He likewise took us over the *Albergo dei Poveri*, an immense building and institution, with a revenue of 220,000 ducats. It receives poor children, male and female, having at present 1900 male and 1500 female. It teaches them all manner of trades according to their natural disposition, and then at a certain age, having learnt their profession, they go into the army, if they please, or pursue their several occupations. Thursday is a holiday, so that we only saw a few working. The broad difference between it and our own poorhouses, morally speaking, is, that here no mark of opprobrium is set on poverty. It is a work of beneficence, and so the inmates have no sense of degradation and seem quite happy. They



are regularly instructed and confess. The building requires yet two millions of ducats to be finished, and some of it is in a state of dilapidation, having been badly built. Padre Costa told us that the bishops of the kingdom had addressed the King to restore the Jesuits at his own cost, for their houses were pillaged at their expulsion in March last year. They gained, however, even in the opinion of those opposed to them, by this violence, for their rooms were seen to be poorly furnished, their houses possessed no wealth, no correspondence with Metternich was found, and the sort of life they led within became evident to all. Padre Costa said not only the Oratorians, but the Lazarists, Redemptorists, Passionists, and some others were free to leave when they please. This would seem to be a modern liberty, of which the intention in the founders was, perhaps, to meet certain Protestant prejudices, and show that the strictest rule might be conjoined with a perpetual exercise of free will.

We went into the new church of San Francesco di Paola, raised by a vow of Ferdinand I, at an expense of three millions of ducats. It is a transcript of the Pantheon, and nearly its size. Objections, of course, may be made to its form as a church, but at least as a building it is very beautiful and rich. I wish Queen Victoria would make such offerings. Thirty marble pillars of equal height go round it. There are eight recesses, of which that for the high altar is the deepest. There are galleries above in the depth of the wall for the royal family, &c. The high altar faces the people.

We drove towards the Ponte Rossi by the



palace of Capo di Monte, a ride which in its various turns commands the most enchanting views of Vesuvius, the Bay, Capri, &c. These seen from a height are perhaps yet more imposing than from nearer the level of the water on the Posilipo road. The whole Sorrentine promontory was wonderfully distinct.

“That pleasant shore  
The mermaid syrens loved of yore.  
Whereon the deathless orange blooms,  
And earth each beauteous tint assumes  
And form majestic, which the mind  
Of painter-poet e’er designed:  
And ocean blue and brimming flows  
Up to haught mountains in repose,  
Which sit amid the sapphire air  
Like thrones whereon the gods may share,  
As on Olympus once, abodes  
Too beautiful for less than gods.”

*Friday, August 24.*—Padre Costa took us to be presented to Cardinal Riario Sforza, Archbishop of Naples: he is a very young man, having been a cardinal six years, and only now thirty-seven, of a slight and elegant figure, and spare countenance: dressed in black, with red stockings, a red cravat and red skull-cap, a large gold cross and chain. He talked with us some time, and has a very clear elocution. Asked how long I stayed, and where I had been; if I had been in Italy before; if I was engaged in any work. Spoke at some length about the many charitable works which are carried on at Naples; particularly meetings for the entertainment of the young on Sundays and festivals, to keep them from bad company (*cappelle serotine*). A vast number of religious institutions here, and a really religious population. Not indeed, he said,

that there is not abundance of evil, for Our Lord has willed to permit this everywhere, and we have need of much more, but still much is done to instruct and save men. The French had occupied Naples ten years, and done all the evil they could : at their expulsion, however, the population returned readily to its old religious habits. He dwelt on the necessity of religion for the maintenance of society. Asked where I lived in England. I replied that I had a parish near Oxford. Whether I knew Mr. Newman, and about Dr. Pusey, and the movement in England. I said its termination remained to be seen. The separation from Rome had been a political rather than a religious movement. He answered quickly : “ *Ha cagionato, però molto danno alle anime.* ” Recommended us to see the Catacombs here, as being more interesting (I suppose in their structure) than those of Rome. Lamented that we stayed so short a time, and begged Padre Costa to show us on Sunday some of the things on which he had been speaking. We said we had had the honour to be presented to the Pope. He replied, “ *Oh, bravo, bravo.* ” Nothing could be more affable than his demeanour throughout, and after a conversation of some length we rose to take leave. His palace is ample and spacious. The room in which he received us was large, with books, and paved with some very clean-looking and slippery material. We passed several priests and monks in the ante-rooms. In reply to my question he stated that the number of clergy and monks at Naples was at least between two and three thousand. The population is reckoned at half a million.

While waiting for the time the cardinal had appointed, we went to the Studii and saw the ancient sculpture and the pictures from Pompeii. The former contains some of the finest female statues which exist. The latter is interesting, and I suppose a connoisseur would greatly admire the drawing and expression in many pictures.

After dinner we drove to the Camaldoli, as far as the carriage could take us, and walked the rest, three-quarters of an hour. There are three views here quite divine, one towards Terracina and Monte Circeo, which we saw dipped in the sun, another to Ischia, and a third over Vesuvius, Uola, and Caserta. The monk who showed us complained that the air was bad in the summer months, as an injurious exhalation arose from the Lago d'Agnano below, though at so great a depth. His own countenance seemed to show a flush of fever. The monks here live each in his separate cell, and are twenty in number, ten priests and ten brethren. They have a beautiful garden and vineyard, which are terminated on all sides by these views, as fine as any that can delight the heart and mind of man. We stood more than an hour enjoying them. Then the monk insisted on our taking some refreshment—wine, cheese, and fruit. The glow of the western sun over Monte Circeo and the Isle of Ponza, &c., was very beautiful. All the ground at the back of Naples is most exquisitely broken, and rich in all manner of trees. The views it presents, even without the bay and mountains, would be remarkable. Descending we passed through the royal forest, of which the guard had closed the gate, for the pur-

pose, I believe, of demanding a *buonamano* from us when he opened it, and as we declined giving this, he followed us for a long way down, alternately beseeching and abusing, and both in the same sentence, beginning with *Signorino*, and ending with *cazzo*. He finished by flinging a *χερμαδιον* after us, and when I picked this up, and demanded what he meant, pulled out his hook, and foamed with rage. There, however, it stopped, and we continued our descent. But it came down on another road, and we were obliged to a guard who showed us back to the spot on which our carriage was waiting, and so at last we reached Naples long after dark.

*Saturday, August 25.*—We only walked about and looked at some shops this morning. At a Mass in the beautiful church of San Francesco di Paolo. I was greatly struck with the inscription under St. Augustine's statue: "*Ibi vacabimus et videbimus, et amabimus, et laudabimus: ecce quod crit in fine sine fine.*" In the afternoon we drove again into Capo di Monte to the Ponte Rossi, and further on to the Cappuccini, whose monastery commands Capri, framed exactly in the bit of the sea which they look upon—a perfect picture. The views, which abound in these drives, are indescribable: they are full of *casine*, which must be delightful residences. Coming back, after *Ave Maria*, we called at the Convent of Salvatore, once the Jesuits' College, and after some waiting for his return had a considerable talk with Cardinal Onoli, to whom W. had a letter from the Nuncio at Turin. He is an old man of seventy, head of the congregation of

Bishops, &c. At first he talked with us on politics: denounced Lord Palmerston and Lord Minto. Was quite moved at the name of Rome, and the atrocities which had been committed there. As soon as the business of Hungary was finished, he said, France must come round and England would follow. The French Republic could not last. The three parties in it must soon cease to pull together. On religion he said, "Siamo un poco lontani," but on our expressing our strong desire for unity, seemed much interested, and asked if we were Puseyites, about Newman, &c. How could we accept a *Papessa*, having refused a Pope? Whereupon I said that though the royal prerogative was confessedly in excess in England, yet the Queen did not call herself "head," and we only professed to give her such privileges as the Israelite sovereigns had possessed of old: the power of the government, great and excessive as it was, was usually exaggerated in the thoughts of Roman Catholics. The good Cardinal talked with us long and earnestly, and gave us his blessing with great emotion. He said the Pope would come to Portici on the 4th.

The warmth, though not nearly so sensible as at Rome, seems to affect the body, at least I cannot otherwise account for the great fatigue we both feel without walking, for we always take a carriage.

*Sunday, August 26.*—Padre Costa sent us a young priest to take us about. He carried us first to a sort of Sunday school in the Convent of Salvatino. We were too late for the instruction, but

heard them sing, and some communicate; and then a sermon on the Gospel: the Love of God as redeeming us from the leprosy of sin. The preacher sketched God's eternal purpose in the creation and redemption of man: His love as seen in the Incarnation, of which the Blessed Virgin was the free instrument. Hence her love to God is our model. God might have chosen man without man's assent, but it was not His will to do so, and the Blessed Virgin co-operated in the mystery of the Incarnation. Thus her maternity is an object for Christians to dwell upon. Then, giving to her a pure and spotless humanity, he pointed out how the love which she had at first to God in virtue of this would be increased by every correspondence on her part to divine grace, by which the *habit* of love would grow indefinitely in her, and grace again be increased, and her correspondence to this grace—so that the degree of her love to God would become incalculable, having from the first no let or hindrance. Thus the burden of his sermon was "*rivolgiamoci a nostra madre*"—the setting the Blessed Virgin's nativity in parallel with God's paternity.

This priest spoke with us afterwards in English, and seemed a pleasing and intelligent person. Thence we went to the Gesù Nuovo, and heard a sermon poured forth with immense flow of language for an hour. It was exceedingly rhetorical—a large congregation. The subject from the Gospel, "Go, shew yourselves unto the Priests." The preacher traced the work and triumph of the priesthood, as willed by God before all time; shadowed in Aaron and Melchisedek—set forth in the Son of God,



and in His priests. He went through the deeds of the Apostles, the Fathers, mediæval and modern times, showing that in all these the spring of self-denial, self-sacrifice, devotion, beneficence, martyrdom, the power of preaching and instruction, works of mercy and charity both to the souls and bodies of men, were laid up in the priesthood. The illuminated of the nineteenth century sat at home in their cabinets and wrote against the priesthood, but where were their *actions*? He appealed to the hospitals, the evening chapels, the prisons, the bedsides of the poor and sick, as a witness for what this maligned priesthood was doing. He then took leave of them very gracefully, this being the last Sunday he would address them, as the Jesuits now would have their church again. Many people were affected to tears. I suppose a sermon like this poured forth with intense energy of action and volubility must have been in the main learnt beforehand, and was calculated for a superficial audience, but it showed considerable power. He reminded me often of what I imagine S. Chrysostom must have been to a like people at Antioch.

Coming back we drove up to St. Martin's. It is a most lordly pile of building, the great cloister of much elegance and dignity. A small chamber contains two divine views over Naples, and a corridor gives one a third. A vast amphitheatre at the back of the city extends from Capo di Monte to Sant' Elmo, full of rich luxuriance in all manner of trees and vines. The monks are now come back to the *Certosa*, though I fancy without their property, about twenty in number.



The *Certosa* was shut, and as it was siesta time, we could not get in.

In the afternoon heard another sermon at the Gesù, but very imperfectly, as I was greatly fatigued and not well placed. It was an instruction about marriage, with Naomi for example.

Our companion took us to see a *Cappella serotina* which was interesting. A number of poor children on every *festa* are taken out by many different priests. They conduct them in their walk and direct them in singing, &c., and on their return take them to a small chapel, of which there are many here, to join in litanies, and hear a very simple instruction. One of these we witnessed this evening. A large figure of the Madonna was on the east wall above the altar. A priest in a homely manner explained to the congregation, made up of these poor children and poor men, the meaning of the Church's ceremonies, *e.g.* in the Mass, in burial of the dead, &c. He quoted St. Thomas usually for his reasons, and I was edified by the manner in which "*dice San Tommaso*" came in. I suppose with us every uneducated and irreligious layman would snap his fingers at the angelic doctor, and think his own opinion to the full as good.

*Monday, August 27.*—Heard a Mass at San Francesco. Went to some book-shops. Called on Padre Costa, who was out, and prepared to go to Sorrento. Left at 4 o'clock by railway. An hour to Castellamare. Thence by carriage along the beautiful road over the sea to the Corumella. As we rounded the point which commands the plain of Sorrento, a little before sunset, the ex-

treme beauty of the scene was quite overpowering.

Tuesday and Wednesday we stayed at the Cocumella, visiting the Conti, the Deserta, and Sta. Maria del Castello. Tuesday afternoon we went by boat to Capri, enjoying a most glorious sunset, and the hues following it, and reaching Capri shortly after dark. The Albergo di Londra lies about fifty feet above the sea, and we witnessed from it the most delightful and splendid night scene, with a nearly full moon, which I ever saw. Friday morning we mounted to the Grotto near a natural arch, which our guide said was the scene of Tiberius' worst debaucheries (though how he knew this I don't understand), and to the Villa di Giove, on the point opposite the Campanella. The view here is of wonderful beauty, a place for angels to light upon in their visits to men, rather than for the dwelling-place of a sated voluptuary and tyrant. After returning to breakfast we rowed to the blue cavern. It is a remarkable freak of nature certainly, and beautiful, but to speak simple truth, it is overrated in descriptions. Our boatman plunged in and his body became blue and emitted light all over it. After we had come out to our own boat we stripped and plunged into the sea, then entered the cave and swam all about it. The water seems of the same temperature as without; the air warmer. In swimming out I found I could stand a few feet within the entrance, which then sinks suddenly down, for the depth in the cave is said to be twenty braccia. This narrow entrance is of the most beautiful colours under the water—red, purple, and white.

The sides of the cave are the brightest, being almost white and lustrous, the water generally of a luminous blue. The vault above is lofty and retains its natural colour, an arch of rock.

In four hours a prosperous wind took us from the cave's mouth to Amalfi. The whole of this coast is magnificent, but I think the Sorrentine side is much the most beautiful, specially from Castellamare to Sorrento itself. At Amalfi we dined and were victimised in the most remorseless manner by a cicerone who bore the name of Milone, which he said was celebrated in France and England, though he did not claim to be descended from Titus Annius Milo. This man, though only an hour of daylight remained, after taking us to see macaroni made, would take us up an interminable valley of tremendous ascent to Ravello, and thence by an equally tremendous descent, which we had the advantage of accomplishing by moonlight, to Minori, after which there was an hour's walk to Amalfi along the coast; it must have been a matter of ten miles, and an ascent of at least a thousand feet, just after dinner. Unconscious innocents, we knew not what he was about. It was full of fine views, but these we could not enjoy by night, and Ravello is a most curious church with ancient ambos. Amalfi has about 7000 inhabitants, a very large archiepiscopal chapter; about fifty clergy in the town. The cathedral professes to possess the body of S. Andrew, stolen from Constantinople in the great times of the republic.

*Saturday, September 1.*—Two hours' row to Salerno. Amalfi from the sea very fine; Atrani finer. The

whole coast grand. But the perfect and glorious beauty of Capri, unequalled at once in grandeur and softness, has spoilt us even for Amalfi. At Salerno went to the cathedral and staid some time. The *sotto corpo*, of inlaid marble, the most interesting building. In the centre under the high altar they claim to possess S. Matthew's body, brought here from the East in the eleventh century, in consequence of a dream. On the 5th of May, the vigil of the translation, a vessel is let down over the bones, which the clerk told me is miraculously covered with what he called a "manna" exuding from the bones. Above in the south transept is the tomb and altar which covers the body of Pope S. Gregory the Seventh, which to me was by far the most interesting spot in Salerno, as the possession of that body, dwelt in by one of the greatest and noblest of S. Peter's successors, is undoubted. We remained there some time. We were told the number of clergy in Salerno was about 200, population 20,000. The proprietor of the former inn there, Don Cartucci, was shot last spring, as head of the revolutionary party there, and in all that province.

The diligence was more than two hours of great heat taking us the nine miles through Vietri and La Cava to Nocera—thence to Naples by railway. Thus we have spent five days on this excursion which, I suppose, embraces as much beautiful scenery as can be found in the world anywhere within the same space. When I left it more than thirteen years ago it seemed to me the most favoured spot upon earth. On revisiting it the like impression is produced. Capri stands

first, pre-eminent in every respect for its sea, mountains, shape, and air, next the plain of Sorrento and the heights surrounding it, Sant' Angelo, Sta. Costanza, Atrani, Amalfi, the view from the Conti, that from the Deventa, that from Sta. Maria del Castello over Pontano. Precipices of the grandest form and most awful height, a sea which smiles on you with unwearying loveliness, mountains whose serenity and majesty affect the soul: the richest fruits of the earth, everything that can make nature delightful is assembled here. Those words of Prometheus seem best to represent the state into which the mind is thrown. One feels in a transport of surprise at the loveliness of God's works.

“Ὁ διὸς αἰθέρ καὶ ταχυπτεροὶ πνοαί,  
ποταμῶν τε πηγαι, ποντίων τε κυμάτων  
ἀνηριθμὸν γέλασμα, παμμητορ τε γῆ.”

We tumbled unexpectedly on a colony of English, for, going to call on Mrs. Ward, Monday evening, we found a party assembled there, Lady Kennedy, a lot of Storys and Carmichaels. We rode to the Deventa, Tuesday evening, thirteen in number, and afterwards had a Sorrentine tea with the Storys—five young ladies and a mother. The Carmichaels asked us for the next day, but we were too tired with the ride to Sta. Maria del Castello to go. Wednesday morning, at Mrs. Ward's desire, I celebrated Holy Communion for a poor woman in the last stage of consumption, married to an Italian. Her countenance was of most remarkable grace and delicacy, and her demeanour touching. They wanted us very much to stay for Sunday. At Sant'

Agatha we saw in the church a most costly altar of inlaid marbles, Florentine work. It is of very great magnificence and equal taste: found at Naples by the Rector of Sant' Agatha, where it had been hidden, and promised to him for his church at a cost of 2000 piastres, far below its value. I had a few words with him. He said his people were religious.

*Sunday, September 2.*—After our own service we went at eleven to the Gesù to hear the sermon. This great church was thronged with people, as many men as women, and rather of the higher classes. It was the first Sunday after the return of the Jesuits, and the preacher, Padre Grossi, set forth with great eloquence and pathos their cause. He called the Company of Jesus the banner of order, of liberty, and of religion. His text was, *Gratias agimus tibi propter magnam gloriam tuam*. They were content to do and suffer whatever was most for the glory of God, and therefore if they thanked God for their return, it was that He had glorified His name thereby. He dwelt earnestly on the beauty of the life of community in which *meum* and *tuum* were unknown, in which the soul was free to love God perfectly, without let from human things. He had entered it at twenty years of age, and had given up to it what little devotion, what little power of mind he possessed. He drew a touching picture of their expulsion, the shame they felt at being treated as mercenaries, having never done anything for payment. They had been the first attacked because they represented order, religion, and liberty, and when the banner falls, the victory is won. This had happened first in Switzerland, then in Genoa, at last in Naples.



He appealed to the congregation to bear witness into what a state of degradation and servitude they had been reduced. They dared not express their thoughts. Their very dress had been meddled with. But now the banner had been raised again, order, liberty, and religion would come back. *Gratias agimus tibi propter magnam gloriam tuam.* He ended by the *Magnificat*, applying each verse. His action was very touching and graceful. His words seemed to issue from his mind as they were spoken. Up by the altar were a number of the Fathers, to whom many eyes were directed, and the sermon seemed to make a great impression.

Sirocco to-day: the heat very oppressive. *Festa* at the Mariner's Church in Sta. Lucia just below us. We went in and found a small chapel set out very gaudily with hangings, and on the left a large figure of the Madonna, dressed in gauze, with a tinsel crown, and the Child the same. A Benediction was preparing, and the priests were robed at the altar, and many lights burning. I thought how much there was here to offend a northern mind, and yet the law of charity would surely consider for whose worship this small chapel and its decorations were intended. This tawdrily dressed figure of the Madonna and Child is probably the gift of poor boatmen, the ornaments they have bestowed on her are probably the costliest and finest they could imagine or at least procure. The worship is *to them* that which best represents the Majesty of God, and their feeling of love and veneration for her whom all generations call blessed. This people, I conceive,



and especially the lower classes, are very *sensuous* : they must see with carnal eyes, or *not at all*. Is it not so with the uneducated even in the North? Where is the love and veneration which the poor among us bear to the person of Our Lord and to His Mother? Judging from their demeanour in all holy places, they have none: nothing that meets their eye is to them holy. How far better the moral state of the man who puts the foot of S. Peter's statue on his forehead, or wears his knees in ascending the Santa Scala, or bows his head before the likeness of her who was the instrument of the Incarnation, and who is exalted far above all other creatures by an incommunicable dignity, one it would be thought which must call forth in every man's breast, and still more in every woman's, every spark of tenderness which God has bestowed on it—how much better is such a state than the peasant who passes the broken cross without salute, who cannot fall on his knees even before the altar of his God, whose notion of religion seems to be to sit out a sermon. But, however, the North and the South are so far apart in feeling, that only the charity which died on the Cross can unite them.

We went at seven to the Gerolamini to attend "oratorio." The Fathers meet every evening at that hour in their chapel, with two lights on the altar, the rest dark. After reading they meditate, and then recite litanies and the rosary of the Virgin. There is usually "*la disciplina*" besides, but this being *festa* it was omitted. Padre d'Afflitto and Capecelatro afterwards took us to call on their patron, Cardinal Franzoni, now for some

time lodging in their convent. Another cardinal, Macchi, I think, was sitting on the sofa with him. Cardinal Franzoni is a fine old man of seventy-four with mortified look ; he talked with us little short of an hour I should think. All that concerned the foreign missions seemed so to interest him that when once he touched on them he seemed unable to quit the subject, but went on *gossiping*, as it were, on different persons. Thus he talked of Mgr. Bonami, and gave us a sketch of his course, of the Marists, Lazarists, the bishops in the East, &c. I asked him if he knew how many R.C. bishops there were in the dominions of Queen Victoria : I had heard them stated at eighty. He said there were probably quite as many, but he did not know exactly. He is head of the Propaganda, and has consecrated forty. He also ordained Newman and S. John. He wore a black silk tippet and soutane edged with pink—the scarlet skull cap and stockings. It was with some difficulty that we got away, so intent was the old man on his subject. He expressed his desire to get back to Rome. He took leave of us with much courtesy, rising and attending us to the door. Others whilst we were there came in, and sat down, and went out.

General Oudinot was in our hotel, and a steam frigate appeared to-day to take him to Marseilles. I tried, but without success, to get a passage by it.

*Monday, September 3.*—We called on Padre Fava, Provincial of the Jesuits, to ask him if there were any works of eminence in theology or moral science lately published in Italian or Latin. He

mentioned Perrone, as a universal course, and some others, but not these with any very strong commendation. Bolgeni on the Episcopate was good, but too absolute in assenting without giving proof. Rosmini was so near being a cardinal that his very habits were made. They had suspected before that there was a screw loose in him, and now the publication of the *Cinque Piaghe* had confirmed their judgment. It was under consideration by the authorities. Nevertheless he spoke with respect of Rosmini. He urged us to read Theiner's answer to one of Rosmini's first points. This Theiner, formerly a German Protestant, now a Father of the Oratory, seems one of their best and most learned men. Fr. Curci's *Dinunciazione* against Gioberti he also spoke of: and a small account of their expulsion, by the same, which I could not get. He took us to the library and showed us the shelves stripped of many books, the pictures of the house lumbered there, &c. At their expulsion the soldiers had been put in, and part of the house made public offices. Much damage was done, and books stolen. Afterwards they themselves got entrance, and "thieved," he said, the books themselves to put them in a place of security. They would collect them by and bye. We excused ourselves as taking up his time at so busy a moment, whereupon he said he would send us round the house with another. We were accordingly shown the injuries done to the different parts. Now, however, the king is restoring the house at his own expense. When full they were from 150 to 180 persons here. It is a spacious square, though not so large

as the old Gesù. Padre Fava looks a person of firmness, wisdom, and calmness. He excused Padre Grossi as having preached in their favour yesterday. It would have come better, he said, from another, but it was true however.

This evening Padre Costa came to see us, and we walked in the Villa Reale. He asked my opinion of the people's religion as compared with the French. I answered much as above respecting the chapel in Sta. Lucia. He agreed; and observed that the striking difference was that they went by *authority* and not by *reason* or *inquiry*, in matters of religion. It was enough for them what the priest said. If a picture or statue of the Madonna or the Saints were touched, they might rise in insurrection, but it was sufficient for the priest of the district to go and say, "I have ordered such a thing to be done," and they would acquiesce at once, supposing that the priest had good reasons for so ordering. He mentioned instances of this. I said I had heard of great administrative abuses, especially a system of bribery universal from the highest to the lowest. He quite confirmed this. Said he could not see a friend of his who was in office without giving a piastre to his servant. He had come on appointment from his wife, and had the door shut in his face. If abuses were left now, a fresh revolution would come.

He ended by attacking us and our position. Said that the whole matter would be found to be what was *the Church*, and what was *Faith*. In these two points was one grand error. I found that he was very extravagant in his assertion of

*facts*, as I have almost always found every Roman. He told us the news of the condemnation of Rosmini's *Cinque Piaghe* was come to-day. This, and Padre Ventura and Gioberti were put on the Index. It is very curious: as soon as a man ventures to give both sides of a question, this seems to be his lot.

We parted with the Philippines, d'Affitto, and Capecelatro to-night. They were very kind, and urged us to write to them and to come again, not after "thirteen years," and regretted that we had been so short a time here, and they able to do so little for us.

*Tuesday, September 4.*—Our vessel, a French war steamer, the *Tancred*, was to start to-day after the Pope's arrival. We were out shopping, and had just sat down to our last dinner looking on the Bay, when the firing of guns announced the approach of the steamer, which shortly after passed close by the port and on to Portici. We then hurried on board, but might have spared this for we were kept waiting for despatches till half-past six in the evening. The last Neapolitan imposition was practised on us getting on board. And so we took leave of fair Parthenope. The sirocco had been most oppressive for the last three days, so that we had felt the heat more than anywhere save at Rome: and to-day all the glories of the Bay were *smudged* over, and as we went out darkness had already veiled the Sorrentine shore and Capri. Most happily the sea was tranquil, and the weather fine; otherwise there was no sleeping for us in the beds which swarmed with enemies. The sail (which is a misnomer) took

us 16 $\frac{1}{4}$  hours to Cività Vecchia; we left Naples at 6.30 P.M., and arrived at 7 A.M. I stretched myself on a bench in the cabin, and managed to sleep by starts, though my body seemed broken in two by its hardness. When I rose in the morning we were opposite Albano and Monte Cavi.

*Humilemque videmus Italiam.*

The coast stretches out seemingly a flat, though it has really many small eminences, and is well wooded. Dante seems to have been struck with Virgil's epithet, which certainly approves itself to the eye, as he repeats—

“Di quell' umile Italia fia salute,  
Per che morè la vergine Camilla,  
Eurialo e Niso e Turno di feruté.”

We strained our eyes to catch Monte Mario or S. Peter's, but in vain. We watched the dreary coast from Rome to Cività Vecchia, the worst part of all the route from England. No one, I suppose, wishes to stay a minute longer than is necessary at Cività Vecchia itself, and the remembrance of its heat and clouds of dust was quite fresh in our minds, so that our five hours' sojourn was more than enough. An officer of the *Bull Dog* was glad to send a letter by me hence to Dr. Hobart. From Cività Vecchia to Leghorn it took us 13 $\frac{1}{2}$  hours; we arrived at 5.30.

*Thursday, September 6.*—We were surprised by Mr. Motler and Mr. W—— meeting us at Cività Vecchia, from Rome, so that we had the whole route to England in company with them in prospect. As we were to stay twelve hours at Leghorn, it was determined to go to Pisa. We

anchored—as if we were contraband—at some distance outside the harbour, and long was the delay before any were allowed to disembark, and then a list of forty-two Italian names was sent on board, none of whom were to land. At last, however, after the usual imposition at the police, we got a good breakfast, and were ready for the ten train to Pisa. It runs eleven miles through a level country and part of the *cascine*, and our second class carriage, which cost a franc apiece, was as good as any one could desire. Pisa Cathedral impressed me greatly, and at the time at which it was built (1064) it must have been one of the finest churches in the world. There is a piquant mixture of orientalism, and a decency and good taste, as well as grandeur. Thus the altars pleased me much; then there are some pictures of great beauty, as the Madonna and Child in the nave, the Sacrifice of Isaac, the Deposition, &c., in the tribune, and a grand mosaic of Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, and S. John overhead. The mixture of white and black marble is, I suppose, exceptionable in itself, but it does not displease. We attended a Mass here, and afterwards walked about for some time, full of admiration. We intended to have entered it again, but found it closed when we returned. Everything perhaps, except the shape of the oblong dome, pleased me. The Crusaders had evidently brought this as well as other things home with them from the East; and I suppose their cathedral would bear ample witness to the enlargement of mind which those great war pilgrimages produced in the Western nations. The baptistery is very fine outside, save



again the dome, which reminded me in its upper part of that odd excrescence desired by the Venetians for their Doge's cap, to express, I suppose, that his sovereignty, if so it might be called, was not the usual relation between lord and vassal. Now, as the Doge's cap is to crowns, so the top of the baptistery to domes. Inside is the most beautiful pulpit of Pisani, and the splendid font with rich Grecian antique work. The interior is at last being painted. It stands in great need of decoration. But the Campo Santo is the finest of the four objects at Pisa; indeed, the grandest cloister I have ever seen. I imagined such a cloister large enough to take Cologne or Amiens in the middle. How fine it would be. The pictures in fresco all round it, especially those of Giotto, are sadly injured: parts of them are still very interesting. As for describing these works of art, it is out of the question. I don't much like the turning of the Campo Santo into a museum. As a burial-place it is touching and sublime. Last of all we walked to the Leaning Tower, a beautiful and striking object. I think these four things—Duomo, Baptistery, Campo Santo, and Tower—thus standing together by themselves, are unique in effect, melancholy, no doubt, for they speak of past grandeur, and seem on a scale so far beyond the poor, silent Pisa. I suppose Italian and English genius or religion, or both, are very different. Liverpool and Manchester have ten times the commerce which Pisa ever had, but they will leave to posterity no sacred buildings like these. I often wish our modern countrymen reached the height, I do not say of Christian or of Jewish

piety, but of that old Pagan reverence, such as Herodotus records, which prompted the cities of Greece to spend the first fruits of their gains on temples. However, to be just, the change is remarkable in modern times everywhere; the countries which have rejected the Reformation hardly less than those which embraced it seem to have declined from the public expression of religious feeling in great buildings. It is the age of spinning-jennies, more or less, everywhere.

We found Mr. Motler and his friend when we returned in the railway carriage. They had stopped at the cathedral at Leghorn to say Mass. At Leghorn we went to the old English cemetery to look for the monument Lady Alderson had desired me to see after. I found it in good condition. After dinner we returned to the steamer, which had taken in at Cività Vecchia a great number of refugees from Rome—long-bearded, wild, scampish-looking fellows, very scurvy specimens of humanity. They had just been packed off from Rome, and it was doubtful if they would be received in Genoa. The imposition in putting passengers on board was so gross that one of these could not contain himself, but ran on deck for his sword, which he drew before the eyes of the boatman, and compelled him to carry his luggage on board. One of these boatmen here, however, showed a point of conscience, for he declined taking more than half a frank from our two priests, instead of two.

Leaving Leghorn at six we saw nothing of the coast, reaching Genoa by four. I went to roost on my bench as soon as possible, lest any one

should take it from me, for it was at least clean, and just under the sky-light, and my bones were so accustomed to its hardness that this night I felt it but little. J. W. remained, as before, on deck.

*Friday, September 7.*—We were in Genoa harbour by 4 o'clock, and waited hour after hour, but nothing came save strict orders to let no one disembark. Our sixty Italian refugees on board were the object of dislike and suspicion wherever they went. Some were from Sicily, some Lombards who had served at Rome with Garibaldi, some (a father and two sons) Romans. They had got passports viséd for Genoa, but the great doubt was whether they would be allowed to land; and if not, what was to be done with them, for if the captain took them on to Marseilles, they would not be received there, so that as one of them bitterly remarked, it seemed to be the desire to make fish of them and cast them into the sea. What the system of passports is at present in Italy may be imagined from this fact. A young Roman (not a refugee and going to London) told me that he had first to get the written consent of his father; secondly, that of his *parocco*; thirdly, that of the President of his quarter; fourthly, the attestation of a respectable person (*i.e.* one favourable to clerical government) that his motive for going abroad was good: upon this a passport was given, but he was further required to get the signature of every consul in Rome (save the English who will not lend himself to this), and as each demands his fee, the passport ends by being as expensive as it is difficult to get. After

a tedious delay of seven hours till 11 o'clock, some twenty-five persons were sent on board, who were not to disembark until further orders. These, I suppose, were the most obnoxious of our passengers. What was to be done with them did not appear, and many of the poor things tried to hide their disconsolate feelings under a show of bravado. Squalid and filthy as their appearance was, and offensive their dare-devil tone, it was impossible not to feel compassion for them. I was in doubt myself whether I should not disembark with Wynne here and go by way of Turin. At last, as there was no time to go ashore and see whether there was a place that day, I gave it up, and resigned myself to pass through Marseilles once more. As I went downstairs a poor uncombed and forlorn Sicilian asked me if the second list was come yet. It appeared from his story, told with much pathos, that he had been imprisoned for, I think, sixty-four days as a patriot, and when called out by the General, he thought it was that he might be condemned to death. The General addressed him and said, You are to go—to execution I thought he said—*fuori del regno*. It was so unexpected, that I could not restrain myself and said, I thank the Government that it has not taken my life. Genoa seemed the only place open to him, and so they sent him there, and now the poor man did not know what was to become of him if they would not take him in. He was a Catanian, and had been deputy from Catania to the Palermitan Parliament. Shortly afterwards he wished me farewell, having at length been allowed to quit the ship, though

I know not whether it was not to embark in another. What I heard of the conversation of these refugees was very distressing. "The world was not their friend, nor the world's law," and they revenged themselves by hating religion and order. The Roman father, a man with a grey beard, I heard defending the numberless curiosities of Rome against a Frenchman, who found it after all a dull city. He ended with, "*mais Rome, comme la ville des prêtres, est détestable.*"

At half-past one we left Genoa, and after a passing view of that glorious city, best of all seen a little distance out to sea, we went too far from shore to follow the beauties of the Riviera del Ponente. I should have felt solitary but for the near prospect of reaching home. No sensation that I experience is more acute than the utter change of the whole habit of the mind produced by the departure of a friend or friends with whom one has been travelling. As long as there is some one connected with you by that close bond of sympathy one seems to carry as it were a movable home with one. The thought of solitude never occurs, one comes in weary and takes pleasure in a meal, in writing, or reading. But find yourself suddenly without this stay, and solitude seems to descend upon you with a force that defies resistance, utterly crushing. One suddenly feels that one is a unit in the world. Very nearly, however, I was being kept at Genoa against my will, for my passport being viséd for Genoa was brought on board at the last moment, and the police rascal was beginning "this Englishman is not *en règle* for Marseilles," when I caught the passport

from the *commissaire's* hands, and dived into the cabin, whence I did not emerge till the vessel had been some little time in motion.

*Saturday, September 8.*—We reached Marseilles about eleven this morning. After the disembarkation at Genoa our dates are tolerably clear. The wind straight against us, but the sea quite calm and of the deepest Mediterranean blue. We were kept two hours waiting for permission to land, during which we heard that a great part of the inhabitants had quitted the town through dread of the cholera, though it did not appear to be very severe. We were told that it was also at Avignon; so it seemed best to take our places to Lyons at once.

The extrication of our luggage from the Custom House, a bath, and dinner brought us to 6 o'clock, when the diligence took us to the railway: there it is cleverly lifted off its wheels and put on a *fourgon* and we were soon whisking along the road to Avignon. There is a tunnel seven kilometres long before emerging on the strange plain, La Crau; and night was already come on, so that I could not distinguish it. The third place in the *coupé* being vacant to Avignon, the *conducteur* took possession of it *sans cérémonie*. At Avignon it was taken by a young lady, who turned out to be a Roman by birth, married at Marseilles, some nine years ago, to a Frenchman. The night was not at all unpleasantly hot. And after dawn I watched the beautiful valley of the Rhone. Perhaps the carriage road, in running higher, is more favourable for seeing it than the deck of a steamer. Mulberries in great abundance

take the place of orange-trees, but it is very rich, and southern in aspect.

*Sunday, September 9.*—We breakfasted at Valence, and did not stop again before reaching Lyons at seven. A heavy storm came on just before we came to Vienne, which made sad havoc with a village *festa*. I talked occasionally with my right-hand companion. After having left Italy I did not expect to fall on "*la lingua Toscana in bocca Romana*," a thing comparatively so rare in Italy itself. She said she was cousin to Sturbinetti, of revolution notoriety, and to another Sturbinetti, a canon of S. Peter's. She spoke contemptuously of her own countrymen. All the way from Naples Rosmini's *Cinque Piaghe* occupied me at spare moments. His historical statements seem to me of much importance. I now began Theiner's answer. The road latterly became very hilly, and left the river. Lyons as we entered it was swarming like a bee-hive: you should see this people in an *émeute*, said the Frenchman at my side: I can well believe they carry stings.

At the diligence office the Roman, and I, Mr. Motler, and his friend took our places for Paris. After this we met at dinner or rather supper at the Hôtel du Parc with the Frenchman, a Marseilles merchant, who greatly lamented that he had taken his place by way of Bourges. He told us that during the June affair last year at Paris he had two sons, young lads, at school in the Faubourg St. Antoine. They were hidden all the time in the cellars, in danger of being starved, while the house was occupied by the rioters. Happily he did not learn this till the



danger was over. Did not forget poor Eddy to-day.

*Monday, September 10.*—We were stirring at four this morning, and started at five. The fog prevented our seeing the fine entrance into Lyons. It did not clear off for a long time and our course was very slow. The deck was crammed with country people. About mid-day we were stopped for two hours by the pin of one of the engines breaking. Thus we did not reach Chalons till after dark. On quitting Lyons one seems to change from the South to the North at once: the country on each side the river had quite lost the warm southern aspect: poplar-trees—those poverty-stricken expletives of French landscapes—abound: mountains have shrunk into hills. At Chalons, after half an hour of hurry and confusion, we took diligence. There were forty-two leagues of hilly ground to the railway at T., and less than twelve hours to do them in, yet the *conducteur*, by almost superhuman exertions, saving every minute, and paying the postillions double, managed to arrive just before the train started. Mr. Motler and I shared the *banquette* with a Frenchman, by birth a German, who spoke English very well indeed.

*Tuesday, September 11.*—After all we did not reach Paris till past three, stopping unnecessarily at every station, but hardly allowed ten minutes for breakfast. At last we got to the Hôtel Windsor. I stayed the evening at home.

*Wednesday, September 12.*—Talked with Toulouse some time this morning; French politics, Italy, the Roman question. He wanted to know my feelings. Afterwards several hours with l'abbé

Caron; very cordial. Went with him about a money order to Rothschild's; found it had been there since April. Then to Mrs. Goldsmid; and last to Père de Ravignan, who was most cordial in his welcome, embracing me both at entering and leaving. The Bishop of Amiens was with him, and kept us some time waiting. We were named to him, and when he saw the Pope's present, he kissed it most devoutly. The Père de Ravignan much interested by the account of our *entrée* and *sortie* at Gaeta: lamented my short stay: said the Pope had crowned my book. I was obliged to run away, and after a very hurried dinner at M. Goldsmid's and taking leave of Mr. Motler and his friend, found myself in the train for Calais at 8 o'clock. We got in at 4 A.M. Started about five, a stormy passage in which all were more or less sick. I was just out of the Custom House in time for the 8 A.M. train. Just also in time at Shoreditch for the eleven train; and so reached Nelmes before 1 o'clock Thursday, September 13th, in less than nine days from Naples; of which two nights only were spent in bed.



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